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THE WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE.

THE WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE.

NEW EDITION.

INCLUDING

SEVERAL HUNDRED UNPUBLISHED LETTERS, AND OTHER NEW MATERIALS.

COLLECTED IN PART BY THE LATE

RT. HON. JOHN WILSON CROKER.

WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES BY

REV. WHITWELL ELWIN,

AND

WILLIAM JOHN COURTHOPE, M.A.

VOL. X.

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LETTERS

BETWEEN

POPE AND HILL.

FROM 1720 TO 1738-9.

Aaron Hill, eldest son of George Hill, of Malmesbury Abbey, in Wiltshire, was born February 10, 1684–5. At his own desire, his mother allowed him, when he was only fourteen, to travel through the East, and his character in after years seems always to have retained a certain boyish impulsiveness. His life was a succession of hasty projects, crudely conceived, imperfectly executed, and doomed to invariable failure. In 1710 he was Director of the Haymarket Theatre, in which capacity he remained for some years, and wrote a poem called 'The Art of Acting,' and a series of dramatic essays entitled 'The Prompter.' In 1713 he formed a Company for making oil from beechnuts, £25,000 being subscribed in shares. He himself had the patent, but assigned it to the Company, which failed in 1716. Another of his projects, executed in 1727, and also unsuccessful, was using the Scotch woods for building the Navy. He floated trees down the Spey, but the difficulties of navigation proved insuperable. At a later period of his life he engaged, with little more profit to himself, in the art of making potash. He married in 1710 the daughter of Edward Norris, of Stratford in Essex, who brought him a fortune, which, however, does not seem to have been sufficient to relieve him from pecuniary embarrassments. She died in 1731, and he wrote the following epitaph for her tomb :—

> Enough, cold stone! Suffice her long-loved name!
> Words are too weak to pay her virtues claim.
> Temples and tombs and tongues shall waste away,
> And power's vain pomp in mouldering dust decay;
> But ere mankind a wife more perfect see,
> Eternity, O Time, shall bury thee!

He himself died February 8, 1749, and was buried in the cloister of Westminster Abbey, near Lord Godolphin's monument.

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1. POPE TO HILL.

March 2 [1720].[1]

Sir,—I am extremely pleased with the favour you have done me in sending me your poem, and the more, as it gives

[1] First appeared in 'A Collection of Letters between Aaron Hill, Mr. Pope, and others,' published in 1751. The date in the 'Collection' is March 2, 1731. The month may be correct, but the year is an error.

me the opportunity of assuring you I never did, or meant you the least injury; in which I should have fully satisfied you long since, had you asked me the question. I remember Mr. Lintot showed me a piece of yours, of which, he said, you desired my opinion. I was just then in a great hurry, going a journey out of town upon business for a few days, and therefore told him I would call for it in a day or two, to read carefully. However I cast my eye on some parts of it, which I liked and told him so. This was all, to the best of my memory, that passed between us; and you may imagine it was some surprise to me when I saw your preface a very short time after.[1] I think it incumbent on any well-meaning man to acquit himself of an ill-grounded suspicion in another, who perhaps means equally well, and is only too credulous. I am

[1] The poem of Hill, which Lintot showed to Pope, was 'The Northern Star.' Lintot reported him to have answered, "that there were several good things in it, but it would be taken for an insult on the Government; for though," said he, "the Czar is King George's ally, yet we are likely to quarrel with Sweden, and Muscovy lies in the North." This nonsensical speech, which Pope disclaims, threw Hill into a passion, and he gave vent to his resentment in a preface to a new edition of his poem. He affirmed, what could scarcely be true, that he was induced to desire Pope's opinion on the principle of the maxim in the 'Essay on Criticism,' that to learn your defects you should make use of both friends and foes. He could not consider Pope as a friend when he was not so much as an acquaintance, but presumed he might regard him as a foe, "since," he proceeds, "Mr. Dennis has assured us that you are a kind of foe to everybody but yourself, and on that foundation supports his rough attempt to pull the lion's skin from a certain little ass, and I fear he means you, sir.

In such a case, men speak in tropes,
And by their fears express their hopes."

He intimates that Pope's criticism was dictated by envy, and amongst other frantic abuse, says, "I take this occasion, with a frankness like your own, to assure you that my esteem for your genius as a poet is so very considerable, that it is hardly exceeded by my contempt for your vanity." He did not even set much store by his genius, if we are to judge by a subsequent sentence, in which, though the language is general, Pope seems to be the person meant. "A mere poet, that is to say, a wretch who has nothing but the jingle in his brain to ring chimes to his vanity, and whose whole trade is rhyme-jobbing—such a creature is certainly the most worthless encumbrance of his country. His arrogance is the only thing more remarkable than his ignorance." Two years after this tirade, Hill, ashamed of his violence, presented Pope with some fresh poem, which produced the reply in the text.

sincerely so far from resenting this mistake, that I am more displeased at your thinking it necessary to treat me so much in a style of compliment as you do in your letter. I will say nothing of the poem you favour me with, for fear of being in the wrong; but I am sure the person who is capable of writing it can need no man to judge it. I am, with all respect, [sir, your, etc.]

I received yours but four days since, it being directed to Chiswick, where I have not lived this twelvemonth.

2. HILL TO POPE.[1]

[1720.]

SIR,—I am under the greatest confusion I ever felt in my life to find by your letter that I have been guilty of a crime, which I can never forgive myself, were it for no other reason than that you have forgiven it. I might have learnt from your writings the extent of your soul, and should have concluded it impossible for the author of those elevated sentiments to sink beneath them in his practice. You are generously moderate when you mitigate my guilt, and miscall it a credulity. It was a passionate and most unjustifiable levity, and must still have

[1] This is the answer to the previous letter. It was shortly afterwards printed by Hill in the 'Preface to Pope,' affixed to a poem entitled 'The Creation,' which appeared in 1720. "No public guilt," it is there said, "is well atoned by a private satisfaction. I therefore send you a duplicate of my letter by way of the world, that all who remember my offence may also witness my repentance." The 'repentance' was manifested in Hill's most extravagant and characteristic style. "I look up to you," he said, "with extraordinary comfort, as to a new constellation breaking out upon our world with equal heat and brightness, and cross-spangling, as it were, the whole heaven of wit with your milky way of genius." He paid double court by joining to his adulation of Pope an attack upon Pope's former rival, and present aversion, Ambrose Philips. "Out of downright respect to truth, and the justice due to poetry," Hill thought it incumbent upon him to assure the world that "he had not only seen modern pastorals much better than Philips's, but that his were neither natural nor equal."

remained unpardonable, whatever truth might have been found in its mistaken occasion. What stings me most in my reflection on this folly is, that I know not how to atone it. I will endeavour it, however, being always ashamed when I have attempted to revenge an injury, but never more proud than when I have begged pardon for an error. If you needed an inducement to the strengthening your forgiveness, you might gather it from these two considerations: First, the crime was almost a sin against conviction, for though not happy enough to know you personally, your mind had been my intimate acquaintance, and regarded with a kind of partial tenderness that made it little less than miracle that I attempted to offend you. A sudden warmth, to which by nature I am much too liable, transported me to a condition I shall best describe in Shakespeare's sense somewhere or other.

> "Blind in the obscuring mist of heedless rage,
> I've rashly shot my arrows o'er a house,
> And hurt my brother."[1]

A second consideration is the occasion you have gathered to punish my injustice, with more than double sharpness, by your manner of receiving it. The armour of your mind is tempered so divinely, that any mere human weapons have not only failed to pierce, but broke to pieces in rebounding. You meet assaults like some expert Arabian, who, declining any use of his own javelin, arrests those which come against him in the fierceness of their motion, and overcomes his enemies by detaining their own weapons. It is a noble triumph you now exercise by the superiority of your nature, and while I see you looking down upon the distance of my frailty, I am forced to own a glory which I envy you, and am quite ashamed of the poor figure I am making in the bottom of the prospect. I feel, I am sure, remorse enough to satisfy you for the

[1] The first line is Hill's own, the second is partly Hill's and partly Shakespeare's, and the half line alone is correctly quoted from Hamlet's speech to Laertes, *Hamlet*, Act V., scene 2.

wrong, but to express it would, I think, exceed even your own power.

> "Yours whose sweet songs can rival Orpheus' strain,
> And force the wond'ring woods to dance again,
> Make moving mountains hear your powerful call,
> And headlong streams hang listening to their fall."[1]

No words can be worthy to come after these. I will therefore hasten to tell you that I am, and will ever be, with the greatest truth and respect, sir, your most humble and most obedient servant.

3. POPE TO HILL.

[1726.][2]

DEAR SIR,—The little thing which you take so kindly, is but a very small part of what I owe you; and whatever my studies, or, to use a properer word, idleness, are capable of producing, ought to be returned you in mere gratitude for the pleasure I have received from your own writings; in which, give me leave to say, your goodwill to me in particular is as distinguishable, as the obligation you lay on the public in general. I am very happy in the envy and silly attacks of such people as have awakened the generosity of so powerful a defender. Nor am I ashamed of those weaknesses of mine, which they have exposed in print,[3] (the greatest of which was my thinking too candidly of them, to whom I wrote my letters with so much unguarded friendliness and freedom,) since you have found a way to turn those weaknesses into virtue, by your partial regard of them. The eye of candour, like the sun, makes all the beauties which it sees; it gives colour and brightness to the meanest objects purely by looking on them. I agree with you, that there is a pleasure in seeing the nature and temper of

[1] From Pope's Second Pastoral.

[2] First appeared in the 'Collection' of 1751. The conclusion of this letter shows that it must have been written between the early part of September, 1726, when Pope met with the accident to his hand, and the early part of December, when he had recovered the use of it.

[3] His letters to Cromwell had been recently published surreptitiously by Curll.

men in the plainest undress; but few men are of consequence enough to deserve or reward that curiosity. I shall indeed, and so will all mankind, be highly pleased to see the great Czar of Muscovy in this light, drawn by himself, like an ancient master, in rough strokes, without heightening or shadowing. What a satisfaction to behold that perfect likeness, without art, affectation, or even the gloss of colouring, with a noble neglect of all that finishing and smoothing, which any other hand would have been obliged to bestow on so principal a figure![1] I write this to a man whose judgment I am certain of, and therefore am as certain you will give the world this great depositum, just as you have received it. There will be no danger of your dressing this Mars too finely, whose armour is not gold but adamant, and whose style in all probability is much more strong than it is polished. I congratulate you, that this great treasure is fallen into your hands; and I congratulate all Europe, that it is to be delivered to them through the hands of one, who will think it sacrilege to touch upon, much less to alter, any great lines of such an original.

I can make you no better return for your great compliment upon me (which it would be arrogance in me to show to any other, and dangerous even to remember myself) but by telling you, that it is honour enough to reward all my studies, to find my character and reputation is part of the care of that person to whom the fame and glory of Peter Alexiowitz was committed.

SIR,—I am forced to make use of another hand than my own in this letter, having received a wound cross all the veins

[1] "The Northern Star," says Hill, "had for six years or more been forgot by myself and my country, when, upon the death of the prince it referred to, I was surprised by the condescension of a compliment from the Empress, his relict." Peter the Great is alleged, when he was dying in January, 1725, to have ordered a gold medal to be sent to the author of the poem, and the Empress promised him her husband's papers as materials for a life. The medal never reached him, and but very few of the papers, in consequence of the death of the Empress, in the spring in 1827. It is evident from the language of Pope that he supposed the documents to be already in Hill's possession.

of my right hand, by which the tendons of two fingers are separated; however, it was a fine paid for my life, which has been very narrowly saved, and which may now continue me some years longer. [Dear sir, your, etc.]

4. HILL TO POPE.

PETTY FRANCE, WESTMINSTER,[1]
Jan. 18, 1731.

SIR,—I wish the 'Plain Dealers' may be worth a place in your library, since, being most of them mine, they are too much your due to deserve your thanks, and too insignificant to reward your notice. I send you with them a little present, still more due to you; because it was derived from your inspiration three or four years since, in a small branch of my family, not then eleven years old. She came to me one day in my study, to return me your poems, and supply herself with some new book, as usual. Being willing to try her taste, I gave her Blackmore's 'Prince Arthur,' and told her very gravely, that it was so extraordinary a poem, that the author had been knighted for writing it. She took it, with great expectation, and shut herself up in her closet the whole remainder of that day. But next morning I was surprised to see the book upon a table, placed purposely in my way, with the paper I enclose you sticking out between the leaves of it. You have more right than I to the verses, because they are the effect of your own genius, outworking nature, and creating judgment, in an infant, who could see you but as she saw the sun, by a light of your own lending. You have them, as they came out of her hand, without the least retouching or alteration. I will remark but two things; first, that the eight concluding lines (at an age too weak for art, and speaking the language of pure truth and nature) contain a forceful example of the influence of good poetry and of bad, which might have given rest to the muse of Sir Richard Blackmore, had he lived to see and consider it. And the

[1] First appeared in Hill's Letters, 1753.

men in the plainest undress; but few men are of consequence enough to deserve or reward that curiosity. I shall indeed, and so will all mankind, be highly pleased to see the great Czar of Muscovy in this light, drawn by himself, like an ancient master, in rough strokes, without heightening or shadowing. What a satisfaction to behold that perfect likeness, without art, affectation, or even the gloss of colouring, with a noble neglect of all that finishing and smoothing, which any other hand would have been obliged to bestow on so principal a figure![1] I write this to a man whose judgment I am certain of, and therefore am as certain you will give the world this great depositum, just as you have received it. There will be no danger of your dressing this Mars too finely, whose armour is not gold but adamant, and whose style in all probability is much more strong than it is polished. I congratulate you, that this great treasure is fallen into your hands; and I congratulate all Europe, that it is to be delivered to them through the hands of one, who will think it sacrilege to touch upon, much less to alter, any great lines of such an original.

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[1] ...red in Hill's Letters, 1753.

second remark, which I make with most pleasure, is how natural it is in my family to love and admire you.

If, after this, I should inform you that I have a gentle complaint to make to, and against you, concerning a paragraph in the notes of a late edition of the Dunciad, I fear you would think your crime too little to deserve the punishment of so long a letter, as you are doomed to, on that subject, from, [sir, your most humble, and most obedient servant.'[1]]

5. POPE TO HILL.

January 26, 1730–1.[2]

SIR,—I am obliged to you for your compliment, and can truly say I never gave you just cause of complaint. You

[1] In the sixth chapter 'Of the Art of Sinking in Poetry,' which appeared in one of the volumes of the Miscellanies of Pope and Swift, in March, 1728, the bad authors are ranged as parrots, frogs, tortoises, &c., and to each class is affixed the initials of the versifiers, whose works are supposed to exhibit the qualities characteristic of the animal. First in the list are the flying fish, which are said to be typical of "the writers who now and then rise upon their fins, and fly out of the profound, but their wings are soon dry, and they drop down to the bottom." Among the initials of the tribe are those of A. H. Hill believed that he was the person meant, and retaliated by a copy of verses on Pope, and an epigram on Pope and Swift. When the 'Dunciad' came out shortly afterwards, in May, 1728, Hill was described, with a mixture of compliment and satire, as diving with the dunces for the prize:—

H— tried the next, but hardly snatched from sight,
Instant buoys up, and rises into light:
He bears no token of the sable streams,
And mounts far off, among the swans of Thames.

A note was attached to the passage in the full edition of the 'Dunciad' published in 1729, reminding Hill of the error he had committed formerly in attacking Pope on the information of Lintot, and asserting that he was equally in error now. "This is an instance of the tenderness of our author. The person here intended writ an angry preface against him, grounded on a mistake, which he afterwards honourably acknowledged in another printed preface. Since when he fell under a second mistake, and abused both him and his friend. He is a writer of genius and spirit, though in his youth he was guilty of some pieces bordering upon bombast. Our poet here gives him a panegyric instead of a satire, being edified beyond measure at this only instance he ever met with in his life, of one who was much a poet, confessing himself in an error; and has suppressed his name, as thinking him capable of a second repentance." This was the paragraph of which Hill complained, and which occasioned the correspondence that follows.

[2] First appeared in Hill's Letters, 1753.

once mistook on a bookseller's idle report, and publicly expressed your mistake; yet you mistook a second time, that two initial letters only were meant of you, though every letter in the alphabet was put in the same manner: and, in truth, except some few, those letters were set at random, to occasion what they did occasion, the suspicion of bad and jealous writers, of which number I could never reckon Mr. Hill, and most of whose names I did not know.[1]

Upon this mistake you were too ready to attack me, in a paper of very pretty verses, in some public journal. I should imagine the Dunciad meant you a real compliment, and so it has been thought by many, who have asked to whom that passage made that oblique panegyric.[2] As to the notes, I am weary of telling a great truth, which is, that I am not author of them;[3] though I love truth so well, as fairly to tell you, sir, I think even that note a commendation, and should think myself not ill used to have the same words said of me, therefore, believe me, I never was other than friendly to you in my own mind.

Have I not much more reason to complain of the Caveat?[4] where, give me leave, sir, to tell you, with the same love of

[1] As to the amount of truth in this apology, see notes to Chapter VI. in the 'Bathos.'

[2] The panegyric certainly outweighs the censure, and is indeed highly poetical and beautiful.—BOWLES.

[3] It is, however, plain that Pope alone could have written a note stating what nobody else could know, that he had praised Hill in the text because he was the solitary instance of a poet confessing himself in error, and had suppressed his name because he believed him capable of a second repentance.

[4] 'The Progress of Wit, a Caveat, for the use of an eminent writer. By a Fellow of All-Souls. To which is prefixed an explanatory discourse to the reader. By Gamaliel Gunson, Professor of Physic and Astrology. 1730.' Hill calls it "a satire written by one poet on the misapplication of another's genius." The piece is allegorical. A number of persons are navigating the river of life. A strong current sets to the left side of the stream, which, sparkling, shallow, and deceptive, conducts to oblivion. The right side, which is distinguished by its still, deep waters, and green islands, conducts to fame. Pope has no sooner reached one of these islands, than missing the noisy applause of the crowd, he pushes back to the left side of the river, and for the sake of the praise of fools engages in a conflict with the wasps, gnats, and flies which hover over it.

truth, and with the frankness it inspired, (which, I hope, you will see, through this whole letter,) I am falsely abused, in being represented "sneakingly to approve, and want the worth to cherish or befriend men of merit."[1] It is, indeed, sir, a very great error. I am sorry the author of that reflection knew me no better, and happened to be unknown to those who could have better informed him: for I have the charity to think he was misled only by his ignorance of me, and the benevolence to forgive the worst thing that ever in my opinion was said of me, on that supposition.

I do faithfully assure you, I never was angry at any criticism made on my poetry by whomsoever. If I could do Mr. Dennis any humane office, I would, though I were sure he would abuse me personally to-morrow; therefore it is no great merit in me, to find, at my heart, I am your servant. I am very sorry you ever was of another opinion. I see, by many marks, you distinguished me from my contemporary writers: had we known one another, you had distinguished me from others, as a man, and no ill, or ill-natured one. I only wish you knew as well as I do, how much I prefer qualities of the heart to those of the head. I vow to God, I never thought any great matters of my poetical capacity; I only thought it a little better, comparatively, than that of some very mean writers, who are too proud. But, I do know certainly, my moral life is superior to that of most of the wits of these days. This is a silly letter, but it will show you my mind honestly, and, I hope, convince you I can be, and am, sir, [your, etc.]

[1] The accusation occurs in the opening paragraph of the poem:—

Tuneful Alexis on the Thames' fair side,
The ladies' plaything, and the Muse's pride,
With merit popular, with wit polite,
Easy though vain, and elegant though light,
Desiring and deserving others' praise,
Poorly accepts a fame he ne'er repays;
Unborn to cherish, sneakingly approves;
And wants the soul to spread the worth he loves.

6. HILL TO POPE.[1]

January 28, 1730–1.

SIR,—Your answer regarding no part of mine but the conclusion, you must pardon my compliment to the close of yours, in return, if I agree with you, that your letter is weaker, than one would have expected. You assure me that I did not know you so well as I might, had I happened to be known to others, who could have instructed my ignorance, and I begin to find, indeed, that I was less acquainted with you than I imagined: but your last letter has enlightened me, and I can never be in danger of mistaking you, for the future. Your enemies have often told me that your spleen was, at least, as distinguishable as your genius; and it will be kinder I think, to believe them, than impute to rudeness or ill-manners the return you were pleased to make, for the civility with which I addressed you. I will therefore suppose you to have been peevish, or in pain, while you were writing me this letter, and, upon that supposition, shall endeavour to undeceive you. If I did not love you, as a good man, while I esteem you, as a good writer, I should read you without reflection: and it were doing too much honour to your friends, and too little to my own discernment, to go to them for a character of your mind, which I was able enough to extract from your writings. But, to imitate your love of truth, with the frankness you have taught me, I wish the great qualities of your heart were as strong in you as the good ones: you would then have been above that emotion and bitterness, wherewith you remember things which want weight to deserve your anguish.

Since you were not the writer of the notes to the Dunciad,

[1] First appeared in Hill's Letters, 1753. Hill is always considered to have got a victory over Pope in this excellent letter, and Pope showed by the humble tone of his reply that he felt himself vanquished. "He was reduced," says Johnson, "to sneak and shuffle, sometimes to deny, and sometimes to apologise; he first endeavours to wound, and then is afraid to own that he meant a blow."

it would be impertinent to trouble you with the complaint I intended. I will only observe, that the author was in the right, to believe me capable of a second repentance; but, I hope, I was incapable of that second sin, which should have been previous to his supposition. If the initial letters A. H. were not meant to stand for my name, yet they were every where read so, as you might have seen in Mist's Journal, and other public papers; and I had shown Mr. Pope an example, how reasonable I thought it to clear a mistake publicly, which had been publicly propagated. One note, among so many, would have done me this justice; and the generosity of such a proceeding could have left no room for that offensive "sneakingly," which, though perhaps too harsh a word, was the properest a man could choose, who was satirizing an approbation, that he had never observed warm enough to declare itself to the world, but in defence of the great, or the popular.

Again, if the author of the notes knew that A. H. related not to me, what reason had he to allude to that character as mine, by observing, that I had published pieces bordering upon bombast? a circumstance so independent on any other purpose of the note, that I should forget to whom I am writing, if I thought it wanted explanation.[1]

As to your oblique panegyric, I am not under so blind an attachment to the goddess I was devoted to in the Dunciad, but that I knew it was a commendation, though a dirtier one than I wished for, who am neither fond of some of the company in which I was listed, the noble reward, for which I was to become a diver, the allegoric muddiness, in which I was to try my skill, nor the institutor of the games you were so kind to allow me a share in. Since, however, you could see so clearly, that I ought to be satisfied with the praise, and

[1] In this argument he refers to the note in the 'Dunciad,' in which he is said to have written pieces bordering on bombast. He implies that the image of the flying fish is intended to convey the same criticism by means of a metaphor.

forgive the dirt it was mixed with, I am sorry it seemed not as reasonable that you should pardon me for returning your compliment with more and opener praise, mixed with less of that dirtiness, which we have both the good taste to complain of.

The Caveat, sir, was mine. It would have been ridiculous to suppose you ignorant of it. I cannot think you need be told, that it meant you no harm; and it had scorned to appear under the borrowed name it carries, but that the whimsical turn of the preface would have made my own a contradiction.[1] I promise you, however, that for the future I will publish nothing without my name, that concerns you or your writings. I have now almost finished "An Essay on Propriety and Impropriety, in Design, Thought, and Expression, illustrated by examples, in both kinds, from the writings of Mr. Pope;" and, to convince you how much more pleasure it gives me, to distinguish your lights, than your shades, and that I am as willing as I ought to be, to see and acknowledge my faults, I am ready, with all my heart, to let it run thus, if it would otherwise create the least pain in you: "An Essay on Propriety and Impropriety, &c., illustrated by examples, of the first from the writings of Mr. Pope, and of the last, from those of the author."[2]

I am sorry to hear you say, you never thought any great matters of your poetry. It is, in my opinion, the characteristic you are to hope your distinction from. To be honest, is the duty of every plain man. Nor, since the soul of poetry is sentiment, can a great poet want morality. But your

[1] The idea of the preface is borrowed from the 'Key to the Rape of the Lock,' and is a miserable attempt at humour. The Professor of Astrology, unable to comprehend the allegory, shows the Caveat to various persons, who discover in it either a deep political meaning or a satire upon the social vices of the age. He finally sends it to his son at Oxford, who explains the real design of the piece.

[2] This offer was, no doubt, a mockery. Hill was aware that Pope could not accept it, and it was merely a pretext for informing him that there was a criticism in preparation, which might be rendered respectful or malicious according to the disposition of its author.

honesty you possess in common with a million, who will never be remembered, whereas your poetry is a peculiar, that will make it impossible you should be forgotten.

If you had not been in the spleen when you wrote me this letter, I persuade myself you would not, immediately after censuring the pride of writers, have asserted, that you certainly know your moral life above that of most of the wits of these days. At any other time, you would have remembered that humility is a moral virtue. It was a bold declaration, and the certainty with which you know it, stands in need of a better acquaintance than you seem to have had with the tribe, since you tell me, in the same letter, that many of their names were unknown to you. Neither would it appear to your own reason, at a cooler juncture, over-consistent with the morality you are so sure of, to scatter the letters of the whole alphabet annexed at random to characters of a light and ridiculous cast, confessedly with intent to provoke jealous writers into resentment, that you might take occasion from that resentment to expose and depreciate their characters.

The services you tell me you would do Mr. Dennis, even though he should abuse you in return, will, I hope, give him some title to expect an exertion of your recommendatory influence in his behalf. A man, so popular as you, might secure him a great subscription. This would merit to be called a service, and the more the world should find you abused in the works you had recommended, so much the more glorious proof would they see, that your morals were, in truth, as superior as you represent them, to those of your cotemporaries; though you will pardon me the pride of wondering a little, how this declaration came to be made to me, whose condition not standing in need of such services, it was not, I think, so necessary you should have taken the trouble to talk of them.

Upon the whole, Sir, I find, I am so sincerely your friend, that it is not in your own power to make me your enemy, else

that unnecessary air of neglect and superiority, which is so remarkable in the turn of your letter, would have nettled me to the quick; and I must triumph, in my turn, at the strength of my own heart, who can, after it, still find, and profess myself, most affectionately and sincerely [your, &c.]

7. POPE TO HILL.

PARSON'S GREEN, *Feb.* 5, 1730-1.[1]

SIR,—Since I am fully satisfied we are each of us sincerely and affectionately servants to the other, I desire we may be no further misled by the warmth of writing on this subject. If you think I have shown too much weakness, or if I think you have shown too much warmth, let us forgive one another's temper. I told you I thought my letter a silly one; but the more I thought so, the more in sending it I showed my trust in your good disposition toward me. I am sorry you took it to have an air of neglect, or superiority, because I know in my heart, I had not the least thought of being any way superior to Mr. Hill; and, far from the least design to show neglect to a gentleman who was showing me civility, I meant in return to show him a better thing, sincerity, which I am sorry should be so ill expressed as to seem rudeness. I meant but to complain as frankly as you, that all complaints on both sides might be out, and at a period for ever. I meant by this to have laid a surer foundation for your opinion of me for the future, that it might no more be shaken by mistakes or whispers.

I am sure, sir, you have a higher opinion of my poetry than I myself. But I am so desirous you should have a just one of me every way, that I wish you understood both my temper in general, and my justice to you in particular, better than I find my letter represented them. I wish it the more, since you tell me how ill a picture my enemies

[1] First appeared in Hill's Letters, 1753.

take upon them to give of the mind of a man they are utter strangers to. However, you will observe, that much spleen and emotion are a little inconsistent with neglect, and an opinion of superiority. Towards them, God knows, I never felt any emotions, but what bad writers raise in all men, those gentle ones of laughter or pity: that I was so open, concerned, and serious, with respect to you only, is sure a proof of regard, not neglect. For in truth, nothing ever vexed me, till I saw your epigram against Dr. S[wift] and me come out in their papers: and this, indeed, did vex me to see one swan among the geese.[1]

That the letters A. H. were applied to you in the papers, I did not know; for I seldom read them. I heard it only from Mr. Savage, as from yourself, and sent my assurances to the contrary. But I do not see how the annotator on the D[unciad] could have rectified that mistake publicly, without particularizing your name in a book where I thought it too good to be inserted. No doubt he has applied that passage in the D[unciad] to you, by the story he tells; but his mention of bombast, only in some of your juvenile pieces, I think, was meant to show that passage hinted only at that allegorical muddiness, and not at any worse sort of dirt, with which some other writers were charged. I hate to say what will not be believed: yet when I told you, "many asked me to whom that oblique praise was meant," I did not tell you I answered it was you. Has it escaped your observation, that the name is a syllable too long? Or, if you will have it a christian name, is there any other

[1] By "their papers," Pope probably means 'A complete collection of all the verses, essays, letters, and advertisements which have been occasioned by the publication of three volumes of Miscellanies by Pope and Company.' This pamphlet was put forth in 1728 in the interests of the persons assailed, and among the contents were some epigrammatic lines, from the 'Daily Journal' of April 16, which turned upon the supposition that Pope's satire was instigated by Swift. In the list Pope attached to the 'Dunciad' of the works in which he was abused, with the true names of their authors, he suppressed the name of Hill, and said that the piece was "By * *, Esq."

in the whole book?[1] Is there no author of two syllables whom it will better fit, not only as getting out of the allegorical muddiness, but as having been dipped in the dirt of party-writing, and recovering from it betimes? I know such a man, who would take it for a compliment, and so would his patrons too.[2] But I ask you not to believe this, except you are vastly inclined to it.

I will come closer to the point: would you have the note left out? It shall. Would you have it expressly said, you were not meant? It shall, if I have any influence on the editors. I believe the note was meant only as a gentle rebuke, and friendlily. I understood very well the Caveat on your part to be the same; and complained, you see, of nothing but two or three lines reflecting on my behaviour and temper to other writers; because I knew they were not true, and you could not know they were. You cannot in your cool judgment think it fair to fix a man's character on a point, of which you do not give one instance? Name but the man, or men, to whom I have unjustly omitted approbation or encouragement, and I will be ready to do them justice. I think I have publicly praised all the best writers of my time, except yourself, and such as I have had no fair opportunity to praise. As to the great and popular, I have praised but few, and those at the times when they were least popular. Many of those

[1] In the full edition of the 'Dunciad,' the opening line of the paragraph ran, "Then * * tried," where the blank was intended to be filled by Aaron; but as nobody else was designated by a christian name, Pope quoted the circumstance in attestation of his innocence, regardless of the fact that in the first edition he had employed the monosyllabic surname, "H—— tried the next." The daring with which he laid himself open to a crushing reply is as remarkable as his equivocation. It may be added, that the younger Richardson has mentioned in his transcription of the various readings from the original manuscripts of the 'Dunciad,' that in one of the two copies the leaf which contained the Hill passage was missing, and in the other the passage itself was torn off. The names are usually given in the manuscript at length, and it is clear that the author had inserted some name which he was anxious to conceal.

[2] Perhaps by this he meant *Arnall*, whose name does not appear in the early editions of the 'Dunciad.'

writers have done nothing else but flattered the great and popular, or been worse employed by them in party-stuff. I do indeed think it no great pride in me, to speak about them with some air of superiority; and this, sir, must be the cause, and no other, that made me address that declaration of my temper towards them to you, who had accused me of the contrary, not, I assure you, from the least imagination of any resemblance between you and them, either in merit or circumstances.

I named Mr. Dennis, because you distinguish him from the rest: so do I. But, moreover, he was uppermost in my thoughts, from having endeavoured, before your admonition, to promote his affair with Lord Wilmington, Lord Lansdown, Lord Blandford, and Mr. Pulteney, &c., who promised me to favour it. But it would be unjust to measure my goodwill by the effects of it on the great, many of whom are the last men in the world who will pay tributes of this sort, from their own ungiving nature; and many of whom laugh at me when I seriously petition for Mr. Dennis.[1] After this, I must not name the many whom I have fruitlessly solicited: I hope yet to be more successful. But, sir, you seem too iniquitous in your conceptions of me, when you fancy I called such things services. I called them but humane offices: services I said I would render him, if I could. I would ask a place for life for him, and I have; but that is not in my power: if it was, it would be a service, and I wish it.

I mentioned the possibility of Mr. D[ennis]'s abusing me for forgiving him, because he actually did, in print, lately represent my poor, undesigning subscriptions to him, to be the effect of fear, and desire to stop his critiques upon me. I wish Mr. Hill would, for once, think so candidly of me, as to believe me sincere in one declaration, that "I desire no man to belie his

[1] Dennis was in distressed circumstances, and it was proposed to republish some of his works by subscription. The project did not succeed; but a play was acted for his benefit in 1733, and Pope wrote the prologue.

own judgment in my favour." Therefore, though I acknowledge your generous offer to give examples of imperfections rather out of your own works than mine, in your intended book, I consent, with all my heart, to your confining them to mine, for two reasons: the one, that I fear your sensibility that way is greater than my own, by observing you seemed too concerned at that hint given by the notes on the D[unciad] of a little fault in the works of your youth only: the other is a better, namely, that I intend to amend by your remarks, and correct the faults you find, if they are such as I expect from Mr. Hill's cool judgment.

I am very sensible, that my poetical talent is all that may, I say not, will, make me remembered: but it is my morality only that must make me beloved, or happy; and if it be any deviation from greatness of mind, to prefer friendships to fame, or the honest enjoyments of life to noisy praises, I fairly confess that meanness. Therefore it is, sir, that I much more resent any attempt against my moral character, which I know to be unjust, than any to lessen my poetical one, which, for all I know, may be very just.

Pray, then, sir, excuse my weak letter, as I do your warm one. I end as I begun. You guessed right, that I was sick when I wrote it. Yours are very well written, but I have neither health nor time to make mine so. I have writ a whole book of retractations of my writings, which would greatly improve your criticisms on my errors, but of my life and manners I do not yet repent one jot, especially when I find in my heart I continue to be, without the least acrimony, even as little as I desire you should bear to myself, sincerely, sir, yours affectionately.

If I did not acknowledge as I ought, both the father's agreeable present, and the daughter's pretty one, which you sent me, I very ill expressed myself. If Miss Urania Hill[1] has not

[1] Hill's character displays itself in the names he gave his three daughters, —Urania, Astræa, and Minerva.

my quarto edition of the Odyssey, I beg your leave to send it her. You had sooner heard from me, but I saw yours here,[1] but three days ago. I return home to-morrow.

8. HILL TO POPE.[2]

WESTMINSTER, *Feb.* 10, 1731.

SIR,—I am obliged to you for your letter from Parson's Green, and come heartily into the proposal it begins with. A mutual resolution to forget in each other the appearance of every thing that has been distasteful to either, agrees, I am sure, with the affection I feel for you at my heart, where it is founded on a natural strength both of reason and of inclination.

The Caveat began originally with the vision. I added not, till after it was finished, those lines, among which are the unlucky ones that displeased you. I was fearful lest, without something of that kind, by way of introduction, the reader might think himself pushed too abruptly into the allegory. But I confess it was unreasonable in me to cover your praise, which I delighted in, under the veil of an allegory, and explain my censure too openly, in which I could take no pleasure. The truth is, I loved you so well, or thought of you so often, that it was not easy for me, in any humour, to write verse, and not dwell upon you. Have you never been jealous of a favourite mistress? Have you never, under a pique at her supposed neglect, said what she could no more deserve, than you could think she did, upon cooler reflection? And have you not found, after all, that you were nevertheless her lover?

Your offer is very kind, to prevail on the editor of the Dunciad to leave out the note, or declare that I was not meant in it; but I am satisfied. It is over, and deserves no more of your application.

[1] He was at Parson's Green, on a visit to Lord Peterborough.

[2] First appeared in Hill's Letters, 1753.

I agree with you, it is morality makes us beloved. I know it from the effect of your writings, where I but admire the harmony and the elegance, while I love the generosity and the candour of the sentiments. I prefer, too, as you do, friendship, and the honest enjoyments of life, to fame and noisy praises; but I am glad you are happier than you wish to be, who enjoy both benefits together. Yet, if there were nothing desirable in fame, there could be nothing detestable in slander; and your honest uneasiness, at being thought worse than you are, would, in that case, be in danger of passing for a weakness. I know, however, that you consider praise in a nobler light than vanity. There is, in fame, the prolongation of a good man's example, which his natural life, being too short to extend so far as he wishes, that defect is supplied by the second life he receives from his memory.

I have seen and been ashamed of that low turn, which Mr. Dennis gave to your good nature. Where a man's passions are too strong for his virtues, his suspicion will be too hard for his prudence. He has often been weak enough to treat you in a manner that moves too much indignation against himself, not to leave it unnecessary for you also to punish him. Neither of us would choose him for a friend; but none of the frailties of his temper, any more than the heavy formalities of his style, can prevent your acknowledging there is often weight in his arguments, and matter, that deserves encouragement, to be met with in his writings.

I will soon, sir, convince you, that my sensibility is not so tender as you suppose it to be. I am so far from an inclination to defend some pieces, which I was too much a boy when I published, that I embrace all occasions of exposing them myself to the contempt they have merited. Let me appeal, for one instance, to the Plain Dealer, No. X., wherein you may see I am so unnatural a parent as to have lost all my primitive fondness of an offspring you may imagine to be still my favourite.

I am already too much obliged not to blush at your mention of the Odyssey with a view of sending it to my daughter, and she is too inquisitive a lover of what gives her instruction, with delight, to have been satisfied without finding in her closet whatever she had heard you had published.

As a proof how determined I am to throw nothing upon the world that may give you cause of complaint, I will send you in manuscript the Essay on Propriety, as soon as it is finished. I do the same now by a smaller piece I am about to publish,[1] because you will find yourself concerned in some part of it; and I will alter and give a general turn to any particular that relates to you, if you but mark the place with a ✠, when you send back the paper to, Sir, your most humble and most obedient servant.

9. POPE TO HILL.[2]

February 15, 1731.

SIR,—Ever since I returned home, I have been in almost roaring pain, with a violent rheumatism in my shoulder, so that all I am able to do is to return you thanks for yours. The satisfaction it gave me is proportioned to the regard I have for you. I will not praise your poem further than to say, the generosity of its sentiments must charm every man: its other merit you know well. You will pardon the few doubts I start in the interlinings; they are such as you can efface as easily as they may deserve. I wish to tell my Lord Peterborough, who has so long honoured me with so particular and familiar an acquaintance, the honour done him.[3]

[1] 'Advice to the Poets,' an insipid production, in which Hill described in heroic measure the topics suited to verse, and the manner in which they ought to be treated.

[2] First appeared in Hill's Letters, 1753.

[3] Hill's earliest poem, 'Camillus,' which appeared in 1709, was a panegyric on Lord Peterborough, who sought out the author, and appointed him his secretary. Shortly afterwards the secretary married, and his wife refusing in 1710 to allow him to accompany his patron abroad, the connection came to an end. In the 'Advice to the Poets,' Hill again lauded his first hero, and enumerated him among the themes which were proper for verse.

I am very desirous to leave out that note if you like so. The two lords, and one gentleman, who really took and printed that edition, I can, I doubt not, bring easily to it.[1]

The chief objection I have to what you say of myself in this poem, is, that the praise is too strong. I may well compound for the rest.[2]

Suffer me to send the young lady the Odyssey, full of faults as I know it to be, before she grows old enough to know how mean a present it is. I am, with great truth, sir, your, &c.

10. POPE TO HILL.

TWICKENHAM, *March* 14, 1731.[3]

DEAR SIR,—I am not more happy, nor feel a greater ease in comparison of my former pain, in the recovery from my rheumatism, than in that from your displeasure. Be assured, no little offenders ever shall be distinguished more by me. Your dedication pleases me almost equally with the poem; our hearts beat just together, in regard to men of power and quality; but a series of infirmities, for my whole life has been but one long disease, has hindered me from following your advices. I this day have writ to Lord Peterborough a letter with your poem. The familiarity in which we have lived some years makes it not unusual, in either him or me, to tell each other any thing that pleases us; otherwise you might think it arrogant in me to pretend to put so good a thing into his hands, in which I have no merit. Your mention of our friend Mr. Mallet I thank you for, and should be glad he would give me an opportunity of thanking you in person, who am, with sincerity, sir, your, &c.

[1] As to this see General Introduction to 'Dunciad,' vol. iv.

[2] Hill called Pope, in the 'Advice to the Poets,' "the great arch-angel of wit's heaven." The censure for which Pope was willing to compound in return for this incense, was an expostulation with him for devoting his genius to crush petty foes instead of employing it on topics worthy of his powers.

[3] First appeared in Hill's Letters, 1753.

11. POPE TO HILL.[1]

TWICKENHAM, *April* 4, 1731.

DEAR SIR,—It is a serious pleasure to me to find you concerned that I should do your good sense and discernment the justice it deserves. It is impossible for me not to think just what you would have me on this head; the whole spirit and meaning of your poem shows all little thoughts to be strangers to your soul. I happen to know many particulars relating to the Earl of Peterborough's conduct, and just glory, in that scene you draw so well;[2] but no man ought, I think, to attempt what you aim at, or can pretend to do him more honour than what you yourself here have done, except himself. I have long pressed him to put together many papers lying by him, to that end. On this late occasion he told me you had formerly endeavoured the same, and it comes into my mind that on many of those papers I have seen an endorsement, A. H., which I fancy might be those you overlooked. My Lord spoke of you with great regard, and told me how narrowly you both missed of going together on an adventurous expedition.[3] The real reason I carried him your poem was, that I imagined you would never send it him, of all mankind; and that I was truly pleased with it.

I am troubled to reflect, how unequal a correspondent I am to you, partly through want of health, for I have since had a fever, partly through want of spirits, and want of solitude; for the last thing we poets care to own, is the other want, that of abilities. But I am sensibly pleased with your letter, not only with that which seemed to prompt it, but with the things said in it: and I thank you for both. Believe me desirous to see you; when, and where, you shall determine, though I wish it were here. You will see a place seeming more fit for me

[1] First appeared in Hill's Letters, 1753.

[2] Hill had glanced in his poem at Lord Peterborough's difficulties and successes in Spain.

[3] On an expedition to the West Indies.—WARTON.

than it is; looking poetical, yet too much in the world: romantic and not retired. However, I can lock up all avenues to it sometimes, and I know no better reason for doing so, or for shutting out the world, than to enjoy such a one as yourself. I am, sir, with esteem and sincerity, your, &c.

12. POPE TO HILL.

[*June* 5, 1731.][1]

SIR,—I was unwilling to answer your too obliging letter, which puts much too great a stress upon my opinion, till I had read your play[2] with the attention it deserves,—I mean, not once, but several times over. In a word, to comply with my judgment will cost you no trouble, except to your modesty, which is to act it as soon as possible. Nothing but trifles have I to object, and which were such as did not once stop me at the first reading; the spirit, design, and characters carrying me on, without stop, check, or even intermission. You certainly are master of the art of the stage, in the manner of forming and conducting the design, which I think impossible to be mended. Of that great part, and of the other, the raising the passions, I will say nothing to you, who know them so much better than myself. I would only point out a few particularities in thought or expression, as material as excepting to a button on your coat, or a loose hair. Two or three lines I have with great timorousness written on one of your blank

[1] First appeared in Hill's Letters, 1753. Several of the letters of Pope to Hill are wrongly dated by the carelessness of the original editor, and this letter, which is assigned to Jan. 5, 1730–31, when Hill was smarting under a sense of his wrongs, and was watching for an opportunity to remonstrate, must be among those which are misplaced. It is manifest from the previous correspondence that no communication, like the present, could have passed at the time, and the absence of any other allusion to the tragedy till after April 4, equally indicates that it was not hitherto under discussion. The play was apparently first sent to Pope a little before the death of Hill's wife, which took place on June 25, and it is therefore probable that the reading of the manuscript was June, and not Jan. 5.

[2] 'Athelwold.'

leaves in black lead, half afraid to be legible, and not without some hope, that before you see them, they may be vanished: so may, perhaps, my objections, every one of them. Shall I see you soon, to tell you these nothings? Whenever I shall see you, I hope to find we can employ the time better, than I in telling, or you in hearing them. Or must I return you the play now? Your orders will be obeyed as soon as you give them. I really rejoice at your lady's recovery. I would have her and you think the air of Richmond is particularly good to re-establish her. Pray let Miss Hill know, I am ready to believe all the good things her own father can see in her: I can safely trust both his judgments and his affections. I am, truly, sir, your, &c.

13. POPE TO HILL.

Sept. 1, 1731.[1]

I COULD not persuade myself to write to you since your great loss,[2] till I hoped you had received some alleviation to it, from the only hand which can give any, that of Time. Not to have mentioned it, however fashionable it may be, I think unnatural, and in some sense inhuman; and I fear the contrary custom is too much an excuse, in reality, for that indifference we too usually have for the concern of another. In truth that was not my case. I know the reason of one man is of little effect towards the resignation of another; and when I compared the forces of yours and mine, I doubted not which had the advantage, even though in your own concern. It is hard, that even in these tender afflictions, the greatness of the mind and the goodness are opposite to each other; and that while reason and the consideration upon what conditions we receive all the goods of this life operate towards our quiet, even the best of our passions, which are the same things with the softest of our virtues, refuse us that comfort. But I will say

[1] First appeared in Hill's Letters, 1753.

[2] The death of Mrs. Hill.—ROSCOE.

no more on this melancholy subject. The whole intent of this letter is to tell you how much I wish you capable of consolation, and how much I wish to know when you find yourself so. I would hope you begin to seek it to amuse your mind with those studies, of which Tully says, *Adversis perfugium et solatium præbent*, and to transcribe, if I may so express it, your own softnesses and generous passions into the hearts of others who more want them. I do not flatter you in saying I think your tragedy will do this effectually (to which I had occasion the other day to do justice to Mr. Wilks[1]), or whatever else you choose to divert your own passion with, and to raise that of your readers. I wish the change of place, or the views of nature in the country, made a part of your scheme. You once thought of Richmond: I wish you were there, or nearer. I have thrice missed of you in town, the only times I have been there: my last month was passed at my Lord Cobham's, and in a journey through Oxfordshire. I wish you as susceptible at this time of these pleasures as I am. I have been truly concerned for you, and for your daughter, who I believe is a true part of you. I will trouble you no farther, but with the assurance that I am not unmindfully, sir, yours, &c.

14. HILL TO POPE.

Sept. 1731.[2]

DEAR SIR,—It will never be in my power to forget, how compassionate you have been, in calling and sending so often. It is plain, you have none of the fashionable want of feeling for the calamities of others; and, when I reflect, that you are kind enough to concern yourself for mine, it brings me nearer

[1] The celebrated actor, and one of the managers of Drury Lane Theatre.

[2] First appeared in Hill's Letters, 1753. The date in Hill's works is September 17, but the announcement that he thinks of leaving home "about the middle of this month," shows that it belongs to the first half of the month instead of the second. It must have been written very shortly after Pope's letter of Sept. 1, to which it is a reply.

to comfort, than either resignation or philosophy. The part you are pleased to take in my loss of a wife, who had the misfortune of being a stranger to you, would have been as just as it is generous, had you been qualified to measure it, by an acquaintance with her virtues. It was one of those virtues, that she admired Mr. Pope, and knew why she admired him. She wished for nothing with more liveliness than the pleasure of seeing you, and (such is the illusion of our prospects!) the very day, on which she promised herself the enjoyment of that wish, she became insensible to all wishes, on this side eternity!

I chose a place for her in the abbey-cloister; the wall of the church above being so loaded with marble, as to leave me no room to distinguish her monument. Give me leave to hope the benefit of your advice on this mournful occasion. I cannot suffer her to lie unnoticed, because a monument, in so frequented a place as Westminster Abbey, restoring her to a kind of second life, among the living, it will be in some measure not to have lost her. But there is a low and unmeaning lumpishness in the vulgar style of monuments which disgust me as often as I look upon them; and, because I would avoid the censure I am giving, let me beg you to say whether there is significance in the draught, of which I inclose you an awkward scratch, not a copy. The flat table behind is black; the figures are white marble. The whole of what you see here is but part of the monument, and will be surrounded by pilasters, arising from a pediment of white marble, having its foundation on a black marble mountain; and supporting a cornice and dome, that will ascend to the point of the cloister-arch. About half way up a craggy path, on the black mountain below, will be the figure of Time in white marble, in an attitude of climbing, obstructed by little Cupids of the same colour; some rolling rocks into his path, from above; some throwing nets at his feet and arms, from below; others in ambuscade, shooting arrows at him from both sides; while

the Death you see in the draught will seem, from an opening between hills in relievo, to have found admission by a shorter way, and prevented Time, at a distance.

I cannot forbear to inclose you an anonymous favour, which I received in a penny-post letter, from some kind hand disguised, that I should not guess at the obliger. I find in it a strong and touching simplicity; nature nervous and undressed; striking from and to the heart, without pomp or affectation. You will be pleased with these four verses, if my melancholy has not helped their impression on me. It is true they seem rather the moving words of a wife while dying, than the inscription of her monument after death; but I have never been able to read them without emotion, and being charmed with them myself I wished you a part of the pleasure.

I had heard of the obliging opinion you expressed of my tragedy, when you had lately an occasion of speaking to Mr. Wilks, concerning the affairs of the stage. I assure you, without compliment, I had rather it should please you singly than a dozen crowded audiences. And one thing I can be sure of in its favour—it will be the better for some marks of your pencil. If you would have the goodness to allow me to put a copy of it into your hands, and speak of it occasionally, with the same kind partiality, to some of those who can give success to tragedies, that alone might determine me to venture it on the stage next winter.

I have thoughts, about the middle of this month, of taking your advice and Tully's; I will try what change of place, and the pleasure of being nearer you can do, toward dispelling a grief that time seems to threaten increase of. I will fly from it, if I can, but the *atra cura post equitem*, will sit too close to be parted with. I am truly and unalterably, dear sir, your most affectionate and most obedient servant.

15. POPE TO HILL.[1]

September 3, 1731.[2]

Dear Sir,—I have been, and yet am, totally confined by my mother's relapse, if that can be called so, which is rather a constant and regular decay. She is now on her last bed, in all probability, from whence she has not risen in some weeks, yet in no direct pain, but a perpetual languor. I suffer for her, for myself, and for you, in the reflection of what you have felt at the side of a sick bed, which I now feel, and of what I probably soon shall suffer, which you now suffer, in the loss of one's best friend. I have wished, ever since I saw your letter, to ask you, since you find your own house a scene of sorrows, to pass some days in mine, which I begin to think I shall soon have the same melancholy reason to shun. In the mean time, I make a sort of amusement of this melancholy situation itself, and try to derive a comfort in imagining I give some to her. I am seldom prompted to poetry in these circumstances; yet I will send you a few lines I sent the other day from her bed-side to a particular friend. Indeed I want spirits and matter, to send you any thing else, or on any other subject. These too are spiritless, and incorrect.

> While ev'ry joy, successful youth! is thine,
> Be no unpleasing melancholy mine.
> Me long, ah long! may these soft cares engage;
> To rock the cradle of reposing age,
> With lenient arts prolong a parent's breath,
> Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death!
> Me, when the cares my better years have shown
> Another's age, shall hasten on my own,
> Shall some kind hands, like B[olingbroke]'s or thine,
> Lead gently down, and favour the decline?
> In wants, in sickness, shall a friend be nigh,
> Explore my thought, and watch my asking eye?

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[1] First appeared in Hill's Letters, 1753.

[2] It is most improbable that having addressed a letter to Hill on Sept. 1, Pope, without any special purpose, should have written another letter on Sept. 3. The date is doubtless a mistake, and the letter an answer to a somewhat later communication from Hill, which has not been preserved.

Whether that blessing be denied, or given,
Thus far, is right; the rest belongs to Heaven.[1]

Excuse this, in a man who is weak and wounded, but not by his enemies, but for his friends. I wish you the continuance of all that is yet dear to you in life, and am truly, yours, etc.

16. POPE TO HILL.[2]

TWICKENHAM, *September* 25, 1731.

SIR,—The hurry I was in to send to you made it a message instead of a letter, which I ask your excuse for by this. If now you have thoughts of the country, pray think no further than my own house. I am wholly at your service. The weather is yet inviting. I could wish, if Miss Hill, under a father's authority, might venture, she saw me before I am quite decayed, I mean all of me that is yet half flourishing—my garden. You will very much oblige me, and give countenance to my judgment in letting your tragedy[3] pass through my hands to any persons to whom you care I should show it. Believe me, with great truth, and a real concern for what must so afflict a good mind, sir, your affectionate, obedient servant.

17. POPE TO HILL.[4]

Sept. 29, ~~1731.~~ 1738

DEAR SIR,—I return you the inclosed[5] the day after I received it, lest it should retard your finishing the copy, now

[1] The lines were probably first addressed to Murray, who is called the "successful youth." They were afterwards used, with variations, as the conclusion of the Epilogue to the Satires, addressed to Arbuthnot.—BOWLES.

[2] First appeared in Hill's Letters, 1753.

[3] 'Athelwold.' He wrote the first version of this play in 1709, when he called it 'Elfrida; or, the Fair Inconstant.' The composition of it occupied him little more than a week!

[4] First appeared in 'A Collection of Letters,' &c., 1751.

[5] Mr. Hill's tragedy of 'Athelwold.'

the year draws toward winter: and though I am in a great hurry, which allows me to say little, only to tell you, in my lord's name and my own, that we think you show even more friendship and confidence in us, than we have hitherto been justly entitled to, from any use our opinion could be of, to a judgment so good as your own. We are fully satisfied; and it is but a word or two, that I *can* carp, with the utmost and most extended severity of a friend. It will be with infinitely greater promptitude and pleasure, that I shall speak (every where) my real approbation and esteem of the performance, in which I shall do no more than discharge my conscience. I wish sincerely I could as well serve you in promoting its success, as I can testify it deserves all success. You will, I am sure, be so candid and so reasonable, as to conclude I would not decline writing your epilogue on any but a just reason, indeed (to me) an invariable maxim, which I have held these twenty years. Every poetical friend I have, has had my word, I never would; and my leave to take the same refusals I made him, ill, if ever I wrote one for another; and this very winter, Mr. Thomson and Mr. Mallet excuse me, whose tragedies either are to appear this season, or the next. I fancy the latter, as I have seen or heard of no more but a first act, yet, of each.

I have lately had an address of another kind from a man of letters, which gives me more embarrassment, and in the conduct whereof I could wish I had your advice, though I hardly know how to ask it. I hope soon to see the critical work [1] you promised me, in which I hope to have some further occasion of proving to you the real deference I have to your sentiments, and esteem for your person. I am, dear sir, your, &c.

[1] The 'Essay on Propriety.' See letter of January 28, 1731.

18. HILL TO POPE.

Sept. 30, 1731.[1]

DEAR SIR,—You are very good and obliging. Your last letter came not to my hands until yesterday. I will thank you for it, in person, one day next week, if possible, and give you notice a day before.

My daughter, under encouragement of your invitation, promises herself the pleasure of admiring your gardens; and wishes the weather may continue as it is, till I can give her the opportunity of an afternoon's walk in them.

My brother is writing over another copy of the tragedy, which I will take the liberty to put a second time into your hands, as soon as it is ready. I propose no benefit to myself from it, leaving its profits to the players; but as I knew it necessary to prepare the expectation of persons of the first rank, if one would wish a play that kind of fame which noise can give it, and without which indeed it were to no purpose to have it brought on the stage, I am therefore greatly obliged by the hope you permit me to nourish, that you will suffer it to pass through your hand to the notice of some of those, who speaking of it with favour, will be a direction to others how far they may dare to be pleased with it. I am, dear sir, your most obliged and affectionate servant.

19. POPE TO HILL.

1 *Oct.*, 1731.[2]

DEAR SIR,—It was my hope you had thoughts of passing a few days hereabouts that made me impertinent enough to wish you would make use of this place, which is as much at your service as its master. It is otherwise too great a trouble to you, no less than too great a distinction shown to me, to have you come purposely, much less to give the young lady the fatigue of an afternoon's visit to what so little merits it.

[1] First appeared in Hill's Letters, 1753.

[2] First appeared in Hill's Letters, 1753.

My wish was that you could have taken a bed here, as long as you could allow yourself to be in the country, and have done me the pleasure to see the person you now love best in the world with you, either as giving you to me, or receiving you from me, on the day that you came, or that you went. Be assured I always am with truth, dear sir, your most obliged, affectionate, faithful servant.

If Miss Hill does not dine with us, I shall think all the rites of hospitality violated.

20. POPE TO HILL.

Monday night, Oct. 9, 1731.[1]

DEAR SIR,—I see the season will not allow me the pleasure of seeing you, nor of showing my faded garden this year to Miss Urania.[2] I assure you I would willingly make a trip to London on purpose to see you and her, but my constitution, of late, has been faster in decline than the year. I have been as ill as when I writ you that peevish image of my soul, a letter some time since, which had the good effect of making us know one another.

This is the first day I have been able to see Lady S[uffolk], who showed me a very polite letter of yours that put her out of countenance. The truth is she makes no pretension to judge of poetry. But the tragedy will be shown, as I told you, to one, or rather, I think, to both[3] will be better. I wish you was not so soon to bring it on, by what Mr. Savage tells me of Mr. Booth and Mrs. Porter.[4] I think it

[1] First appeared in Hill's Letters, 1753.

[2] Hill, in a letter which has not been preserved, must have stated his inability to visit Twickenham at that period. He went nevertheless about the middle of the month, as appears from a letter he wrote to Wilks, the actor, on October 23.

[3] The King and Queen. Hill's "sneakingly approves" had stimulated Pope to bring 'Athelwold' under the notice of some of his influential friends.

[4] Booth wes in ill health, and Mrs. Porter was upset while driving, in the summer of 1731, and had dislocated her thigh bone. Pope had

will be a loss both to the play and to them if they do not make one another shine. I hope in a week to wait on you in London, and tell you with what plain truth I am, dear sir, yours.

My book I have no manner of thought of publishing. It is of so various a nature that I know not under what denomination yet to rank the many parts of it, and shall write just as I live, without knowing the end of my works or days. The whole will proceed as my life proceeds, and probably die as I die.[1]

21. POPE TO HILL.

October 29, 1731.[2]

DEAR SIR,—There is an ill fate hangs upon me in relation to the pleasure I have often, from the very first time I saw you at Dr. Young's, proposed in our acquaintance. I really stayed that night in town, upon Bowry's notice,[3] which he left in writing, that you should be at home all Wednesday, and had dedicated three hours to you, or more properly, to myself with you. I asked particularly for Miss Urania; but thought myself, though old enough, not familiar enough, to ask to see her. I desire your first notice, if you come this way; or rather, I wish you would take up your lodging with me. In the mean time, pray send the tragedy of Athelwold, for so I would call it, under cover, to the Countess of Suffolk, before Monday, at her lodgings in St. James's. I promised it her again; and if you think it of any consequence that the K[ing] should see it in manuscript, I think nothing more easy. In truth all this is doing it no credit; it is only doing some to those who may commend it. I could not imagine in what

learnt from Savage that neither of them would be sufficiently recovered to appear at the commencement of the theatrical season.

[1] He probably referred to his extensive ethical scheme, of which the 'Essay on Man' formed part.

[2] First appeared in Hill's Letters, 1753.

[3] His waterman.

parts it needed addition; sure every incident is well prepared: but no man can see so far into his own work as the author, if a good one; so little, if a bad or indifferent one. I am, with truth, sir, your, &c.

22. HILL TO POPE.

Oct. 29, 1731.[1]

DEAR SIR,—Beginning to fear I shall not have the pleasure of returning to Richmond this season, I take the freedom of replacing Athelwold in your hands, with the scenes I have added lately. But observing some new marks of your pencil in places which you had formerly distinguished in the same manner, I am obliged, for fear you should think me fonder of my follies than I really am, to confess that when I altered all the rest of the places, I left these few as they were, because my judgment could not, so clearly as it wished, fall in with your objections. In the first, for instance, instead of "shorten your meant absence," you would read it "to make your absence shorter." Methinks your correction intends but one signification, that is, to make his absence shorter than he meant to make it. And in that sense it is exactly the same as my own. But to make his absence shorter is equivocal, and therefore not elegant. His absence could not be shorter than it was. It might be shorter than he intended it.

If I am doubtful, too, in your second exception against wishes in the plural, I shall have your second thoughts on my side, for Athelwold had wanted delicacy had he said that Ethelinda blessed his wish, as if he had felt but one only, which the ladies would have called a gross one, unaccompanied with those politer of partiality, tenderness, and confidence from a mistress who could bless him in one general possession with all those different accomplishments he had wished for among women. But it would look like growing serious upon a trifle should I go on in this manner, and expect you to read all the

[1] First appeared in Hill's Letters, 1753.

reasons I could give in defence of the other places. And you will conclude I have such as I think you could approve of, since I send you the play again with all those places unaltered.

It is time to forbear persecuting you about this tragedy. It is to come on before Christmas. But though you have given me leave to tax your condescension with some concern for its success, it will, I fear, be too much to wish you should recommend it to an assembly or two of the leaders in parties of this nature, as a play to be acted for the benefit of the house, not the author, who has no other interest in their encouraging its reception but the distinction of having power to please at a time when tragedy seems to have lost all its influence. Perhaps this is too much for the play; I am sure it is too much for the author, and, therefore, if you have any reason, which you may have, and I not apprehend it, why this would, in the least, be an improper step for you to take, I shall sincerely be pleased that you decline it; for I have better reasons than any which concern myself to be, dear sir, your most affectionate and obedient servant.

P.S. I long to hear when your ethic piece is to be published.

23. POPE TO HILL.

CHISWICK, *Nov.* 1, 1731.[1]

SIR,—I troubled you with a hasty scrawl at Lord Tyrconnel's in which I mentioned Gilliver's desire to be the publisher of your tragedy. Since, he requests my letter to recommend him. I find Mr. Savage has raised his hope by saying you had kept yourself unengaged, in expectation that I would plead for him, and that you wondered I did not sooner. If this be not one of those things in which Mr. S[avage] speaks upon imagination, I am more obliged to you than ever I intended. For I assure you I had no thought of imposing, nay, not even of proposing a bookseller, for fear

[1] First appeared in Hill's Letters, 1753.

your great complacency toward me should lead you, more than your own inclination to another bookseller. But if you have no such bias, this man I really think honest, and capable in his business. I hope in a few days to meet you in town, and am sincerely yours and the young lady's.

I just now receive your very kind letter, but can answer it no otherwise than by going about what you propose. I will write first, and then see everybody I can in town on Tuesday, &c.

24. POPE TO HILL.[1]

November 12, (?) 1731.

DEAR SIR,—I shall have the pleasure (sick or well) to be at the first representation of your play[2] to-morrow, with Lord Burlington and Lord Bathurst, and one or two more. Another noble lord,[3] who understands you best, must be contented to read the two last acts in his study; but Sir William Wyndham, with Mr. Gay, and some others, will be there also, in another place, in his stead. I write this that I may not take up a minute of your time in calling on me to-morrow; but if you will send to the office to-night for places for four people, we will order a man or two to go to keep them for us. Lord Burlington comes on purpose to town. I am, with great truth yours, &c.

I have yet heard no account from court.

[1] First appeared in 'A Collection of Letters,' &c., 1751.

[2] 'Athelwold' was produced at Drury Lane, 10 Nov. 1731.

[3] Perhaps Lord Peterborough.

25. POPE TO HILL.[1]

Sat. Morn., Nov. 14, 1731.

DEAR SIR,—I cannot leave London without thanking you for the pleasure you gave me last night, by which I see you can as well make actors, as plays; yet I own I receive more pleasure from reading, than seeing your *Athelwold*. I thought the best part of the audience very attentive, and was told several ladies were moved to tears. It is a pity Mrs. Cibber's[2] voice and person were not a little higher; she speaks extremely just, and seems to be mistress of her part. I could not come soon enough for the prologue, but the epilogue is a very humorous one. I am ashamed to trouble you; but being gone out of town, and fearing the mistakes of servants, I beg a box may be had for Monday, the third night (if there be any empty), for Mrs. Blount, a particular friend of mine. I yesterday saw Lady Suffolk, and found, though their Majesties had not had time to read, yet they were possessed of a good opinion of the play; and she would not part with the copy, expecting it would be called for every day. I must once more acknowledge the very obliging manner in which you favoured the bookseller, as well as the particular generosity to him. I can add no more, but an assurance of the sincerity with which I am, dear sir, your, &c.

I am hastened away, on hearing my mother is not well: at soon as I return, I hope we may pass more time together.

26. HILL TO POPE.[3]

Dec. 17, 1731.

DEAR SIR,—I ought sooner to have thanked you for the pleasure you have given me, by that excellent Letter to Lord

[1] First appeared in 'A Collection of Letters,' &c., 1751.

[2] Mrs. Cibber was daughter of Dr. Arne, and wife of Theophilus Cibber, son of Colley Cibber.

[3] First appeared in Hill's Letters.

Burlington. If the title had been *Of False Taste*, would it not have been properer?[1]

We have poets whom heaven visits with a taste, as well as planters and builders. What other inducement could provoke some of them to mistake your epistolary relaxation of numbers for an involuntary defect in your versification?

We have printers, too, of better taste than morals, who like you so well that they cannot endure you should be made a monopoly. The hawker's wind is upon you already; and your last incense to the muses is blown about the streets in thinner and less fragrant expansions. The pictures of your mind, like those of other great men's persons, are to be multiplied and extended, that we may have you at whole length and in miniature.

I send you a piece that is safe enough from this danger. *Athelwold* will have nothing to fear from the pirates; I believe I need not inform you how it dragged itself along, for two lean nights, after the first, as lame and as wounded as the snake in your poem; but not half so delightfully.

It would be affectation, not modesty, to deny that I am nettled at the monstrous reception which the town has given this tragedy. But I find there is a two-fold obligation upon a tragic writer, if he would engage attention at our theatres. He must make audiences as well as plays. He must become the solicitor of his own commendation. That is, in other words, if he desires to be known, he must deserve to be forgotten.

Bating the reverence due to fashion, this is putting the poet upon the foot of the prize-fighter. He must not only submit himself to be wounded for the public diversion, but must also march about with his drum, from one end of the town to the other, to stir up fools' curiosity, and draw together the company.

[1] The first title was 'Of Taste.' Pope adopted Hill's suggestion; the second and third editions appearin in folio with this title 'Of False Taste. An Epistle to, &c.' See also Pope to Hill, 5 Feb. 1731-2.

I should feel the liveliest indignation upon such an occasion as this in the cause of another: but as the case is my own, I think,—and smile,—and am satisfied. I had rather be neglected to my mortification, than become popular to my infamy.

It is possible, after all, that some persons of rank and distinction to bespeak plays, and compel audiences, may be kind enough to *Athelwold*, to introduce him, now and then, into civiler company, for the sake of the players. It were a downright shame, if these good people who gave the tragedy all its merits of fine dressing and scening, should be suffered to lose their money, while the good for nothing author, who was guilty of the dull part of the entertainment, has lost nothing but his labour. But enough of this subject.

I hope the good lady[1] whose illness hastened you home, found a recovery in your return. Who can blame her for missing you in a world so few are like you? Believe me, with much acknowledgment and esteem, dear sir, your faithful and obedient servant.

27. POPE TO HILL.[2]

TWICKENHAM, *Dec.* 22, 1731.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your tragedy,[3] which I have now read over a sixth time, and of which I not only preserve, but increase, my esteem. You have been kind to this age, in not telling the next, in your preface, the ill taste of the town, of which the reception you describe it to have given of your play (worse, indeed, than I had heard, or could have imagined,) is a more flagrant instance than any of those trifles mentioned in my Epistle; which yet, I hear, the sore vanity of our pretenders to taste flinches at extremely. The title you mention had been a properer to that Epistle. I have heard no criticisms about it, nor do I listen after them. *Nos hæc novi-*

[1] Pope's mother.

[2] First appeared in 'A Collection of Letters,' &c., 1751.

[3] *i.e.*, 'Athelwold.'

mus esse nihil; I mean, I think the verses to be so. But as you are a man of tender sentiments of honour, I know it will grieve you to hear another undeservedly charged with a crime his heart is free from: for, if there be truth in the world,[1] I declare to you, I never imagined the least application of what I said of Timon could be made to the Duke of Chandos, than whom there is scarce a more blameless, worthy, and generous, beneficent character, among all our nobility: and if I have not lost my senses, the town has lost them, by what I heard so late, as but two days ago, of the uproar on this head. I am certain, if you calmly read every particular of that description, you will find almost all of them point blank the reverse of that person's *villa.* It is an awkward thing for a man to print, in defence of his own work, against a chimera; you know not who, or what you fight against: the objections start up in a new shape, like the armies and phantoms of magicians, and no weapon can cut a mist or a shadow. Yet it would have been a pleasure to me, to have found some friend saying a word in my justification, against a most malicious falsehood. I speak of such as have known by their own experience, these twenty years, that I always took up their defence, when any stream of calumny ran upon them.[2] If it gives the Duke one moment's uneasiness, I should think

[1] "If there be truth in the world!" This is strong language indeed; but we remember with pain, that Pope, in his first edition of 'Epistle to the Ladies,' declared, "upon his honour," no one person *in particular* was intended. When the sale was found not so great as was expected, it was considered that this declaration was the cause.—BOWLES.

Bowles overlooks the fact that this declaration was made before the pointed characters of Philomedé, Atossa, and Chloe, were introduced into the Epistle, and that it was afterwards omitted.

[2] Compare 'Epistle to Arbuthnot:'—

Who has the vanity to call you friend,
Yet wants the courage, injured, to defend.

It is plain enough that Pope wished Hill to enter the lists on his behalf. In the next letter Hill, while professedly accepting Pope's disclaimer, points to details in the character of Timon which would render the public incredulous on the subject. As to the probable truth of the matter, see Introduction to Moral Essay IV.

myself ill paid, if the whole earth admired the poetry; and believe me, would rather never have written a verse in my life, than that any one of them should trouble a truly good man. It was once my case before, but happily reconciled; and among generous minds nothing so endears friends, as the having offended one another.

I lament the malice of the age, that studies to see its own likeness in every thing; I lament the dulness of it, that cannot see an excellence: the first is my unhappiness, the second yours. I look upon the fate of your piece, like that of a great treasure, which is buried as soon as brought to light; but it is sure to be dug up the next age, and enrich posterity.

I have been very sensible, on these two occasions, to feel them as I have done at a time, when I daily feared the loss of what is, and ought to be dearer to me than any reputation, *but that of a friend*, or than anything of my own, *except my morals;* the loss of a most tender parent. She is alive, and that is all! I have perceived my heart in this, and you may believe me sincerely, dear sir, your, &c.

28. HILL TO POPE.[1]

Dec. 23, 1731.

YOUR letter, dear sir, which I have this moment received, occasions me a double pain. The fear which yours ends with, ought to give a beginning to mine; because I am too sincerely your friend not to feel myself first moved by what concerns you most nearly. I hope, however, your joy for that good lady's recovery will be the next of your passions that will be touched upon this occasion.

Concerning your Epistle, it is no wonder that the malice of a little herd of censurers, whom your wit has made your enemies, would awaken a resentment of more consequence than their own. They are glad to mistake, if they can make others mistake you: or, perhaps, they do not misunderstand

[1] First appeared in Hill's Letters.

you themselves, but are conscious they must seem to believe, what they would fix on the belief of others.

I am doubtful which of these is the case, because I confess at the first and second reading, I was myself mistaken in your purpose, and fell into the general construction that has been put upon the character of Timon; but upon a more deliberate examination of the particulars, discerned those disagreeing circumstances which have been remarked for your justification with very good success in yesterday's Daily Journal, and the Daily Post-boy of Wednesday, by a hand most able to do you justice.[1]

That unguarded absence of caution, which is a mark by which one may be sure a purpose was either angry or generous, has prevented you from examining your piece before it was published with the sharpness of an eye that is watchful of occasion to slander, or you would have foreseen, that the unlucky name of Timon would be applied, as it has since been, from a present reverse (as is reported) to the splendour of that great man's fortune. This circumstance has not only helped on the mistake, but given it malignance, from a kind of pity, which some who hated his good fortune from the good uses he made of it, affect now to feel for his disappointments.

Two or three other likenesses concurred in the character; such as the hundred footsteps, the exact number of his domestics for some years at Canons; and the pomp of the chapel, and its music; for whether jiggish or solemn, never struck the inquiry of a thousand, who remembered the duke's magnificence chiefly by that circumstance. And as to the many unresembling particulars, they are drowned, like the mistaken predictions of eleven months in an almanac, where the events of the twelfth come by chance to be accomplished.

I am of opinion that the duke himself can never be among the mistakers. It is with taste as it is with genius; a man

[1] Referring to the letter signed 'William Cleland.'

who feels he has either will never too lightly believe it is questioned by another, whom he knows to possess it.

But that it is a rule with me, to consider the letters I receive from my friends as their own property still, though trusted to my possession, I could more effectually convince him how he ought to think, by letting him see how you think on this subject, in an easy, undesigning, natural indignation, expressed in a private letter, than by all the most laboured endeavours of yourself or your friends in public.

It cannot be difficult to dispossess the town of a notion, whose credit will gradually die away, in proportion to the daily discovery that is made of the malicious industry with which it was propagated. And I dare assert, that your friends are too many and too sanguine, to let a slander be long-lived, that is levelled against your gratitude; I use this word by an authority which I borrow from your own generosity, in the preface to your translation of the Iliad. I am so pleased to converse with you any way, that I forgot I have scarce room to declare myself, dear sir, your most faithfully affectionate servant.

29. POPE TO HILL.[1]

Feb. 5, 1731-2.[2]

DEAR SIR,—I made a strong essay to have told you in person how very kindly I took your two last letters. The only hours I had in my power from a necessary care that brought me back immediately, I would have imposed on you. It will please you to know the poor woman[3] is rather better, though it may be but like the improvement of a light on the

[1] First appeared in 'A Collection of Letters,' &c., 1751.

[2] This letter is in the former editions dated Feb. 5, 1730-1—which is before the Epistle to Lord Burlington was published. Its real date is 1731-2, as further appears from its noticing an observation of Mr. Hill's, in his letter of the 17th Dec., 1731, respecting the title of that Epistle.

[3] His mother.

end of a dying taper, which brightens a little before it expires. Your hint about my title *Of False Taste*, you will see, is made use of in the second edition. Your opinion also of my giving some public dissent or protest against the silly malicious misconstruction of the town, I agree to; but I think no one step should be taken in it, but in concert with the Duke whom they injure. It will be a pleasure felt by you, to tell you his Grace has written to me the strongest assurance imaginable of the rectitude of his opinion, and of his resentment of that report, which to him is an impertinence, to me a villany.

I am afraid of tiring you, and (what is your best security) I have not time to do it. I will only just tell you, that many circumstances you have heard, as resemblances to the picture of Timon, are utterly inventions of liars; the number of servants never was a hundred, the paintings not of Verrio or Laguerre, but Bellucci[1] and Zeeman; no such buffet, manner of reception at the study, terrace, &c.: all which, and many more, they have not scrupled to forge, to gain some credit to the application; and (which is worse) belied testimonies of noblemen, and of my particular friends, to condemn me. In a word, the malice is as great as the dulness of my calumniators: the one I forgive, the other I pity, and I despise both. Adieu; the first day I am near you I will find you out, and show you something you will like. My best good wishes are yours, and Miss Urania's. Your, &c.

[1] He [Bellucci] was also employed on the chapel of Canons, that large and costly palace of the Duke of Chandos, which by a fate as transient as its founder's, barely survived him, being pulled down as soon as he was dead; and, as in mockery of sublunary grandeur, the site and materials were purchased by Hallet, the cabinet maker. Though Pope was too grateful to mean a satire on Canons, while he recorded all its ostentatious want of taste, and too sincere to have denied it, had he meant it, he might, without blame, have moralised on the event in an Epistle previously to this, had he lived to behold its fall, and change of masters. — Horace Walpole, *Anecd. of Painters.*

30. HILL TO POPE.[1]

Jan. 16, 1733.

SIR,—I thank you with a double pleasure for the present of your epistle, *Of the Use of Riches*,[2] because it brought me a proof that you have good nature enough to remember one who must have seemed not to have deserved the distinction. But my reason for not acknowledging sooner the due sense I have of many other favours you have been so obliging as to intend me, is from an occasion I have in view of doing it very shortly.

I am sorry The Man of Ross, who is so beautifully your *theme*, is not, like the Thames to Sir John Denham, your example also.[3] You will start, I make no doubt, at an accusation you are so unconscious of deserving. Yet we know ourselves too little; and I must, in spite of my friendship, join the world in its censure of this manifest defect in your conduct, who can suppose it sufficient, to shake over us, now and then, a thin sprinkling from stores so inexhaustibly rich and desirable!

I wish you an increase of happiness and of health in this and every new year; and am, sir, your most faithful and obedient servant.

31. HILL TO POPE.[4]

May 16, 1733.

DEAR SIR,—I can assure you, with great truth and pleasure, that I never pass a day without thinking of you: and but for this, I should be ashamed to remember how long it is since I ought to have thanked you for an imitation not to be imitated. I must own, there is a spirit in the honest vivacity of that

[1] First appeared in Hill's Letters.

[2] The Epistle to Lord Bathurst.

[3] O! could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!—DENHAM, *Cooper's Hill.*

[4] First appeared in Hill's Letters.

piece that charmed me to the soul. In your other writings I am pleased by the poet; I am here in love with the man.

I was lately looking among my papers, and met with the copy of some lines I sent you five or six years ago, from Newcastle, in one of my journeys to Scotland. It was loosely and negligently dressed; and designing to let it be seen in the world, I have brushed off the dust of the road, and I wish I could say, made it fit for your reception.

In a conversation a year or two since, concerning the affairs of the stage, you told me that there was a patent in the hands of one of the Davenants, of which no use was made, and which you seemed to think it easy to procure an assignment of.

Methinks this must have been the Killigrew patent; for that which was granted to Sir William Davenant, is the patent under which Mr. Rich now acts.

I should be very much obliged to you for an information of what you know concerning this patent; you shall shortly have my reason for this curiosity in, dear sir, yours, &c.

32. POPE TO HILL.[1]

TWICKENHAM, *May* 22, 1733.

SIR,—Your very kind letter came hither in my absence, which occasioned my delay till now in acknowledging it. Your partiality to me, both as a poet, and as a man, is great; the former I deserve not, but the latter I will never forfeit. It would be wronging your modesty to say much of the verses you inclose, but it would be wronging sense and poetry, not to say they are fine ones, and such as I could not forget, having once seen them.

I have almost forgot what I told you of the patent; but at the time I told it, I could not well be mistaken, having just then had the account from Mr. Davenant the envoy: indeed I fancy it was only of his ancestor's patent that he spoke

[1] First appeared in 'A Collection of Letters,' &c., 1751.

(unless Sir William Davenant bought up Killigrew's). I know no way of coming to the knowledge of this affair, Mr. Davenant being now abroad, and I know not where. But if you would have me write about it, I will learn his direction.

I am at all times glad to hear of you, on any occasion. I would willingly wait on you in the Park,[1] if I knew your times. I have called twice or thrice there in vain, without being heard. I guessed you were in the country. My sincere good wishes attend you; and your agreeable family, as far as I have seen of it, I cannot but wish well to. I am, dear sir, your, &c.

33. HILL TO POPE.[2]

Nov. 7, 1733.

SIR,—Though I have, really, no skill in the French, and am (perhaps, for that reason) not over fond of the language, yet I read it with pleasure, in respect to the writers of that nation; and have seldom been more strongly delighted, than with the tragedy of *Zaire*.

I had seen nothing of M. Voltaire's before, except the *Henriade;* and whether it was from my own want of taste, or the poem's want of fire, I found it too cold for an epic spirit; so conceived but a moderate opinion as to the dramatic attempts of the same author. But genius being limited, we act too rash and unreasonable a part, when we judge after so general a manner. Having been agreeably disappointed in *Zaire*, it was due, as an atonement, that I should contribute to widen his applause, whom I had thought of too narrowly.

I have, therefore, made this tragedy speak English, and shall bring it on the stage in a month or two; where, though

[1] Hill lived at Westminster, in a house which looked upon St. James's Park.

[2] First appeared in Hill's Letters.

I have no interest in its success, I should be vexed to have it miscarry; because it is certainly an excellent piece, and has not suffered, I hope, so much in the translation, as to justify a cold reception at London, after having run into the most general esteem at Paris. I will do all in my power to prepare the town to receive it, to which end I have given the profits to a gentleman whose acquaintance is too large for his fortune, and your good taste and good nature assure me of your willing concurrence so far, as not only to say of it what it deserves, but to say it at such times and in such manner as you know best how to choose, in order to give your recommendation the intended good consequence.

Lord Bolingbroke was a patron of M. Voltaire, and can effectually advance the reception of his play amongst those who are most his friends, and best able to support it at its appearance. I have ventured to ask it in the author's behalf, and beg you would convey the letter and translation to my lord's hands, as soon as you please, after you have read them.[1]

I would desire you to excuse this trouble, if it were not to look like a distrust of that delight which I know it gives you, when you have an opportunity put into your hands to do a kind or a generous action.

The last time I had the pleasure of seeing you at Westminster, you were observing among some rude beginnings of rock-work, which I am designing in my garden, a little obelisk of Jersey shells, over a grotesque portico for Pallas, against the park wall. You then expressed some thoughts of improving such a use of those shells into a nobler obelisk, among your beauties at Twittenham. Allow me to bespeak for myself, against next spring, the permission of presenting you the shells, materials, and workmanship; that I may have the honour to plant in your gardens a probability of being some-

[1] See the letter from Hill to Lord Bolingbroke, dated 7th Nov., 1733, in Hill's Letters.

times remembered by the master of that growing paradise. In the mean time be so good to accept this smaller parcel, just enough (if there is yet to come of the season half a week of dry weather without frost) to embellish your marine temple, by inserting them among the hollows, between those large shells which compose it; where being placed in oblique position, so as to lie open to the weather, they will enlighten the gravity, and catch a distant eye with a kind of shining propriety.

I ought never to end a letter to you without a wish for your perfect health, because it is impossible to think of you without a pain from the reflection, that you want it too often. I am, yours, &c.

34. POPE TO HILL.[1]

TWICKENHAM, *Nov.* 13, 1733.

DEAR SIR,—I writ to you a very hasty letter, being warmed in the cause of an old acquaintance, in which I was sure you would concur, I mean, John Dennis, whose circumstances were described to me in the most moving manner. I went next day with the Lord to whom you directed your letter and play, which, at my return home, I received but yesterday. I thank you for your agreeable present to my grotto, for your more agreeable letter, and your most excellent translation of Voltaire,[2] to whom you have preserved all the beauty he had, and added the nerves he wanted. This short acknowledgment is all I can make just now; I am just taken up by Mr. Thomson, in the perusal of a new poem he has brought me: I wish you were with us. The first day I see London, I will wait on you, on many accounts, but on none more than my being affectionately, and with true esteem, dear sir, yours.

I desire Miss Urania will know me for her servant.

[1] First appeared in 'A Collection of Letters,' &c., 1751.

[2] Voltaire's 'Zaire,' translated by Hill. If Pope spoke before contemptuously of Hill, he now makes ample amends by flattery.—BOWLES.

35. POPE TO HILL.[1]

June 9, 1738.[2]

SIR,—The favour of yours, of May the 11th, had not been unacknowledged so long, but it reached me not till my return from a journey, which had carried me from scene to scene, *where Gods might wander with delight.* I am sorry yours was attended with any thoughts less pleasing, either from the conduct towards you of the world in general, or of any one else in particular. As to the subject matter of the letter I found what I have often done in receiving letters from those I most esteemed, and most wished to be esteemed by; a great pleasure in reading it, and a great inability to answer it. I can only say, you oblige me in seeming so well to know me again, as one extremely willing that the free exercise of criticism should extend over my own writings, as well as those of others, whenever the public may receive the least benefit from it; as I question not they will a great deal when exerted by you. I am sensible of the honour you do me, in proposing to send me your work before it appears; if you do, I must insist that no

[1] First appeared in 'A Collection of Letters,' &c.

[2] The above letter from Pope to Hill is an answer to a very long epistle from Hill, dated 11th May, 1738, in which he renews the correspondence, by informing Pope that it was his intention to publish 'An Essay on Propriety in the Thought and Expression of Poetry,' (to which he has referred in one of his former letters,) in which he intended to take his examples from the works of Pope; at the same time offering to send the manuscript to Twickenham for Pope's correction, being resolved, as he says, "to carry no example of his to the press in a manner against which he has any just cause of exception." In the same letter we find a vindication of some passages cited by Pope from Theobald, in the Treatise on the 'Bathos,' and particularly of the expression,

None but himself can be his parallel.

And of the lines,

—— The obscureness of her birth
Cannot eclipse the lustre of her eyes,
Which make her all one light.

The criticisms upon which by Pope, he considers as "rash, unweighed censures." This letter, which, as the writer justly observes, "had grown to *an unmerciful long one*," extending to nearly *twenty* pages, and containing much diffuse and irrelevant matter, may be found in the works of Aaron Hill, vol. i. p. 341.

use in my favour be made of that distinction, by the alteration or softening of any censure of yours on any line of mine.

What you have observed in your letter I think just, only I would acquit myself in one point; I could not have the least pique to Mr. Theobald in what is cited in the treatise of the Bathos, from the play which I never supposed to be his. He gave it as Shakespear's, and I take it to be of that age: and indeed the collection of those, and many more of the thoughts censured there, was not made by me, but Dr. Arbuthnot. I have had two or three occasions to lament that you seem to know me much better as a poet than as a man. You can hardly conceive how little either pique or contempt I bear to any creature, unless for immoral or dirty actions. Any mortal is at full liberty, unanswered, to write and print of me as a poet, to praise me one year, and blame me another; only I desire him to spare my character as an honest man, over which he can have no private, much less any public right, without some personal knowledge of my heart, or the motives of my conduct: nor is it a sufficient excuse, to allege he was so or so informed, which was the case with those men.

I am sincere in all I say to you, and have no vanity in saying it. You really overvalue me greatly in my poetical capacity; and I am sure your work would do me infinitely too much honour, even if it blamed me oftener than it commended; for the first you will do with lenity, the last with excess. But I could be glad to part with some share of any good man's admiration for some of his affection, and his belief that I am not wholly undeserving to be thought what I am to you, sir, a most faithful affectionate servant.[1]

[1] From the date of the preceding letter, there appears to have been a cessation of the correspondence between Pope and Hill till 1738. The cause of this is not easy to ascertain; but from the frequency with which Hill solicited the assistance, and called for the opinion of Pope on his writings, we may reasonably conjecture that Pope was desirous of being released from such importunity. That the feelings of Hill were in some degree hurt by this interruptio of their acquaintance, may appear from a passage in a letter from him to Thomson, dated May 20, 1736, in

36. HILL TO POPE.

June 17, 1738.[1]

Sir,—The pleasure I was sure to receive with your letter brought an unexpected chagrin in its company, from a vein of civil reproach that runs through it, which I can better discern than account for; since I must not suspect, without wronging my ideas of your equity, that you could be displeased at the freedom I took in my sentiments. If I believed they had given you the smallest offence, I would rather commit my essay, in its present rough state, to the flames, than transcribe it either for yourself or the public.

Indeed, it was with a kind of foreboding reluctance that I censured any passage of yours; and to confess the truth frankly, I had only one reason for doing it. After I had convinced myself thoroughly, that propriety, in some of the lights I was considering it under, had been universally neglected in poetry, I foresaw it would be impossible to establish the belief of a fact so unlikely, without citing the strongest examples. To do this from the works of our dead authors only, carried the face of a meanness I could not tell how to submit to. To draw formal citations from any pieces that had appeared of my own (though full enough God knows of absurdities, to have furnished more proof than I wanted) would have looked too assuming and silly. To borrow such instances out of other less faulty contemporaries, not, however, reputed among the sparkling great luminaries of wit, would

which he says: "I am pleased to hear that Mr. Pope was so kind as to make any inquiries concerning me. I must allow such merit as his to entitle its possessors to think *when* they will and *what* they will of their friends. It is enough that I feel him through distance; I lose none of his force from the coldness of his friendship; on the contrary, I am made sure, by some reasons I have to be convinced, we think differently of each other, that my esteem for *him* is the effect of his excellences, because it could have no ground to grow in if it were the return of partiality."—A. Hill's *Works*, vol. i. p. 236.

[1] First appeared in 'A Collection of Letters,' &c., 1751.

have induced a mistaken conclusion, that in the works of more masterly writers there were no such examples to be met with. And now—is there a good judge in England, except one, who will not see and acknowledge the necessity that threw me, unavoidably, upon your writings?

However, I am glad, at my heart, it was Dr. Arbuthnot who made that collection you mention; for I am almost unwilling to be found in the right, when I disapprove what your name has been stamped on; yet your own honest argument (that it is not enough to excuse a reporter of falsehoods, that he was told and believed what he published) must defend me against its advancer: for neither is it a sufficient excuse, that a writer, whose name, in the front of a book, has given weight to the censures it propagates, was not author of some of those censures, since whatever a man sets his hand to, he ought, first, to examine the truth of.

I am charmed while I hear you disclaim that propensity to pique and contempt, which, to speak with the soul of a friend, seems to me the only spot on your character. We are all of us in some lights or other, the dupes of our natural frailties: and when Mr. Pope, with the warmth that becomes a great mind, tells me how far he is from despising defects in men's genius, never feeling any contempt but for the dirt of their actions; I am sure he says nothing but what he firmly believes to be true. And yet there are pieces, well known to be his, many passages whereof no man, less apprised than himself of his heart's secret views and intentions, can read without being strongly convinced of a scorn that regards genius only; though if he loves you but half so sincerely as I do, you have no sooner disavowed the design than he concludes the imputation was groundless.

In the meantime it is a pity that a thinker so humane and benevolent, should indulge an ambiguity in the turn of his expression, that scatters gall which his heart never licensed; since I believe it a general truth, that men of the openest and

honestest natures, sooner catch fire at contempt than oppression. And as to any dirtiness in actions, which take birth from effect of such influence, we may conclude from those irresistible little sallies of fury, whereby even among undesigning and innocent infants, we see brother precipitated into outrage against brother, immediately upon any cold provocation of scorn, that there is nothing immoral in what may be done or declared too offensively, under impressions so violent, so involuntary, and natural.

After all this grave face of apology, I am an absolute stranger to the grounds upon which those men you refer to proceeded. Nay, I am so for the most part even to the measures by which they provoked you. All the reason, indeed, that I have for giving you any of my thoughts on the subject, is derived from your own starting into it (a little digressively) immediately after hinting some occasions you had to lament. that I knew you less justly as a man than a poet. I will appeal to impartial posterity, whether I do not not know you much better in both lights, than ten thousand of those pretending esteemers, of whose affection you think yourself surer, It will never be in my will, nor my power, to transmit such a picture as yours without its best and most beautiful likeness. I shall leave to duller Dutch painters in criticism, their unenvied delight to draw monsters; and know very well, for my own part, that I should but disgrace the desired reputation of my pencil, if I missed the resemblance too widely, in a piece which must expect to be compared with originals of the same by many different masters.

Though I acquit you of any further allusion to me, than by that retrospect glance, *en passant*, I have affectionately caught the occasion of pointing out, to one of the least intentionally guilty among men, a seeming tartness of spirit in himself, which he will easily find, when he looks for; and which whenever he does find, and guard against by submitting his wit to his philosophy, he will become the most unnatural good man

in the world; for he will leave himself not a fault to be blamed for!

As to myself, who was born to mix sin with repentance, I plead guilty to all such indictments as you in that place present to my memory. I was always too perceptibly quick in my apprehension of contempts or indignities; a temper which would have been as unpardonable, as I confess it to be weak and self-mortifying; but that the fault, though of too swelling a nature, leaves no voids for admission of malice. It is an offensive, indeed, but reconcileable imbecility of mind: Shakespear felt and understood it very finely:

> "It carries anger as the flint does fire;
> Which being struck throws out a hasty spark,
> And then grows cold again."

Yet I will endeavour to redress this wrong bent in my temper, and make way for the rectification you are so good as to show me my want of. And thus in commerce of friendship, as in traffic less generous, there is offered a mutual exchange of advantages; something always to give and to gain, and this makes both sides more rich and more satisfied. What a loss then have unsocial and vain dispositions, which by a sullen seclusion from these rights of reproof and plain dealing, cut off all the kind use of correction! Human nature, let it be as susceptible of grace as it can, never yet wanted pride enough to make mortifications of this kind a requisite. Far from hating our friends for a little faithful though unwelcome asperity, let us think him of all men unhappiest who has never been blessed with an enemy.

And now let me ask you (with a transition very fashionably abrupt and uncritical), how is your good and great friend, Lord B——, to be reached?[1] You will scarce think I mean to be emulated! Ours is an age that exposes such an

[1] Lord Bolingbroke, who came to England in June, 1738, to sell Dawley; he was in the country about two months, and resided with Pope at Twickenham.

old-fashioned politician as he is to any fear sooner that of a rival. I have a packet to send him a little too large for the post. It is a manuscript piece, which I purpose to dedicate to him when published. But it would be prudence and decency, as affairs stand at present, to wait his permission after reading it: not that there is any thing nice or exceptionable in the subject; and I am sure I have no need to add, though I speak of a dedication, that mine has no views, like a modern one. If you will be so kind as to think how it may reach my lord's hands, I shall in a few days send it open to yours; begging you first to peruse, and then give it a seal and a forwarding. If you will have the goodness to authorise such a trouble, please to do it under a direction, like your last, to, sir, yours, &c.

37. POPE TO HILL.[1]

June 20, 1738.[2]

SIR,—I sent you as honest an answer as I could, to the letter you favoured me with: and am sorry you imagine any *civil reproach* or *latent meaning*, where I meant to express myself with the utmost openness. I would assure you, if you please, by my oath, as well as my word, that I am in no degree displeased at any freedom you can take with me in a private letter, or with my writings in public. I again insist, that you alter or soften no one criticism of yours in my favour; nor deprive yourself of the liberty, nor the world of the profit of your freest remarks on my errors.

In what I said, I gave you a true picture of my own heart, as far as I know it myself. It is true, I have shown a *scorn* of some *writers;* but it proceeded from an experience that they were bad men, or bad friends, or vile hirelings; in which case, their being authors did not make them, to me, either more

[1] First appeared in 'A Collection of Letters,' &c., 1751, where it is dated June 2.

respectable, or more formidable. As for any other pique, my mind is not so susceptible of it as you have seemed, on each occasion, too much inclined (I think) to believe. What may have sometimes seemed a *neglect* of others, was rather a *laziness* to cultivate or contract new friends, when I was satisfied with those I had; or when I apprehended their demands were too high for me to answer.

I thank you for the confidence you show you have in me, in telling me what you judge amiss in my *nature*. If it be (as you too partially say) my only fault, I might soon be a perfect character: for I would endeavour to correct this fault in myself, and entreat you to correct all those in my writings. I see, by the specimen you generously gave me in your late letter, you are able to do it; and I would rather owe, and *own* I owe, that correction to your friendship, than to my own industry.

For the last paragraph of yours, I shall be extremely ready to convey what you promise to send me, to my Lord B. I am in hopes very speedily to see him myself, and will in that case be the bearer; if not, I shall send it by the first safe hand to him. I am truly glad of any occasion of proving myself, with all the respect that is consistent with sincerity, sir, your, &c.

38. HILL TO POPE.[1]

25 *June*, 1738.

SIR,—It is time to relieve you from subjects and lengths like my last. Yet you will hardly suspect such a blindness, in my bad understanding, as to think I distinguish not the true cast of some colours which you need not have held quite so near me. Notwithstanding all which, if I had not more cause to distrust it, on *your* side than my *own*, I should flatter myself we were born to be lovers: we are so often and so unaccountably mistaking one another into reserves and resentments!

[1] First appeared in 'A Collection of Letters,' &c., 1751.

Yet I am sorry whenever this happens, because the most lost time in men's lives is that which they waste in expostulation. They who are friends find it selfish and diffident, and between enemies 'tis inflaming and fruitless.

Indeed, there would be no end of such—what must I call them?—*Eclaircissements* is an affected French word, and I am heartily sorry I want it. In plain truth and English I always did, and I still do, most affectionately esteem you, both as man and as poet. And if now and then, for a start, I have been put out of humour with either, I would fain have you think it was no less your own fault than mine. At least I am sure I believed so. And if, whenever you supposed me to have acted inconsistently with myself on that principle, you had only been so kind as to have declared why you thought so, I would openly and immediately either have demonstrated the mistake to be yours, or confessed and abhorred my own error. I will always stand bound to give if not a rational yet a moral account of my actions, not alone as they regard Mr. Pope, but men in the remotest situation below him. And whoever (let him be accused either by misapprehension or calumny) would decline such a test of his conduct in life, is so far from being worthy your friendship, that he is a stranger to both spirit and honesty.

Here then let us rest this debate, and either resolve to let fall an unconfiding and cold correspondence, or much rather agree (if you please) to understand one another better for the future. As to my own part, I never will—I never did—disoblige you unprovoked. And if how kindly soever impelled, I write or do anything unbecoming the occasion, think of me, as I would of your enemies.

In the meantime, let even the little trouble you have so kindly allowed me to give you in the enclosed, be received as some proof that I know and respect at my heart your double claim both in morals and genius. For you know me, I am sure, much less justly if you can imagine me capable of corresponding with an air of good-will where I wanted a personal

attachment; or of begging, as I now very earnestly do (upon any inducement, but the high sense I have of your skill), your frank and friendly inspection of the tragedy. It would charm me to have the benefit of your hand, or your hints, before it appears on the theatre.

As to my Essay on Propriety, you have obligingly convinced me I may lay it before you, without pain. Indeed, if I had made it unfit for your eye, the world would have been still less likely to see it. I shall punctually obey your command, neither to omit nor to soften in the transcript. It is an injunction I may safely comply with, since if I have anything to value myself upon in this tract, it is from the proofs you will find it abound in that some of your most retired and most delicate touches, have been chiefly the search and the subject of, sir, your truly affectionate and most humble servant.

39. POPE TO HILL.[1]

July 21, 1738.

SIR,—I need not assure you in many words, that I join my suffrage entirely with Lord B.'s in general, after a fourth reading of your tragedy of *Cæsar*. I think no characters were ever more nobly sustained than those of Cæsar and Brutus in particular. You excel throughout in the greatness of sentiment; and I add, that I never met with more striking sentences, or lively short reprizes. There is almost every where such a dignity in the scenes, that, instead of pointing out any one scene, I can scarce point out any that wants it, in any degree, except you would a little raise that of the *plebeians* in the last act. That dignity is admirably reconciled with softness, in the scenes between Cæsar and Calpurnia: and all those between Cæsar and Brutus are a noble strife between greatness and humanity. The management of the whole is as artful as it is noble. Whatever particular remarks we

[1] First appeared in 'A Collection of Letters,' &c., 1751.

have made further, will be rather the subject of conversation than a letter, of which we shall both be glad of an opportunity, either here at Twickenham, or in town, as shall best suit your conveniency. Pray, Sir, let this confirm you in the opinion you kindly, and indeed justly, entertain of the wish I feel (and ever felt, notwithstanding mistakes) to be, and to be thought, sincerely your, &c.

40. HILL TO POPE.[1]

July 31, 1738.

Sir,—It was yesterday, before I had the pleasure of receiving your kind and obliging letter; together with Lord B[olingbroke]'s (for which I have sent him my thanks in the enclosed.) The coach brought your packet, a week past, from London: but I had made a little start, from my disagreeable situation in the skirt of a country town, with a view to resolve on a fitter, where I must content myself for some time with forty-seven miles distant from Twickenham, till, like the story they tell of a beast not worth naming, I have made myself lighter, as a means to be safer; that is (in plain English) till I have sold the best part of a too little fortune—very falsely so called, while it could not procure ease to its owner. As soon as this hard task is over, I shall be able with the greatest delight to assure you, in your own beautiful garden, what an impression you have made on me by your goodness.

Never was I more pleased and surprised, than at hearing you had Lord B——[ke] at Twickenham: I mean, that you had him your guest there, in person; for I knew his idea dwelt with you. Yet, I fear, he is a blessing we are to hold, as we do summer; just to feel, and owe fruit to—and lose him. France is glad to draw strength from her neighbours; and will take pains to out-charm a dull climate, where she would leave as little spirit as possible.

[1] First appeared in Hill's Letters, 1753.

As to the tragedy, you return me, of *Cæsar*, you will not easily imagine how glad I am you were pleased with it; and how much more so, that you tell it me with such a warmth of good-will and generosity. But I am still further, if possible, obliged by your judicious and elegant corrections, hinted to me in such a number of places. Nor have I enough of true protestant zeal, to lose any one of your blessings, because (like a Papist as you are) you have given them me with the sign of the cross. No—I remember the effect of that sign, in the banner of Constantine, and I reverence it as a token of victory. As for that low scene of plebeians in the last act, I will strike it quite out. It is the best way of mending a fault, which was committed without use or temptation. What a deal of dumb magic may be lodged in the path of a pencil! Yours, like its sable representative on the face of a dial, says nothing: and yet points out, and measures, and regulates, with the utmost exactness, as it passes! So salutary, and so necessary is the eye of a friend! How many improprieties might your reprehension have taught me to rectify! How many obscurities to clear up and enlighten! And, lastly, how many of the *ambitiosa ornamenta* (a poet's most dangerous, because most flattering favourites) might not such wholesome black lines of our Horace have given me resolution to cut off without mercy!

And so much for this tragedy; except that, as I design it for the stage this next winter, it would be infinitely kind in you (while I am an hermit on the back side of Parnassus) to speak what you think, where it properly offers, for its service as well before the acting season, as in it.

Though I talk of the back side of Parnassus, I sometimes see company here, you would hardly expect, from the prospect; for where, but at an old-fashioned country gentleman's who lives in a hole at the foot of a hill, and a wood, like the cave of some captain of banditti, should I meet the other day with Part the Second of *One thousand, seven hundred, thirty-eight.*

Stored with beauties, as every thing must be that you write for the public, shall I dare to confess, that I did not use to consider your works of this vein, as those from which you were surest of the love and admiration of posterity; but I find, in this satire, something inexpressibly daring and generous. It carries the acrimony of Juvenal, with the Horatian air of ease and serenity. It reaches heights the most elevated, without seeming to design any soaring. It is raised and familiar at once. It opposes just praise to just censure, and thereby doubles the power of either. It places the poet in a light for which nature and reason designed him, and atones all the pitiful sins of the trade; for, to a trade, and a vile one, poetry is irrecoverably sunk in this kingdom. What a pity, that our rottenness begins at the core, and is a corruption, not of persons alone, but of things! One would else strongly hope, from a ridicule so sharp, and so morally pointed, that wicked men might be laughed into something like penitence. But, alas! they are only bit by Tarantulas, who can be cured by the power of music. Not even the harp of Apollo had a charm to expel vipers that have crept into the entrails.

Go on, however, to make war, with a courage that reproaches a nation's; and live (would you could!) just as long as till the virtues your spirit would propagate, become as general as the esteem of your genius! I am, with great obligation and truth, sir, your most obedient, and most affectionate servant.

41. POPE TO HILL.[1]

TWICKENHAM, *Aug.* 17, 1738.

SIR,—I am forced to say but little to you, though my spirit has been warmed by the kind (and let me add the just) manner in which you took our last letter. My lord (who has not only resolved to make himself my guest, but an inhabitant

[1] First appeared in 'A Collection of Letters,' &c., 1751.

of this place during all his stay in this kingdom) is at this time fixed to this place too closely by a fever which has confined him to his bed and chamber some days. I am but just now satisfied that he is out of danger; and I am as sure, as that he lives, that he will be glad to see you here. And I think it certain (if you can get those affairs over which you mention as soon as I wish you at ease) that you may find him here this fortnight. That I shall take a warm part in bringing you together, my own heart knows. And let me tell you, when you know that heart as well, as I hope Fortune will not long hinder you from doing (though many unlucky strokes of her influence have been too strong upon us both, who must else have naturally united as we mutually love and hate the same things). I believe, trust, and pray we shall perfectly understand one another. Believe me till then, upon my bare assurance, very faithfully, without superfluous words, in one word, dear sir, yours.

42. HILL TO POPE.[1]

August 29, 1738.

DEAR SIR,—I am sensibly touched by the kindness of your ast, and sorry at my heart that I am unable to bring you my thanks for it to Twickenham. It would have been a delight of the warmest and most desirable kind to have seen my lord there before he left England. But, accustomed to disappointment and ill-fortune, I am encumbered with difficulties, which retard all my views, nor dare I determine how soon I can hope to be easier. Since I must not therefore be so happy as your truly great friend has the goodness to wish me, only tell him, in my name, that he has a faithful servant, unknown, who always loved him from motives which he deserves, and desires to be loved,—one who has long weighed his spirit, and reflected on and measured his actions; one, who less for my lord's sake

[1] First appeared in Hill's Letters, 1753.

than his country's laments to observe it administered into a necessity of fearing his virtues. I cannot forbear to add that I wish him great length of days, yet am afraid I include great unhappiness in the wish, since he will never be able to see and hear without misery, the desolation of a country he was born for.

I ought to be ashamed, after thinking and speaking of Lord Bolingbroke, to descend to such a theme as my tragedy, but you have both been its friends and benefactors, and it would be doing injustice to your good nature if I forbore to inform you that from a wholesome severity which I was inflamed into against myself, under influence of your saving black crosses, I have effaced, changed, and heightened it in two hundred places and more, till if now it fails on acting to meet with a reception a little extraordinary I shall be mortified into a conviction that it is time for me to have done writing. I was about to have it sent you again that you might have seen the good effects of your censure, but when I remembered you had read it four times, I found not enough of the poet within me to presume the unconscionable fifth from an attention that can be employed so much better. God knows when the season comes on how far I may be master of opportunity to attend its way to the theatre, where the managers are for farce, and not tragedy. In the interim I shall apply most of my leisure to the finishing and transcribing my essay, that it may be legible, and come and beg your perusal, to whom, sending every good wish in my stead, I remain, dear sir, your most obliged and affectionate servant.

43. POPE TO HILL.[1]

August 30, 1738.[2]

DEAR SIR,—The very moment I receive yours I dispatch this to tell you with sincerity both my guest's and my own

[1] First appeared in 'A Collection of Letters,' &c., 1751.

[2] In the 'Collection,' the year is, by a manifest error, printed 1731.

concern to have no hopes of seeing you; as well as, what is unfeignedly a yet greater concern, our sorrow at what you express to be the occasion of it. He wishes now for power for no other reason than to be able to elevate merit above that fortune it commonly finds from power. And I can truly add for my own part, who never tasted power, that I never felt any uneasiness in a low fortune, but that which it causes when I find it cannot prove the regard and love I bear to true worth in any afflictive circumstance.

Excuse my pretending to say a word on that subject. All I meant to say, but the overflowings of my heart vented thus much, was to beg you to think too favourably of us both, to imagine we should not be unhappy as much as dissatisfied, if we did not read once or twice more your Tragedy, after what you tell us of your having altered it on our suggestions. We have a conscientious fear that you may have complied too implicitly with those marks, rather of our scrupulous sincerity than of any certain judgment; and have quenched sometimes a flame we admire, though we may fear; or sometimes heightened what may be natural, though we might think it low. Pray ease us by favouring us with a second view of it.

And whenever you send me that Essay you may be assured of my sincere answer; though upon that head I could rather wish it were given you personally. I hope a little time will bring us together. Know me most affectionately, dear sir, yours.

44. HILL TO POPE.[1]

Sept. 1, 1738.

You have obliged me, dear sir, in a manner that can never be forgot, by that sincere and kind sense you express of the difficulties which encumber my affairs, but I assure you were they greater and more than they are, I should rather enjoy

[1] First appeared in Hill's Letters, 1753.

than lament them while they procured me the distinction of a generous wish from such minds as your own and Lord Bolingbroke's. Another way, too, you are both of you infinitely good; for you encourage me to the repetition of a trouble I should never have had confidence to think pardonable. After so many times reading the tragedy to be desirous of going over it again is an honour, which if it is found to deserve, it must be by improvements derived from your pencils. I am really at a loss how to thank you enough for those marks both of your judgment and kindness, and you will see how sincere I have been in this sentiment from its effect on the pages I send you. But one thing I found strange in the benefit is, that as soon as I considered your crosses, with the passages against which they were placed, they explained what they meant so convincingly that I saw both the defect and the remedy; and yet I had often and severely before taken those very places to task without any such conviction of their wants,—nay, this could not in my case arise from an author's partiality to himself, because I know I examined with rigour. I must, therefore, conclude that familiarity with our own thoughts and conceptions dulls and deadens in us our sense of their qualities, as men are gradually benumbed in sensations that relate to their wives. By the way, that is a vile, modish simile; for men, in my case, are dulled but in sense of defects, in the other of beauties and virtues. After all, what a profit are we robbed of by pride when we decline this advantage of censure! I do not mean such kind censure as yours only,—friends touch every fault with the finger of Midas,—but I speak it with regard even to the malice of petulant criticism. Even this is what poets methinks have still cause to be fond of, since wherever an error is clear the instruction is equally manifest. And though it should happen that the critic mistakes, the writer, however, reaps the benefit, for while he cannot, without impartial reflection, be convinced whether injustice is done him, he acquires patience in search of that truth, and is but forced into a habit of judging.

I took as much care as I could to strike out, and insert with such plainness as to preserve the old copy still legible. Yet you will find it blotted and scarified all over like a lady to whom I have the pleasure of being a neighbour. She was once, I am told, very fair of complexion, and was then full of faults and vanities, but being now become hard-faced and pimply, she is grown amiable and candid within, and pleasing no more as a belle, gives delight like a rational creature. I am, dear sir, your most truly affectionate servant.

45. POPE TO HILL.[1]

September 12, 1738.

SIR,—I have now little to say of your tragedy, which I return with my thanks for your indulgence to my opinion, which I see so absolutely deferred to, that I wish I had crossed less frequently. I cannot find another thing I think a fault in you.

But my lord thinks three things may yet be reconsidered. Brutus, on sight of the warrant signed for his death, takes at once the resolution of murdering Cæsar, as none of his father. Quere, Whether in the scene that follows between him and Cæsar, all tenderness on the side of Brutus, and all beyond the point of honour that friendship exacted, should not rather be avoided than heightened?

Another quere is, Whether it would not beget more indignation in the audience against Cassius, and more compassion for Cæsar, to show that Cassius suspected Brutus to be Cæsar's son, and therefore exacted from Brutus the oath of sparing neither *father*, relation, &c.?

The third thing is, Whether the efforts made by Cæsar to prevent the civil war, not only by the equal offer he made, while the matter was under debate in the senate, and which the consuls Lentulus and Marcellus refused to report to the senate, but by the message he sent to Pompey, when he was at

[1] First appeared in 'A Collection of Letters,' &c., 1751.

Brundusium, to desire a meeting to settle the matter, and avoid the civil war?—*Vid. Cæs. Com. de Bell. Civili*, lib. 1. The mention of these somewhere in the play might help to remove the prepossession against Cæsar.

After our little cavils (for so we will rather call minute and verbal points of criticism) we owe you the justice to extol highly what we highly approve, and you need not desire us to speak as we think: it is what we have (in different ways) done all our lives, where it was to our prejudice, and cannot but do here, where it is to our honour. I only wish you a stage, actors, and an audience worthy of you and it. I have often wished to live to see the day when prologues and epilogues should be no more. I wish a great genius would break through the silly, useless formality. But at least I would have one try, to leave the audience *full* of the *effects* of a good tragedy, without an epilogue. Let me add another hint, concerning the apparatus and circumstantials of your play, (since I have nothing left more to wish in the play itself,) that you would entitle it barely, *The Tragedy of Cæsar*, and give no intimation of his being a patriot; for I fear, instead of preparing the audience, it might revolt them, and put all the little critics upon carping previously at the very design and character; which would appear by degrees, and with the proper preparations, in the piece on the stage. Another thing was a thought of my lord's, that it should be printed before acting, a day or two; for the sentiments are so thick-sown, and the sense so deep sometimes, that they require more attention and thought than the hearer may be apt to give on the first representation. I am not positive, either as to his, or my thought, but submit them to your consideration.

I have nothing to add, but to lament our unhappiness, that we cannot see you personally to confirm what these letters tell you, of our real opinion of your work, esteem of its author, and wishes for your success, in this, and every thing, I am, sir, your, &c.

46. POPE TO HILL.[1]

November 5, 1738

DEAR SIR,—This is quite a letter of business, and therefore excuse it; I will not mix in it a word of affection, which I have not a moment's time to express, and will not prejudice the sacred idea of friendship.

It is near a month ago that I tried to see Mr. Thomson, to know the time of his tragedy:[2] he was not within my reach; and therefore at last I wrote to him, and also to Mr. M——,[3] to let them both know the deference you paid them, and the heroic (I will not call it less) disinterestedness you expressed in regard to them. I have not yet been able to hear where they are, or any way to have an answer, further than I have learned it will be impossible for either of them to bring on their plays early (a friend of theirs telling me they are in no forwardness) till the middle or end of the winter; therefore you may have room. I wish from my soul you may get yours first, as well acted as it deserves. A better, that may eclipse it, or even worthily follow it, I hardly expect to see. But, upon this notice, I believe you may safely advance it, the sooner the better.

My Lord B.[4] is yet with me; more properly I yet belong to him, body as well as mind, for my mind is every where his. I would to God you had any opportunity of seeing us before we part; my house should be yours, as much of it as is not his. I believe I shall soon go with him on a little journey before he quits England. You will forgive the abrupt con-

[1] First appeared in 'A Collection of Letters,' &c., 1751.

[2] 'Edward and Eleonora,' prohibited by the Chamberlain. "Pope countenanced 'Agamemnon' by coming to it the first night [6 April, 1738], and was welcomed to the theatre by a general clap; he had much regard for Thomson, and once expressed it in a poetical Epistle sent to Italy, of which, however, he abated the value by transplanting some of the lines into his 'Epistle to Arbuthnot.'"—JOHNSON (*Life of Thomson*).

[3] Mallet.

[4] Bolingbroke.

clusion of this; yet it may tell you all the longest and best written letter could tell you, that I am very sincerely, sir, your, &c.

47. POPE TO HILL.[1]

December 8, 1738.

DEAR SIR,—I have been confirmed by Mr. Thomson as to the retardment of his play,[2] of which he has written but two acts. I have since seen Mr. M[allet], who has finished his,[3] but is very willing yours should be first brought on, in January as you propose, or after his in February, whichsoever may be most agreeable to you. He farther offers any assistance he can give you, in case of your own absence, as to treating with Mr. F[leetwood][4] (with whom he thinks you cannot be too careful or explicit), or attending the rehearsals for you, which he promises to undertake with all diligence, if you are not provided with another friend in that case. He has heard of some impertinence which may be apprehended from one person's refusal or unwillingness to act, and believes he can employ some proper influence to bring him to a right behaviour. These, with any other services in which you may please to employ him, he bids me assure you, it will be a high satisfaction to him to engage in.

[1] First appeared in 'A Collection of Letters,' &c., 1751.

[2] 'Edward and Eleonora.'

[3] 'Mustapha,' produced at Drury Lane, 13 Feb., 1738-9.

[4] "Forgive me if I resume for a moment some account of Fletewood. Though he was engaged to Mr. Thomson near nine months ago, he intends to bring another play (not *that*—to which both of us would have given way with pleasure) on the stage before his. I send you inclosed a postscript for Mr. Thomson's letter, by which I guess he intends to carry his tragedy to the other house.

"With regard to mine, every step towards bringing it into representation disgusts me.

"The manager (if that is a name for him) will not be at the expense of one shilling towards the dressing or decorating it. He even carries away the actors that are to play in it, from the rehearsals to boxing matches at Totenham Court, where he himself presides as umpire. Why did he not confine his taste and talents to their proper sphere?"—*Mallet to Aaron Hill, London, Feb.* 3, 1738 (*MS.*)

I must express, on my own part, a real regret to be so little useful to you. I can do no more than join with Lord B. in paying due praises to so meritorious a work; our suffrage is an airy tribute, from whence no solid good redounds to you; and I find myself still more inclined to the *man* than the *author*, if I could be any way instrumental to the happiness or ease of so generous an one. I could almost wish myself a minister to patronize such a genius, and I could almost wish my lord one again, for no other reason; even though his country wants such an one, as well as his friends.

I have never once been able to see Mr. Thomson in person; when I do (and it shall be soon) he shall know how much he is obliged to you for that plan of an alteration of his tragedy,[1] which is too good for me, with any honesty, to put upon him as my own. Believe me, sir, with great truth, and the warmest disposition to do you justice (before men and angels), your, &c.

48. HILL TO POPE.[2]

January 26, 1738–9.

My letter, dear sir, had but the fate of its writer, when it laboured and longed to approach you, yet was kept distant by mistake and ill fortune.

Yours has warmed me with the spirit of gratitude for a concern it expresses so kindly. But I will give up all pursuit of my *Cæsar*, since Mr. Mallet and Mr. Thomson, with the aid of such powerful assistants, found it a difficulty to engage the manager into the resolution that must have been due to their tragedies.[3] The first of the gentlemen just named has obliged

[1] Of 'Agamemnon' (see it related in Hill's letter to Pope of 8 Nov., 1738. Hill's Letters, i. 308).

[2] First appeared in Hill's Letters, 1753.

[3] "If my long silence has occasioned you some surprise, as doubtless it has, the cause of it has given me a real mortification. We have both to deal with a man [Fleetwood], who

me, with uncommon delicacy, by an offer so generously made me, when his own play was finished and ready. This was an act of friendship, which I could not have deserved, if, as soon as I knew it, I had not from that moment declined any purpose of pressing the man of the stage about mine. Indeed, I should hate all the little I have of the poet, if I could not receive as much pleasure from another writer's success, as from my own, even were that other an enemy (of merit). But, since he is my friend, his success is my own, and as such I sincerely consider it.

There is only one thought that disturbs me. The respect I would publicly pay to a great name, so known and so dear to you, is held back by this inaccessible retrenchment that the devil of dulness has thrown up round our theatres; for I would not trespass so far against custom, as to dedicate to so chosen a patron, a tragedy that had never been acted. I will therefore address to the same loved name some different subject, after having examined which of three or four I have long had in hand, may be found least unworthy his notice. Meanwhile, let my lord know, and let Mr. Pope know, that I look upon the kind things they have thought and expressed of my *Cæsar*, as more fame than a twenty nights' run at the playhouses. And

seems to me not to act on any principles of common sense, or common honor, that I am acquainted with. It will astonish you to hear, that I can not only give you no information about your tragedy, but that I know nothing of the fate of my own, after ten days' attendance in town upon the Patentee. With regard to your affair; as I know him only by the disagreeable experience of others, I addressed myself as soon as I came hither [London] to one of those worthy personages who see and hear for him in all matters of wit and genius. This man, I found, had read Cæsar and (what I did not expect) with discernment enough to own it deserved all the encomiums that judges of another rank in taste and distinction had bestowed on it in my hearing. On this I desired that the Patentee might be informed, in my name, that I had full liberty to mention L[ord] B[olingbroke] and Mr. Pope, as two people who entertained the highest opinion of the above-named Tragedy: that I interested myself as truly for the success of it as my own; and that when it came into rehearsal, I would attend every morning punctually. What success this had, or whether it had any at all, I am not able to say."—*Mallet to Aaron Hill, London, January* 6 [1738–9], *MS.*

so, wishing Mr. Mallet and Mr. Thomson the success which they are sure to deserve, I bid a hearty farewell to the stage, and only wish to be known as, dear sir, your most obliged servant.

49. POPE TO HILL.[1]

LONDON, *Feb.* 12, 1738–9.

DEAR SIR,—I have felt an uneasiness of mind, occasioned by a conscious sense, how unequally I have expressed my anger and contempt at the treatment of your *Cæsar* by the man of the stage, ever since I last wrote to you; and a hundred interruptions from day to day (for I have lived in the world, and a busy and idle world both, it is) have ever since hindered me from enjoying one hour of collective thought. Yet I am the less concerned, since, by my delay, I can now tell you I have last night seen Mr. Mallet's play, the fifth act of which I had not before read, through those interruptions I have mentioned. It succeeded (hitherto at least, for yesterday was the first day)[2] as well as I could expect; but so vilely acted in the women's parts and the men's[3] (except two) that I wonder it could succeed. Mr. Thomson, after many shameful tricks from the manager,[4] is determined to act his play at the other Theatre,[5] where the advantage lies to the women, and the success of *his* will depend upon them. I heartily wish you would follow his example, that we might not be deprived of *Cæsar*. I have yet seen but three acts of Mr. Thomson's, but I am told, and believe by what I have seen, that it excels in the pathetic. The dignity of sentiment and grandeur of character will still be *Cæsar's*, as in his history, so in your poetry, superior to any.

The person to whom you intended so great a compliment as

[1] First appeared in Hill's Letters. 1753.

[2] Geneste says that Mallet's 'Mustapha' was first acted, 13 Feb., 1738–9.

[3] The women were Mrs. Butler and Mrs. Giffard. Quin played Solyman.

[4] Fleetwood.

[5] At Covent Garden.

to address that piece to his name, is very sensible of your delicate manner of thinking. He bids me assure you, his own knowledge of your intention is sufficient pleasure to him, and desires you would not think of doing him either favour or justice, till the world knows better how to do itself the former, in doing you the latter. He is still detained here by the perverseness of his affairs; and wishes, as I most heartily do also, that fortune did not treat you so much alike. The stage is as ungrateful to you, as his country to him: you are both sure of posterity, and may say in the mean time with Scipio, *Ingrata patria, ne ossa quidem habeas!* Believe me most truly, sir, your, &c.

50. HILL TO POPE.[1]

Feb. 21, 1738–9.

DEAR SIR,—I am obliged, both by your letter, and the good news it brought, of Mr. Mallet's success on the theatre. It is what I was sure he deserved; and, if I had, now and then, a moment's fear he might miss it, it was when I reflected how warmly I wished it him.

If Mr. Thomson's new tragedy is to depend on his women performers, he has certainly judged well in his choice of the Covent Garden Theatre. There, or any where, may his best expectations be answered! I shall, myself, have the less to complain of, when such justice is done where I reverence it.

As for *Cæsar*, it was his fate to be ill understood; and it was his custom to forgive his detractors: only once when he fell into such freebooters' hands as have thought fit to restrain him at present, he broke a rule for the sake of mankind, and got them hanged for the good of the public. I am glad I have none of his power, since I am afraid I should use it profusely. It is a ridiculous world that we live in; yet, in spite of contempt, one grows serious, when a fool that expects to be flat-

[1] First appeared in Hill's Letters.

tered is in a situation to insult his despisers. I will not disguise my own weakness; I am nettled at the treatment I have met with concerning this tragedy; but at the same time I confess that I ought not to be so: for *you* have been so good, as to declare yourself touched in my cause; and in *that* I have more than a recompense.

I did not recollect, until you told it me, that the Gazetteers were printed by Mr. R[ichardson];[1] I am acquainted with none of their authors; not so much as with any one of their names; and, as to Mr. R[ichardson] himself, (among whose virtues I place it, that he knows and considers you rightly,) there should be nothing imputed to the printer, which is imposed *for*, not *by* him, on his papers, but was never impressed on his mind.[2] I am very much mistaken in his character, or he is a plain-hearted, sensible, and good-natured honest man. I believe, when there is any thing put into his presses, with a view to such infamous slander as that which you so justly despise, he himself is the only man wounded; for I think there is an openness in his spirit, that would even repel the profits of his business, when they were to be the consequence of making war upon excellence.

In the mean time, give me leave to be glad you are slandered a little. Crimes deserve to be heartily pardoned, when they are the cause of producing great virtues; and, I am sure, one such generous example of charity, as that which you show in your letter, will, by the contagious effect of its beauty, carry influence enough to deface all the triumphs of a thousand heavy patterns of malice.

Methinks I gather from a hint you but drop in your letter

[1] Samuel Richardson, the novelist.

[2] The Gazetteers about this period, or shortly before, seem to have given Pope mortal offence. He refers to them in Epilogue to the Satires, i. 83:

> So—Satire is no more—I feel it die—
> No Gazetteer more innocent than I.

The recollection of the injury, whatever it was, that they had done him, was in his mind June 22, 1740, when he writes to Lord Marchmont: "The very Gazetteer is more innocent and better bred. When he abuses the brave or insults the dead, he lays the fault another day upon his

that my *silence* would be the most acceptable compliment to a person I will not here mention.[1] Be it so: where we wish but to please, we are pleased even with the prohibition of our measures of pleasing. His worth cannot want such a witness as I am; and the respect I would pay it is too due to depend on his thoughts of, dear sir, your faithful and obedient servant.[2]

printer." And so strongly did it rankle in his memory, that in 1742 he inserted a passage in the Dunciad introducing the Gazetteers into the diving match.

[1] Lord Bolingbroke, to whom Hill had intended to dedicate his 'Cæsar.' The play seems never to have been printed.

[2] Pope appears to have inquired after Hill, although he ceased to correspond with him, being probably tired out with the length of his penance. Mallet writes to Aaron Hill, March 17th, 1742, "Mr. Pope desires to be remembered to you in the most affectionate manner."

And again August 12, 1742: "The only apology I will make for this liberty is, that Twitenham lies in my neighbourhood: and that we may have the advantage of seeing there a friend of yours, who often enquires of your health with much affection."

LETTERS

BETWEEN

POPE AND MALLET.

FROM 1729 TO 1743.

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1. POPE TO MALLET.[1]

Monday [1729 ?]

DEAR SIR,—I have fixed next Saturday for my friend[2] to dine with you at Chiswick, who is extremely desirous to know you. Therefore pray fail us not. Your best way of coming will be by the Hampton coach, which inns at the Chequer at Charing Cross, and takes in passengers at the inn over against Dover Street end in Piccadilly, about nine o'clock in the morning. But I should like it much better if you could come the day before to me, who am with the sincerest affection, dear sir, your faithful humble servant.

2. POPE TO MALLET.

Oct. 29th [1729 ?]

SIR,—I thank you for writing to me, and I find I am to thank you for not writing to me, since your motive was a kind

[1] Those letters in this correspondence which have not hitherto been published are copies made from the originals by Mr. Peter Cunningham.

David Mallet was born about 1698, and died in 1765. The character of the correspondence, considered in connection with the fact that Mallet undertook, after Pope's death, at the instigation of Bolingbroke, with whom he had but a superficial acquaintance, to blast the poet's memory, shows up in a strong light the meanness and duplicity of his nature.

[2] Perhaps Lord Burlington.

and considerate one. Indeed when I do not correspond, or converse as I wish to do, with those I esteem, it is not my heart but my constitution is to blame. I shall, with great truth, be glad to see you any day you appoint, the end of this, or in the next week; being sincerely, sir, your most affectionate humble servant.

3. POPE TO MALLET.

TWITENHAM, *Nov.* 1 [1729 ?]

SIR,—I think it a sillier sort of vanity to undervalue one's capacity, when it can be of use to another, than to over-rate it when it can be of none. Therefore I would not decline your favourable opinion of my judgment in Poetry; since what I have, be it more or less, is at your service. But it is no more than honesty to tell you at the same time, that in Dramatic Poetry[1] I am less than in any other. To say truth, I think any common reader judges these of the most material part, as well as the most learned, that is, of the moving the Passions, and you'll agree with me, that if a writer does not move them, there is no Art to teach him. As to the particular conduct, the incidents, the working up of those incidents, and the gradation of the scenes to that end, as far as I can judge by the course of these first Acts, you proceed judiciously and regularly. The single sentiments and expressions are surely generally correct, and where I can fancy otherwise, I will mark and tell you my doubts.

But the second difficulty I fear will to you be greater than the first; you'll find it easier to write a good play than to produce it on the stage without displeasing circumstances. You judge very naturally, that I can have no great influence over Cibber, &c.[2] If I had, he should never have hindered some plays from the public, nor plagued them with his own.

[1] Mallet seems to have submitted his tragedy, 'Eurydice' (acted in 1731) to Pope's judgment.

[2] Cibber and I are luckily no friends. —*Epistle to Arbuthnot* (1st ed.)

To answer you fairly in a word; if any person of distinction that is in the compass of my acquaintance, or that I can come at by any other man's influence, can be pitched upon by you to do you that service, I will do my best to have him engaged in it, for it would really be a great pleasure to me, to contribute any way to increase your friendship for me.

You need no apology for your letter; it gives me trouble on no other account, than that I am anxious with the fear of not succeeding so much as I would in your affair. You should rather make me an apology for hiding from me a Paper of Verses relating either to myself or my brother Dunces (which Savage told me obscurely of). I believe anything you do will please me, for a very good reason, because hitherto everything you have done has pleased me. I thank you for your quotation from Sallust. I am with esteem, sir, your very faithful humble servant.

I have not yet given your papers to Dr. Arbuthnot. If it be only to keep, I fear they will not be so safe in his custody as mine; the Dr. sometimes forgetting where he lays his papers; but if 'tis for him to read, he shall have them.

4. POPE TO MALLET.

Decr. 12, 1729.

SIR,—A violent fit of the head-ache (which perhaps you will see from the very blind hand I write in) makes me unable to say more to you than the short fact, and I thought it necessary to defer no longer telling you that. I have but yesterday been able to have the Lord Chamberlain[1] spoken to by Lord Burlington. Your play is delivered into my Lady Burlington's hands to give to the Duke. I liked that way best, and will wait on him or not afterwards as shall be necessary. I know this was the more efficacious way of addressing him. I've

[1] The Duke of Grafton.

done as you suggested, and not sent the Duke of Montrose's letter till now. I beg you to desire my Lord Duke of Montrose[1] to remember I once had the honour of being casually known to him at Mrs. Murray's,[2] and that I have not forgot the respect I owe him. I am (with the sincerest intent and wishes to do you this trifling office, or, if I could, a much better), dear sir, your most humble servant.

5. POPE TO MALLET.

Decr. 21 [1729].

SIR,—A vehement headache forces me to be so short in this letter, but the companion of it[3] will shew you I have discharged my promise. I can only wish it may proceed successfully, for that part which is not my own. Could I have brought it myself on the stage and done the whole it would have pleased me; but all I can do, you must take in good part. I believe the sooner you sent the last Act now the better. I am, your affectionate, humble servant.

6. LORD BURLINGTON TO POPE.

DEAR SIR,—Not knowing that you were in town, I intended to have called upon you at your villa to acquaint you that our journey is put off, by an affair that I could no ways prevent. I have spoke to the Duke,[4] who desired me to tell you, that he would obey your commands, and should be glad of all occasions, wherein he could shew you any mark of his esteem. He begs the favour of your company at dinner on Monday next. I am, dear sir, ever yours.

I shall be glad to see you in the evening.

[1] Mallet was engaged in 1723 as tutor to the sons of the Duke of Montrose.

[2] Wife of Alexander Murray of Stanhope. Gay, in his 'Welcome,' calls her "Sweet-tongued Murray."

[3] Pope's letter is written on the same sheet with Lord Burlington's, which is accordingly grouped with this set.

[4] The Duke of Grafton — Lord Chamberlain.

7. POPE TO MALLET.

Thursday, twelve o'clock [1731 ?].

DEAR SIR,—Lord Bolingbroke desires you to pass a few hours with him to-morrow evening. I will be there about 6 to meet you (being in the meantime to go to Parsons Green).[1] I am now getting out of a violent fit of the headache, which incapacitated my writing in answer to yours, but at all times, sick or well, dives, inops, &c. Yours faithfully.

I will try to determine to-morrow in what manner to go to the Play.[2] If my health permits it, I fain would.

8. POPE TO MALLET.

DAWLEY, *Friday*, [*April*, 1731 ?].[3]

DEAR SIR,—I am truly sorry to hear of your illness, in which I ought, had I known it, to have paid you the visit of a Friend, in return to your very kind one to me, in mine. I've been almost constantly here, ever since I began my regimen of Asses' Milk. I will not fail to be at home next Thursday or Friday, which of them yourself can best appoint, for the pleasure of seeing Mr. Hill,[4] whose time I believe may be less at his own disposal than yours, therefore pray try to accommodate it. If I cannot have both pleasures, let me have one: but pray assure him I much desire it. Bowry[5] shall wait on you on Monday or Tuesday next to know your day. Pray leave a line for him in case you go out, and it shall guide my motions. My real service to Mr. Savage, and know me for yours.

[1] Lord Peterborough's.

[2] 'Eurydice.'

[3] The date would seem to be ascertained by Pope's letter to Lord Oxford of 22 April, 1731, in which he says: "I am daily drinking asses' milk, which will confine me rambling further than betwixt this place and my dam's pasture, which is four miles off."

[4] Aaron Hill. He seems to have first become acquainted with Mallet through printing 'William and Margaret,' the well-known ballad by the latter in the 'Plain Dealer' of July 24, 1724.

[5] His waterman.

9. POPE TO MALLET.

DAWLEY, *Saturday* [*April*, 1731].

I HOPE, Dear Sir, you had my letter on Friday last, in which I sent my compliments to Mr. Hill (or rather my desires to see him with you). Pray let a line be left on Monday for my waterman, to tell me whether you come on Thursday or Friday? for I must go home purposely to meet you, and would chuse not to lie from hence, if possible, in order to continue some medicines which I take every morning. Contrive to come as early as possible, and stay as late: and if it be by coach or water, inform me on Monday; that, if I can, I may make it more convenient to you. I am, sincerely, dear sir, your affectionate serv.

10. POPE TO MALLET.

Sept. 1*st*, 1731.

DEAR SIR,—I am, I assure you, at all times pleased to hear from *you*, nor should you think *me* so ignorant of your good and indulgent nature, as not to take it for granted you would allow for my infirmities of body and avocations of life, even if I did not answer every proof of your regard by punctual replies in writing. Therefore pray let not that which is my unhappiness in itself, be the occasion of another misfortune to me additional to it, that of your silence. Whenever the spirit prompts, let it work; and pour forth your kind breathings upon me.

When yours arrived here I was absent for a week with Lord Cobham.

Your Epitaph on that worthy, modest man, poor Aikman, pleases me greatly.[1] It is honest, it is just, it is tender: I

[1] "The following verses," Mallet writes to Aaron Hill, Sept. 29, 1731, "I meant as the last office of gratitude, and affection to the memory of two friends whom I have lately lost, —Mr. Aikman, the painter, and his only son. They both died of the same illness, within a short time of

return it you, and can make no other alteration in it. These sort of writings are so prostituted, it's become hard to say truth; it goes for nothing. The best way I know is to be very modest and reserved in the commendation, that it may be believed not to be *hired*, or not to be partial. You have hit this, and there is too much Nature in what you say, to be attributed to Art of any sort. In a word, I think it perfectly right. Tell me if this was a *mere* impulse of your friendship, to write on a man because he deserved it, or is there anybody so generous (or rather—so just) to intend him a monument? Your answer to this question will please me, because (if it does no other good) it will bring me another of your letters. I am truly your well-wisher, your friend and your servant. To add the esteem I justly bear you as a poet, is not so great a matter in yours and my opinion as what I bear you as a good and humane man, let John Dennis and the wits take it as they will. I am, dear sir, ever yours.

11. POPE TO MALLET.

"AT MRS. KNIGHT'S" [1733 ?].

DEAR SIR,—I am extremely troubled to find you so ill. I was taken so last night just as I called at your door,[1] and went directly to bed, where I've continued most of this day, and am going again by the Dr.'s orders. I am in great uneasiness to know better than I can by messages what your case is? The first minute I can get abroad, it shall be to you. No man more sincerely wishes your health, or is more truly afflicted at your want of it than I. Yours always.

each other, and are now buried in one grave:

Dear to the wise and good, dispraised by none,
Here sleep in peace the father and the son.
* * * *
The son, fair-rising, knew too short a date,
But oh! how more severe the parent's fate!
He saw him torn, untimely from his side,
Felt all a father's anguish,—wept and died."

[1] In Dover Street, Piccadilly; where Mrs. Knight, to whose son, Mr. Newsham, Mallet was tutor, then lived. Pope put up at Lord Oxford's or Dr. Arbuthnot's, in the same street. Mr. Knight died the 2nd Octr. 1733. Mallet went as tutor to the family in 1731.

12. POPE TO MALLET.

[TWICKENHAM], *Nov.* 7 [1733].

DEAR SIR,—I was in Town one day, and my inability to see you was really vexatious to me. It will be more so, if I am not sometimes to have that pleasure here, which you were used to give me. The great hurry of your last visit perfectly disconcerted me. The Epistle[1] I have read over and over, with great and just delight; I think it correct throughout, except one or two small things that savour of repetition toward the latter end. A better judge[2] than any other I know is of the same opinion, who sees enough in it to desire to be made of your acquaintance; and I know no man's that will please you so much. If you could let me know some days beforehand when you can come this way, we will go together; or he will meet you here. I am too much pleased with the favor you have done me in this Epistle, to be willing to part with it, till you absolutely require it. Believe me with real affection and esteem, dear sir, your most faithful and obliged servant.

13. POPE TO MALLET.

[*May or June*, 1734.]

DEAR SIR,—I am always obliged and pleased by your letters; though I am too busy, too sick, or too lazy, often, to answer them regularly. Pray let it not discourage you. Indeed, I have of late had a smaller share of health than ever, and in hope of amending it, I shall ramble about the kingdom, as you are to do most part of the summer. I wish it may so happen that we may meet in our progress. If you go to Down Amney I go to Cicester, if you go to Portsmouth I shall be at

[1] 'Of Verbal Criticism. An Epistle to Mr. Pope, occasioned by Theobald's Shakespeare and Bentley's Milton.' Printed for L. Gilliver, folio, price 6*d*. 1734 (published March, 1734).

[2] Lord Bolingbroke.

Southampton, if you ramble near Oxford I shall be at Stowe: in any of which places I can entertain you a day or two. If I can I will return from Stowe to Oxford, but this cannot be till July or August.

Pray tell Mr. Harte[1] I have given Gilliver his poem to print, but whether he would chuse to publish it now or next winter, let himself judge. I undertook to correct the press, but find myself so bad a reviser, by what I see has escaped me in my last thing, that I believe he had best have it sent him to Oxford, and besides that may be but an amusement to his or your eyes, which indeed is a pain to mine, since the frequency of my last headaches. You will order Gilliver accordingly, and upon the whole let Mr. Harte give him directions. I fancy the title of an Essay on Reason is the best, and am half of opinion, if no name be set to it, the public will think it mine: especially since in the Index (annexed to the large paper edition of the Essay on Man) the subject of the next Epistle is mentioned to be 'Of Human Reason,' &c. But whether this may be an inducement or the contrary to Mr. Harte I know not: I like his poem so well (especially since his last alterations) that it would no way displease me.

What are you doing? or what are you writing? Whatever it be I wish it successful, and am always with truth, affection and esteem, dear sir, yours.

14. MALLET TO POPE.

CHESTER, *2nd August*, [1734].[2]

DEAR SIR,—After a tedious ramble of six weeks through South and North Wales, I am just arrived at Chester; from whence I do myself the pleasure to send you some account of my troubles. I wish it may not prove altogether uninteresting

[1] The Rev. Walter Harte, Vicar of Gosfield, author of the 'Essay on Reason.'

[2] From Carruthers' Life of Pope.

to you, since it is to me a real refreshment to converse with you even at this distance.[1]

I have seen nature and human nature both in their undress, and, to say truth, the latter especially is infinitely the better for a little culture. If the golden age was stocked chiefly with such animals, I heartily thank Heaven for having reserved me to these iron times.

The ordinary women in Wales are generally short and squat, ill-favoured, and nasty. Their headdress is a remnant of coarse blanket, and for their linen—they wear none, and they are all barefooted. But then they are wonderfully good-natured.

The parsons I have seen are beyond all description astonishing. One of them, who has a living of no less than £140 a-year, having been asked by his patron the day he was ordained priest, why we observe the 30th of January, answered seriously, on account of Our Blessed Lady's purification. Though the story is incredible, it is true. But then he kills more red game, and hollas louder to a pack of hounds than any other man in the country. A second, whose face no Dutch painter could deform by a caricature, had the impudence lately to attempt a rape on the body of his clerk; for what is as odd as the rest, the clerk of this parish is a woman. The Squires are rather more admirable than they are in England, and distinguished by the same attributes—a gun on their shoulder, a leash of dogs at their heels, and three or four scoundrels for their bosom friends.

I saw nothing remarkable in South Wales, except Tenby and Milford Haven. Tenby is a little seaport town, of a situation most delightfully romantic. It is built in form of a crescent on a very deep cleft, the sides of which towards the sea are all overgrown with ivy, as the bottom is washed by the tide. In the rock, which runs out farthest into the sea, are several natural arches of great height, and curiously adorned with all the variety of fretwork and shells. Here, indeed, to

[1] Mallet was travelling tutor to young Newsham, Mrs. Knight's son.

atone for the rest of her country-women, I met with the greatest beauty I ever saw, and yet this plebeian angel, this Goddess of low degree, was doing the humble office of a jack, or in plain English, turning a spit. Milford Haven is certainly a very noble harbour, and several hundred ships of burden may ride safe at anchor in its numerous bays and windings.

In this country I became acquainted with Sir Arthur Owen, Knight and Baronet, who by his own authority, is Admiral of the Haven, and Viceroy of Pembrokeshire. He is for ever building and planting, and as he is his own gardener and architect, his performances are uncommon. Orielton, his manor house, is an enormous pile, built, I cannot say in a false taste, for there is no shadow of any taste at all. It has a very little porch, reaching one story high, and removed as far from the middle as possible, which is just such another beauty as the nose to a human face would be within half an inch of the left ear. The ceilings of his rooms are inverted keels of ships, painted black and brown. The fortress is defended by twenty pieces of cannon, which are fired on all rejoicing days; for the Knight is a passionate lover of the Court and of a great noise. As he walked over his grounds, he ever and anon turned his head to survey it from the several points of view, Heaven only can tell with what secret delight. You remember when Sancho was going to his government how he would be looking back every moment to steal a glance at his beloved Dapple, when the grooms had made him so fine with ribbons and Brussels lace. The plantations are all detached without regularity or design. They consist of about two acres each, and are each of them strongly confined with stone walls. One part of his garden is wonderful. It is a grove of near an acre and a half; and here Sir Arthur desired me to mount my horse, as he did his, because, he said, it would take us an hour and a quarter to traverse it all: as, indeed, it did; for he rode two and thirty courses on it. You must know this grove is cut into thirty-two walks, to answer the number of points in the mariner's

compass, with a tree in the centre, which he calls the needle. Each of these walks may be about six foot in length, and near two in latitude. Our horses and we threaded every one of these, and this, he told me, was boxing the compass.

This letter has already run into so great a length that I will say nothing of North Wales, but conclude at once with my best wishes for your health and happiness; and with assuring you that I am, in all places and on all occasions, dear sir, your most affectionate, humble servant.

15. MALLET TO POPE.[1]

[1735.]

DEAR SIR,—It seems strange that I should write less frequently to you than to my other friends, though I esteem and love you more than all of them. And yet it is true, for this only reason, that I have hardly met with anything in the course of my travels hitherto which I think deserves your attention; and the design of this letter is more to have news from you of Twitenham and of your own health than to send you any accounts of Paris or Geneva. It is but a very poor compliment to assure you that the former will give me infinitely more satisfaction than you can receive from the latter.

I will say nothing of Paris, because, though I lived in it three weeks, I saw that great city—that metropolis of dress and debauchery—only, as it were, in a dream.

Geneva is a pretty town, but of no great extent. It is well-fortified on all sides, and entertains a garrison of about seven hundred men, which, however, in case of an assault, would be found not near sufficient to man the walls. It is true that the little Republic depends chiefly for its security on the mutual jealousy of the French King and the Duke of Savoy. The city is built on a rising ground in the middle of a fine plain, agreeably diversified with vineyards, meadows, and little

[1] From Carruthers' Life of Pope.

villas. I need not tell you that the famous Leman lake is one of its greatest ornaments. Though everything looks green and gay in the valley before and behind us, where the Spring is in full bloom, yet the tops of the high mountains which surround us are still white with snow, and even in this season, afford a beautiful winter-piece.

As all public spectacles are forbidden, our amusements are few. These honest burghers lead a plain, uniform life, which if it is not enlivened by manly pleasures, is not ruffled by strong passions; a little commerce, a little love, and a very little gallantry, make up the business and ambition of the place. The whole town dines regularly at half an hour after twelve. About two they form themselves into parties, which they call societies, for cards, where, if a man is in an ill run of fortune, he may lose three or four shillings. This continues till six; and then all the little *beau monde* of Geneva appears either on the bastions of their fortifications, or on a public walk which they call the Treille. The women simper at the men, and the men say silly things to the women, till an hour after seven, when every one returns to his own home to supper and to bed.

The women (who are neither handsome nor ugly) dress disagreeably, though against their own inclination, for the mode is fixed by a reform of the Commonwealth, which forbids them likewise to wear any gold or silver lace on their clothes. But that fashionable superfluity is indulged to strangers, because the inhabitants find their account in it. They do not paint as the French women do, to a degree that at first very much shocks an English eye. In Paris a lady's quality may be guessed at by the quantity of red she lays on—the cheek of a Duchess being in a higher state of coloring than that of a Countess.

You see what valuable experience one gains by travelling! To be serious, I have learned by it to prize you more than ever, and to reckon as the greatest happiness of my life the

friendship you have shown for, dear sir, your most affectionate humble servant.

16. MALLET TO POPE.[1]

OPPENHEIM, *Aug.* 19.
HANOVER, *Aug.* 26. } [1735.]

DEAR SIR,—Though this comes to you from the banks of the Rhine, and in sight of two formidable armies, I write it with as much tranquillity as you will read it in your garden, or by the side of the Thames. This campaign has hitherto been as harmless as a campaign can be; Sporus might have made it without endangering his complexion, or B. his courage.

When we were introduced to the Marechal de Coigney, he told us with great politeness, that if it depended on him, he would give us the pleasure of a —— battle, or at least of a skirmish. Knowing us to be Englishmen, he concluded that we must take delight in the combats of our gladiators at Fig's Theatre, and so would have given us an entertainment à l'Angloise.

That great General amuses himself, very innocently, with reading the memorable events of time in his almanack. The Count d'Eu and his brother the Prince of Dorubes (who by the way is very like a late acquaintance of yours, John Bull of Sudbury) play on the fiddle. They are the first violins of the blood, and regaled us the other day with a concert, where they themselves were the chief performers, in a Lutheran church. This scene diverted me infinitely. While your greatest lords and finest ladies are obliged to pay, and afterwards to flatter, such things as Senesiny and Farinelli, and all for a song,—I, without the expense of one farthing or one lie have been fiddled to by two grandsons of Louis the Fourteenth. By this you will find that I have had the honour lately to be very much in

[1] First published in Gentleman's Magazine for Oct., 1835, p. 374.

what they call good company. And it is true. The Prince of Conti (who is handsomer than the whole family of the H——, and no less gracious than he is handsome), had the goodness to talk with me for seven or, I believe it might be, eight minutes, of hounds and horses, wolves, and wild boars. The Prince of Carignan, first Prince of the House of Savoy, and director of the Opera in Paris, condescended to advise me concerning my travels.

May I never hope for the pleasure of hearing from you that you are well, and have not forgot me? By saying just that and no more, you will give me the most agreeable piece of news I can receive or you yourself send. Believe me, I am in no treaty with Curll to furnish him any letters for his second volume. If he has no more influence with the clerks of the Post Office than with me, yours will come very safe, as it will be most welcome to, dear sir, your most affectionate, faithful servant.

P.S.—Mr. N.[1] is extremely your humble servant; and we beg leave to send by you a thousand good wishes to Mrs. B[lount] for the continuance of her good humour and good health.

17. POPE TO MALLET.

"*Speed.*"

Friday Night [*Feb.* 1738-9].

I HEARTILY rejoice in the success you so justly merit,[2] and so fortunately have met with, considering what a stage, and what a people you have to do with.

I hope you have secured a side box on the sixth night for Mrs. Blount, Lady Fanny,[3] &c., which I think I mentioned to

[1] Newsham.

[2] *i.e.*, the success of his play, 'Mustapha,' acted at Drury Lane on the 13th February, 1738-9. It ran for fourteen nights, and was attended by all the Opposition.

[3] Probably Lady Fanny Shirley.

you when you found it too late to get one on your third night. I am faithfully and affectionately, dear sir, ever yours.

18. POPE TO MALLET.[1]

BATH, *Dec.* 17, 1739.

DEAR SIR,—I fear this answer to yours will be too long delayed by the accident of my having been at the Bath and Bristol these many weeks. It has no date, so that I am not without fears it may have lain at Twitenham a great while, or otherwise given you reason to think me less ready than I am, to comply with any demand of yours. This morning it reached me, but I think (and I believe you think by this time when you have had leisure to repeat more than one alphabet), that you have no sort of reason to answer a fact that is false in itself, and appears plainly so to every man, that reads your Mustapha and my Lord Orrery's. Who was the author of the Preface you mention I know not, but if it be the present Lord, he deserves some respect from his rank, yet more from his character; and no small compassion for so palpable a mistake; which I can't help fancying he has been led into by some Affirming Critic who had given him an account of what he had never read.

My ill state of health carried me to Bristol, at so severe a season, as made my stay there impracticable. There was Mr. Savage to be found; but indeed I could not persuade myself to find him, thinking it would have given him some confusion, (as it would have given me,) to meet the face unawares of a friend with whom he had broken his word.[2] But I wrote to him a very sorrowful letter, which he answered in a higher key than I deserved, and a much harsher than his other friends

[1] First published by Roscoe.

[2] Savage had promised to go to Swansea, where his friends thought he might live economically; but, finding himself at Bristol on the way, he continued, in spite of his promise, to live there. He did not go to Swansea till 1742.

deserved; however, it ended in a promise to go in a few days to Swansey. I replied in sober strain, and laid hold [only] on that circumstance, as the only one upon which I could fix any good to himself. And I have renewed my orders since for prompt payment of my part of the subscription for his retirement (for so he calls it) to his own hands this Christmas. For he declares against all measures by which any of us pretend to put him into a state of infancy, and the care of another.

Pray let Mr. Thomson[1] know my sincere wishes for his health and prosperity. I hope my own health rather mends, and in a month at farthest to enjoy it with you sometimes. Dear sir, adieu. I am your faithful and affect. servant.

19. POPE TO MALLET.[2]

BATH, *Jan.* 25 [1740–1].

DEAR SIR,—I am always sincerely yours, and always glad to hear of you, with or without business. Surely nothing can be said *to*, or I fear done *for* this poor unhappy man,[3] who will not suffer himself to have a friend. But I will immediately send him another ten pound (besides my own, which is paid him), and take what money you can collect in re-payment: if more, it shall be accounted for to him; if less, I will be at the loss. I would not trouble Mr. Lewis, nor you further at present; and perhaps if you give it Dodsley, he will take umbrage at that too. I have really taken more pains not to affront him than if my bread had depended on him. He would be to be forgiven, if it was misfortune only, and not pride, that made him captious. All I can say is, I wish Providence would be kind to him in our stead, but till then he is miserable. What I writ to him, you may easily imagine, he has mistaken. It could only be that you was trying to

[1] James Thomson, the poet, who was a friend of Mallet's.

[2] First published by Roscoe.

[3] Savage.

collect for him, or that I would take care it should be sent by Mr. Lewis or to that purpose.

I have written to few or none of my friends since I have been here; but I have left a Spy in Town (unknown to you all) who gives me accounts of those I am concerned about. I hope Mr. Lyttelton is now perfectly recovered. Pray make him remember that I am his for life,—and bid him tell Mr. West[1] so in particular. I hope to meet you all in a few weeks. Adieu till then, and believe me, truly, dear sir, yours.

20. POPE TO MALLET.

[1743 ?]

DEAR SIR,—I was quite griev'd to hear yourself and Mrs. Mallet were at my door yesterday, tho' I fear it was but your first flight after y^r^ illness, &c. I expect Lord Bolingbroke this week, but am not certain his day will be soon as to-morrow, as he intends to stay five or six days. If you can dine with him without hurting you, I'll send you word what day. My humble services are Mrs. Mallet's, and all my true affections are yours.

21. POPE TO MALLET.

Tuesday. [1743 or 4.[2]]

DEAR SIR,—This day I intended to pay you a visit, but am still too weak—nor is the shortness of my breath at all mended. If you are as well as I heartily wish, will you and Mr. Thomson come by 2, and dine? or after dinner and lie here? To-morrow my Lord Bolingbroke is expected by dinner, but he and his retinue fill my house; however, you'll dine with

[1] Gilbert West, the poet.

[2] Written in a very tremulous hand.—CUNNINGHAM.

him, &c. Next day he is engaged abroad at dinner. Believe me cordially, dear sir, yours.

Mrs. Mallet[1] has my services.

[1] Mallet married, as his second wife, on the 7th Oct., 1742, Lucy Elstob, who, Johnson says, 'was the daughter of a nobleman's steward, with a considerable fortune which she took care to retain in her own hands.

LETTER

FROM

POPE TO SMART.

[1740 ?]

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1. POPE TO CHRISTOPHER SMART.[1]

TWICKENHAM, *Nov.* 18*th* [1740 ?].

SIR,—I thank you for the favour of yours; I would not give you the trouble of translating the whole Essay[2] you mention; the two First Epistles are already well done, and if you try, I could wish it were on the last, which is less abstracted, and more easily falls into poetry and common place. A few lines at the beginning and conclusion will be sufficient for a trial, whether you yourself can like the task or not. I believe the Essay on Criticism will in general be the more agreeable, both to a young writer and to the majority of readers. What made me wish the other well done, was the want of a right understanding of the subject in the foreign versions, in two Italian, two French, and one German. There is one indeed in Latin verse printed at Wirtemberg, very faithful but inelegant; and another in French prose, but in these the spirit of Poetry is as much lost, as the sense and

[1] First appeared in Supplemental Vol., 1807. Christopher Smart was born in 1722, and died May 18, 1770. He entered at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, in 1739, and as Warburton was making arrangements at Cambridge for the translation of the 'Essay on Man' into Latin prose in the summer of 1740 (see letter of Pope to Warburton of June 24, 1740), it is not improbable that this may have induced Smart to suggest a translation into Latin verse.

[2] 'Essay on Man.'

system itself in the others. I ought to take this opportunity of acknowledging the Latin Translation of my Ode,[1] which you sent me, and in which I could see little or nothing to alter, it is so exact. Believe me, Sir, equally desirous of doing you any service, and afraid of engaging you in an art so little profitable, though so well deserving, as good poetry.[2] I am, your most obliged and sincere humble servant.

[1] 'Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.'

[2] I do not find that Mr. Pope bestowed any farther notice on our author, except that he received him once very civilly at his house; and Mr. Smart seems to have been induced by his suggestion to undertake and finish the Latin translation of the 'Essay on Criticism'; with much praise from the learned, but without either profit or popularity.—Life of Smart, prefixed to his Poems, 2 vols. 1791, 12mo.

LETTERS

FROM

POPE TO SAVAGE.

[1742–1743.]

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1. POPE TO SAVAGE.[1]

15th Sept. [1742].

I AM sorry to say there are in your letter so many misunderstandings, that I am weary of repeating what you seem determined not to take rightly.

I once more tell you, that neither I, nor any one who contributed at first to assist you in your retirements, ever desired you should stay out of London, for any other reason than that your debts prevented your staying in it.

No man desired to confine you to the country, but that the little they contributed might support you better there than in a town.

It was yourself who chose Swansea for your place;[2] you no sooner objected to it afterwards (when Mr. Mendez stopped his

[1] From Ruffhead's 'Life of Pope,' p. 504.

[2] After some stay at Bristol he retired (Sept., 1742) to Swansea, the place originally proposed for his residence, where he lived about a year very much dissatisfied with the diminution of his salary. Here he completed his tragedy, of which two acts were wanting when he left London, and was desirous of coming to town to bring it upon the stage. This design was very warmly opposed; and he was advised by his chief benefactor [Pope], to put it into the hands of Mr. Thomson and Mr. Mallet, that it might be fitted for the stage, and to allow his friends to receive the

allowance, upon complaint that you had used him ill), but I endeavoured to add to it, and agreed to send remittances to any other country place you pleased. Indeed I apprehended Bristol was too great a city to suit a frugal expense; however, I sent thither all I could, and now with as good a will, I add this little more at your desire, which I hope will answer your end you propose of making easy your journey to London.

I heartily wish you may find every advantage, both in profit and reputation, which you expect from your return and success; not only on the stage, but in everything you shall commit to the press. The little I could contribute to assist you should be at your service there, could I be satisfied it would be effectually so (though intended only while you were obliged to retire). But the contrary opinion prevails so much with the persons I applied to, that it is more than I can obtain of them to continue it. What mortal would take your play,[1] or your business with Lord T.,[2] out of your hands, if you could come and attend it yourself. It was only in defect of that, these offices of the two gentlemen you are so angry at, were offered. What interest but trouble could they have had in it? And what was done more in relation to the Lord, but trying a method we thought more likely to serve you, than threats and injurious language? You seemed to agree with us at your parting, to send some letters, which after all were left in your own hands, to do as you pleased. Since then neither they nor I ever saw or spoke to him, on yours or any other subject. Indeed I was shocked at your strong declarations of *vengeance* and *violent measures* against him, and am very glad you now protest you meant nothing like what those words imported.

profits, out of which an annual pension should be paid him.

This proposal he rejected with the utmost contempt. He was by no means convinced that the judgment of those to whom he was required to submit was superior to his own. He was determined, as he expressed it, to be "no longer kept in leading strings," and had no elevated idea of his bounty who proposed to pension him out of the profits of his own labours."—JOHNSON'S *Life of Savage*.

[1] His tragedy of Sir Thomas Overbury.

[2] Lord Tyrconnell.

2. POPE TO SAVAGE.[1]

[1743.]

SIR,—I must be sincere with you, as our correspondence is now likely to be closed.[2] Your language is really too high, and what I am not used to from my superiors; much too extraordinary for me, at least sufficiently so to make me obey your commands, and never more presume to advise or meddle in your affairs, but leave your own conduct entirely to your own judgment. It is with concern I find so much misconstruction joined with so much resentment in your nature. You still injure some whom you had known many years as friends, and for whose intentions I would take upon me to answer; but I have no weight with you, and cannot tell how soon (if you have not already) you may misconstrue all I can say or do; and as I see in that case how unforgiving you are, I desire to prevent this in time. You cannot think yet, I have injured you or been your enemy: and I am determined to keep out of your suspicion, by not being officious any longer, or obtruding into any of your concerns further than to wish you heartily success in them all, and will never pretend to serve you, but when both you and I shall agree that I should. I am, &c.

[1] From Ruffhead's 'Life of Pope,' p. 506.

[2] "Henley in one of the Advertisements had mentioned 'Pope's treatment of Savage.' This was supposed by Pope to be the consequence of a complaint made by Savage to Henley, and was therefore mentioned by him with much resentment. Mr. Savage returned a very solemn protestation of his innocence, but however appeared much disturbed at the accusation."—JOHNSON'S *Life of Savage*. This letter appears to be the one written after receiving Savage's "solemn protestation of his innocence."

LETTER

FROM

POPE TO GENERAL HAMILTON.[1]

1713.

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1. POPE TO GENERAL ANTHONY HAMILTON,[2]

Upon his having translated into French Verse the 'Essay on Criticism.'

October 10, 1713.

If I could as well express, or (if you will allow me to say it) translate the sentiments of my heart as you have done those of my head, in your excellent version of my Essay; I should not only appear the best writer in the world, but, what I much more desire to be thought, the most your servant of any man living. It is an advantage very rarely known, to receive at once, a great honour and a great improvement. This, Sir, you have afforded me, having, at the same time, made others take my sense, and taught me to understand my own; if I may call that my own which is indeed more properly yours. Your verses are no more a translation of mine than Virgil's are of Homer's; but are, like his, the justest imitation and the noblest Commentary.

[1] Author of the Memoirs of the Count de Grammont, Contas, and other pieces of note in French.—Pope.

Count Anthony Hamilton was born in Ireland, and accompanied Charles II. to France. He returned to England at the Restoration, but quitted it again at the Revolution for France, where he died in 1720, aged 74.

[2] First appeared in the edition of 1735. Not in 4to. Reappears in Roberts, 1737.

In putting me into a French dress, you have not only adorned my outside, but mended my shape; and if I am now a good figure, I must consider you have naturalized me into a country which is famous for making every man a fine gentleman. It is by your means, that (contrary to most young travellers) I am come back much better than I went out.

I cannot but wish we had a bill of commerce for translation established the next parliament; we could not fail of being gainers by that, nor of making ourselves amends for any thing we have lost by the war. Nay, though we should insist upon the demolishing of Boileau's works, the French, as long as they have writers of your form, might have as good an equivalent.

Upon the whole, I am really as proud, as our ministers ought to be, of the terms I have gained from abroad; and I design, like them, to publish speedily to the world the benefits accruing from them; for I cannot resist the temptation of printing your admirable translation here;[1] to which if you will be so obliging to give me leave to prefix your name, it will be the only addition you can make to the honour already done me. I am, your, &c.

[1] This was never done, for the two printed French versions are neither of this hand. The one was done by Monsieur Roboton, private secretary to King George the First, printed in quarto, at Amsterdam, and at London, 1717. The other by the Abbé Resnel, in octavo, with a large preface and notes, at Paris, 1730.—POPE.

LETTER

FROM

POPE TO PRIOR.

1720.

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1. POPE TO PRIOR.

February, 1720.[1]

SIR,—I can find nothing to be objected or amended in what you favoured me with unless you should think the first speech you put into your own mouth a little too long. It is certainly no fault, and I do not know whether I should speak of it but as a proof that I would, if possibly I was able, find something like a fault to show my zeal, and to have the vanity of pretending, like Damon himself, to have advised you. Pray accept my thanks for the sight of them, and think me much more pleased than vain, though a little of both, to be your most faithful, affectionate, humble servant.

The Duke of Bucks desires to be of our party on Monday sennight.

[1] This letter is described in the Index of Prior's Letters (Harley MS.), as "From Mr. A. Pope, returning the poem of 'Conversation,' with his opinion thereon." 'Conversation' was published in 1720.

LETTERS

FROM

EVANS TO POPE.

1719.

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1. DR. EVANS TO POPE.[1]

DEAR S^r^,—Yrs I rec^d^ by chance dated October, but my Boy had put ye letter in a strange Place, so that I did not light of it till it had been in my chamber a fortnight; however, all things go on very well, & Mr. Peachy gives his service to you, & he will have finished what he promised you, & will send it you about the Middle of December: you must consider him a little, for he is really but in low circumstances, but is a very learned & ingenious man; if you approve of what he shall send you, he will then proceed to look into Philostratus Heroics.[2] I have disposed of all y^r^ Books, and have in my custody nine guineas, wch I will contrive to return you wth al speed and convenience, or otherwise that—— [*Cætera desunt*].

[1] From the Homer MSS. Dr. Abel Evans, of St. John's College, Oxford, famous in his time for his epigrams. He is alluded to in the 'Dunciad,' Book ii., 114:

> To seize his papers, Curll, was next thy care;
> His papers light fly diverse, tost in air:
> Songs, sonnets, epigrams, the winds uplift,
> And whisk them back to Evans, Young, and Swift.

His best known Epigram is perhaps the one on Vanbrugh:

> Lie heavy on him, Earth, for he
> Laid many a heavy load on thee.

[2] Pope seems to have approved of Peachy's work, as the 'Heroics of Philostratus' are referred to in several of his notes to the 'Iliad.'

2. [DR. EVANS] TO POPE.[1]

Dear S[r],—Y[rs] I rec[d]. dated Oct. 11th, & I had [writ] to you, had I not heard from you about the middle of this month, & now I find you are got safe to Chiswick, I may perhaps be more frequent & more impertient in my Epistolary visits than you may well approve of. I will take due care about the sending of y[r] Books w[ch] Lintot has not yet sent, who is a very careless fellow, & somewhat ill-manner'd, or he woud take care to obleidge the Colledges, who are publick societies, & send em their Books. I am persuaded his mony woud be very safe. I will now, out of hand, acquaint those Colledges wch have not sent for their books, as for my Milton, you shall receive it by the first opportunity, & to y[r] care I commend it. I sent and——. [*Cætera desunt.*]

3. DR. EVANS TO POPE.[2]

Dear S[r]—I rec[d] some time since ten Homers third volumes half of which I have deliver'd, and the rest will dispos'd of this week, & I have taken up y[e] guineas, w[ch], when I have 'em all, I will pay to y[r] order at sight, those I have rec[d], are Trinity, Baliol, New Colledge, All Souls, Queens. there remains Pembroke: Magdalen, Corpus Christi, Merton have rec[d] theirs but D[r] Adderley's Executour will take that, who is dead[3]; & the tenth I suppose is for the University, for I had no letter of directions sent me in the Parcel. I find People have been somewhat disobleiged in being made stay so long, wch I suppose is owing to Lintot's ill manners or [covetousness] or both, no matter. heres a sorry—— [*Cætera desunt.*]

[1] From the Homer MSS.

[2] From the Homer MSS.

[3] He means: 'the Executor of Dr. Adderley, who is dead, will take that,' *i.e.*, the one due to Pembroke.

4. DR. EVANS TO POPE.[1]

ST. JOHN'S, OXON, *May* 13, 1719.

DEAR SIR,—It is not that I forget you or disrespect you, but knowing you to be a man of true business, I thought it too impertinent to trouble you with any of mine; but now I understand you are at leisure, have at you as far as this half sheet will hold. In the first place I am very well satisfied you have done for me what you are able, and I heartily thank you, and beg your pardon, and very much blush for having given you any trouble of this kind, with a sort of men you know as much what to make of as I. I do not know how they are in your church, but in ours, to tell you the truth, all the clergymen I ever yet saw are a sort of ecclesiastical *quelques choses*, that betw[ixt] common honesty and common sense I know not what to make of. They preach indeed passive obedience, but their practice is active insolence and impudent injustice; and when the laity use them as they use one another, there will be an end of them. [*Cætera desunt.*]

5. DR. EVANS TO POPE.

ST. JOHN'S, OXON, *July* 26, 1719.[2]

DEAR SIR,—I should much sooner have sent you my acknowledgment and thanks for the very kind reception I met with from you at your pleasant house at Twickenham, but in troth it has been so very hot, that I could neither write, read, nor think, but only lie still, swim, or sleep; and am still so monstrously lazy, that you must expect but a dry short letter from me; no gallantry or gaiety, but only a little downright good breeding and civility. I hope this will find your good mother settled in her health, and also yourself, as much as her

[1] From the Homer MSS.

[2] From the Homer MSS.

age and your constitution will permit. If wishes had any power in medicine, I could soon make you both immortal; for she very well deserves it for furnishing the world with you; and you have yourself made your name immortal enough. I wish only that your body might come in for a small share of that noble blessing, if it only were for nine hundred and ninety-nine years. I wish the same to your good friend the Duchess;[1] that she might live to teach people of quality all the good qualities in the world. I write as I talk, and I speak as I think; and am, with great sincerity, your, &c.

[1] Probably the Duchess of Buckingham.

LETTERS

FROM

ROWE TO POPE.

1713.

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1. ROWE TO POPE.[1]

DEAR S^R^,—If you will favour me with your prologue[2] by this bearer, I will return it to morrow, and allways reckon it among the obligations you have been so kind as to lay upon Your most faithfull Humble servant.

2. ROWE TO POPE.[3]

Thursday, Aug. 20th, 1713.

DEAR SIR,—I don't know that I have a long time received a billet with greater pleasure than your's. Depend upon it, nothing could have been more agreeable but yourself. To do something then that is perfectly kind, come and eat a bit of mutton with me to-morrow at Stockwell. Bring whom you will along with you, tho' I can give you nothing but the aforesaid mutton, and a cup of ale. It is but a little mile from Fox-hall, and you don't know how much you will oblige your most affectionate and faithfull humble servant.

[1] From the Homer MSS.

[2] No Prologue written by Pope for Rowe is now in existence, though there is an *Epilogue* by the former to 'Jane Shore.'

[3] From the Homer MSS.

LETTERS

BETWEEN

POPE AND DENNIS.

1721.

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1. DENNIS TO POPE.[1]

April 29, 1721.

SIR,—As you have subscrib'd for two of my Books, I have order'd them to be left for you at Mr. Congreve's Lodgings: As most of those Letters were writ during the Time that I was so unhappy as to be in a State of War with you, I was

[1] From the Errata to the 'Dunciad,' 8vo, 1729, the second edition with some additional notes, where the subject is thus introduced :—

Jacob, the scourge of grammar, mark with awe;
Nor less revere him Blunderbuss of Law.

"There may seem some error in these verses, Mr. Jacob having proved our author to have a respect for him, by this undeniable argument. 'He had once a *regard* for my *judgment*; otherwise he would never have subscribed two guineas to me, for one small book in *octavo*.' [Jacob's letter to Dennis, in his remarks on the 'Dunciad,' p. 49.] Therefore I should think the appellation of *Blunderbuss* to Mr. Jacob, like that of *Thunderbolt* to *Scipio*, was meant in his honour."

Mr. Dennis argues the same way. "My writings having made great impression on the minds of all sensible men, Mr. *P.*—— *repented*, and to *give proof of his repentance*, subscribed to my two volumes of select Works —— and afterwards to my two volumes of Letters." [*Ibid.*, p. 40.] We should hence believe, the name of Mr. Dennis hath also crept into this poem by some mistake. From hence, gentle reader! thou may'st beware, when thou givest to such authors, not to flatter thyself that thy motives are good nature, or charity. But whereas Mr. Dennis adds, that a letter which our author writ to him, was also *in acknowledgment of that repentance*, in this surely he erreth; for the said letter was but a civil answer to one of his own, whereby it should seem that he himself was first touch'd with repentance, and with some guineas.

forced to maim and mangle at least ten of them, that no Foot-steps might remain of that Quarrel. I particularly left out about half the Letter which was writ upon publishing the Paper call'd the Guardian.[1] I am, sir, your most obedient, Humble Servant.

2. POPE TO DENNIS.[2]

May 3, 1721.

SIR,—I called to receive the two books of your letters from Mr. Congreve, and have left with him the little money I am in your debt. I look upon myself to be much more so, for the "omissions[3] you have been pleased to make in those letters in my favour, and sincerely join with you in the desire, that not the least traces may remain of that difference between us, which indeed I am sorry for." You may therefore believe me, without either ceremony or falseness, sir, your, &c.

[1] 'But you must know, sir, that this arduous undertaking is not carried on by Teague [Steele] alone, but by a Triple League. I shall give you an account of the two other confederates by the first opportunity.' To * * * * Esq., upon the first publishing the 'Guardian.'—DENNIS'S *Lives*, 8vo, 1721, p. 284.

[2] First appeared in Curll, 1735, ii. 18. It was first inserted in Pope's Works in Warton's edition.

[3] The *omissions* were made in a letter to Tonson, dated June 4, 1715, 'on the conspiracy against the reputation of Dryden,' (8vo, 1721, Letters, vol. ii. p. 289). Malone has printed the letters as originally written. ('Life of Dryden,' p. 541.)

LETTER

FROM

EDWARDS TO POPE.

1741.

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1. EDWARDS TO POPE.[1]

TURRICK, NEAR WENDOVER, *July* 18, 1741.

SIR,—I reckon it a great misfortune that I was obliged to leave Middlesex before I completed the commission I undertook about the minerals, which perhaps you might have sooner received could I have been in town to have solicited the affair, for to confess the truth I believe the delay might be owing to the hurry of a bridal state, my kinsman being lately married, and just gone down to his country seat, so that I hope your goodness will excuse it.

I am glad they arrived safe, though late. If they are not sufficient you may freely command whatever quantity you please, by a letter to me at Mr. Pond's in Queen Street, which is the shortest way I know of conveyance to me here in Buckinghamshire; or if, as is probable, you should want

[1] First appeared in the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' Dec., 1855. Thomas Edwards is best known as the author of 'The Canons of Criticism.' He criticised severely Warburton's edition of Shakespeare.

them sooner than by this roundabout correspondence they can be had, please to beg Mr. Bathurst to write for them in my name immediately. I shall look upon it as an evidence that you forgive the delay which happened before if it does not discourage you from again employing, sir, your most obedient, humble servant.

LETTERS

FROM

POPE TO WANLEY.

1725.

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1. POPE TO WANLEY.[1]

To my worthy and special Friend, Maistre Wanley, dwelling at my singular goode Lord's, my Lord of Oxford, kindly present.[2]

WORTHY SIR,—I shall take it as a singular mark of your friendly disposition and kindnesse to me, if you will recommend to my palate, from the experienced taste of yours, a dousaine quartes of goode and wholesome wine, such as yee drink at the Genoa Arms, for the which I will in honorable sort be indebted, and well and truly pay the owner thereof, your said merchant of wines at the said Genoa Arms. As witness this myne hand, which also witnesseth its master to be, in sooth and sincerity of heart, Goode Sir, yours ever bounden.

FROM TWICKENHAM, *this fyrste of Julie*, 1725.

[1] First appeared in Additions, ii. 27.

[2] Humphrey Wanley, born 1673, died 1726, was Lord Oxford's Librarian.

2. POPE TO WANLEY.[1]

TWICKENHAM, *July* 31, 1725.

WORTHY SIR,—I am greatly contented with your kind token of affection; although I meant not, in any wise, to have put you to so sudden a discharge of the trust I reposed in you; nor to have caused you a journey to a distant part of the town; nor to have obliged you to renew an acquaintance with Signor Alberto after an intermission of divers yeares: Signor Alberto[2] may thanke me, but not you. I did verily thinke you had seen him daily, and do really beg your pardon. Notwithstanding, the zeal, as well as punctuality you have kindly shewn herein doth, and ought, much to oblige me. As an assurance whereof, I will again, as you admonish, renew your care and trouble, when these same bottles are on the rack, to refill them, and me, with such wholesome liquor of the like sort, as to your judgment shall seem good; I paying the just price for the same. I desire very truly to have some occasion of serving you, and that you will require it whenever opportunity shall offer, being sincerely, sir, your very affectionate faithful servant and well wisher.

[1] First appeared in Additions to Pope's Works, ii. 28.

[2] Alberto Croce was Wanley's wine merchant.

LETTERS

FROM

DR. YOUNG TO POPE.

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1. DR. YOUNG TO POPE.[1]

May 2.

DEAR SIR,—Having been often from home, I know not if you have done me the favour of calling on me; but be that as it will, I much want that instance of your friendship I mentioned in my last, a friendship I am very sensible I can receive from no one but yourself. I should not urge this thing so much, but for very particular reasons; nor can you be at a loss to conceive how a *trifle of this nature* may be of serious moment to me; and while I am in hopes of the great advantage of your advice about it, I shall not be so absurd as to take any farther step without it. I know you are much engaged, and only hope to hear from you at your entire leisure. I am, &c.

2. DR. YOUNG TO POPE.[2]

DEAR S^R^,—Just now I received ye Homers, wch wth that you design for ye Publick Library (of wch I will take ye care

[1] From the Homer MSS.

[2] From the Homer MSS.

desired) are in number but eleven, whereas ye list you sent me was of twelve. I am, dear sir, your most affectionate humble servant.

June 8th.

The mistake was easie; nor w^d^ I have you give yourself farther trouble. I will expect mine at Crupes. [?][1]

[1] The MS. is not intelligible, but is not like Crupes.

LETTERS

BETWEEN

POPE AND HUGHES.

FROM 1714 TO 1719-20.

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1. POPE TO HUGHES.

April 19, 1714.[1]

SIR,—I make use of the freedom you so obligingly allowed me, of sending you a paper of proposals for "Homer," and of entreating your assistance in promoting the subscription. I have added another for Mr. Pate,[2] if he thinks fit to oblige me so far, as you seemed inclined to believe he might.

I have left receipts signed with Mr. Jervas, who will give them for any subscriptions you may procure, and be (I am sure) very glad to be better acquainted with you, or entertain you with what paintings or drawings he has. He charges me to give you his most humble service; and I beg you to think no man is, with a truer esteem than I, dear sir, your, &c.

Pray make my most humble service acceptable to Sir Richard Blackmore.[3]

[1] First appeared in Warton, vii. 372.

[2] Pate, Swift's friend, 'the learned woollen-draper.'

[3] It appears from the above, that Mr. Pope and this poetical Knight were then upon terms of friendship, which were first broken by Sir Richard's accusing Mr. Pope of profaneness and immorality (see his 'Essays,' vol. ii. p. 27) on a report from Curll that he was author of a 'Travestie on the first Psalm.' Had it not been for this, all the Knight's bad poetry would scarcely have procured him place in the 'Dunciad,'

2. POPE TO HUGHES.

BINFIELD, *Oct.* 7, 1715.

DEAR SIR,—Ever since I had the pleasure to know you, I have believed you one of that uncommon rank of authors, who are undesigning men and sincere friends; and who, when they commend another, have not any view of being praised themselves. I should be therefore ashamed to offer at saying any of those civil things in return to your obliging compliments in regard to my translations of "Homer," only I have too great a value for you, not to be pleased with them; and yet, I assure you, I receive praises from you with less pleasure than I have often paid them to your merit before, and shall (I doubt not) have frequent occasions of doing again, from those useful pieces you are still obliging us with. If you was pleased with my preface, you have paid me for that pleasure, in the same kind, by your entertaining and judicious essays[1] on Spenser. The present you make me is of the most agreeable nature imaginable, for Spenser has been ever a favourite poet to me: he is like a mistress, whose faults we see, but love her with them all.

What has deferred my thanks till now, was a ramble I have been taking about the country, from which I returned home and found your kind letter but yesterday. A testimony of that kind, from a man of your turn, is to be valued at a better rate than the ordinary estimate of letters will amount to. I shall rejoice in all opportunities of cultivating a friendship I so truly esteem, and hope very shortly to tell you in town, how much I am, sir, your, &c.

as in that poem the author "professed to attack no man living who had not before printed or published against him;" and, on this principle, having ridiculed 'Dr. Watts's Psalms,' in the first edition of that satire, those lines were, at the instance of Mr. Richardson, the painter, a friend to both, in all the subsequent editions, omitted.—WARTON.

[1] 'An Essay on Allegorical Poetry,' 'Remarks on the Fairy Queen,' 'On the Shepherds' Calendar,' &c., prefixed to Mr. Hughes's edition of Spenser's Works, 1715.—WARTON.

Since you desire to hear of my progress in the translation, I must tell you that I have gone through four more books, which (with the remarks) will make the second volume.

3. POPE TO HUGHES.

DEAR SIR,—I return you the play sooner than I am willing to part with what I like so extremely well, because you press it. Upon my word, I think it every way worthy of you, and make not the least doubt but the world will do you the justice you deserve in the acceptation of it. I continue very much out of order, but must be forced to be in town (well or ill) some days this week, upon indispensable affairs; when I will wait upon you and tell you my sincere thoughts, none of which is more sincere than that I am truly, your, &c.

4. HUGHES TO POPE.

RED LION STREET, HOLBORN,
AGAINST EAST STREET, *Jan.* 22, 1719.

DEAR SIR,—I am very sorry to hear of your ill health, and that my message came so unseasonable as to give you so much trouble to answer it. I hope by your mentioning your coming to town, that you are on the mending hand, and that the spring coming on will be favourable to you. If you should not come in a day or two, I must beg your return of the copy,[1] which is much wanted, the time of acting drawing very near. Your not being in a condition to supply me with a Prologue is a great disappointment to me, but I should much rather choose my Play should want that advantage, than put you to any trouble at present which may be prejudicial; being, with a true respect, dear sir, your, &c.

[1] 'The Siege of Damascus.'

5. POPE TO HUGHES.

TWICKENHAM, *Feb.* 18, 1719–20.

DEAR SIR,—I have been much concerned not to have waited upon you as I designed, since you obliged me with your play. I am since much more troubled to hear of the continuance of your illness. Would to God you might live as long as, I am sure, the reputation of your tragedy must! I am a fellow-sufferer with you, in not being able to see it played, having been, and still being, too much indisposed to go to any public place. But I could be extremely glad some particular friends of mine had that pleasure I cannot enjoy. You would highly favour me in letting three or four ladies have a side-box, who have sent into the country to me, upon information that the boxes are disposed of by you. I am sorry to give you this trouble, when, perhaps, for your health's sake, you should not have a moment's disturbance, and I could not send sooner at this distance.

Pray think I wish you all the success you deserve, and all the health you want. I am, dear sir, your, &c.

6. POPE TO JABEZ HUGHES.[1]

February 26, 1719–20.

SIR,—I cannot omit the acknowledgment I really think I owe your great civility, especially at so melancholy and

[1] Younger brother of Mr. John Hughes, and, like him, a votary of the Muses, and an excellent scholar. He published, in 1714, a translation of 'The Rape of Proserpine,' from Claudian; and the story of Sextus and Erictho, from Lucan's Pharsalia, b. vi., in 8vo. These translations, with notes, were reprinted in 12mo, in 1723. He also published, in 1717, a translation of Suetonius's 'Lives of the Twelve Cæsars,' and translated several novels "from the Spanish of Cervantes," which are inserted in 'The Select Collection of Novels and Histories,' printed for Watts, 1729. He died January 17, 1731, in the 46th year of his age: a volume of his Miscellanies, in prose and verse, was published in 1737. His widow accompanied the Lady of Governor Byng to Madras, and died there.—WARTON.

affecting a moment, as that of your worthy brother's death must have been to you. Indeed, even his common acquaintance must have known enough of him to regret his loss; and I most heartily condole with you upon it. I believe I am further obliged to you for his play, which I received yesterday, and read over again with more concern and sorrow than I ever felt at reading any tragedy. The real loss of a good man may be called a distress to the world, and ought to affect us more than any feigned or ancient distress, how finely drawn soever. I am glad of an occasion to give you, under my hand, this testimony, both how excellent I think this work to be, and how excellent I thought the author. I am, with my hearty thanks to you, sir, your, &c.

LETTERS

FROM

POPE TO DUNCOMBE.[1]

FROM 1734 TO 1735.

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1. POPE TO DUNCOMBE.[2]

TWICKENHAM, *Oct.* 20, 1734.

SIR,—I am obliged for the favour of yours. I have looked for the letter Mr. Hughes sent me, but cannot find it. I had a great regard for his merit, modesty, and softness of manners. He writ to me a few days before his death, concerning his play of the 'Siege of Damascus,' which is the only letter I can meet with.

I thank you for the part you are pleased to take, both in regard to my health (which has, I thank God, been as good as usual) and to my reputation, my poetical welfare, which I resign as much to Providence as the other. But truly I had not the least thought of stealing applause, by suppressing my name to that Essay.[3] I wanted only to hear truth, and was

[1] John Duncombe, brother-in-law of John Hughes, edited the Works of the latter, which appeared in 2 vols. 12mo, in 1735. Johnson had a certain esteem for Duncombe. "He," says Boswell, "praised the late Mr. Duncombe, of Canterbury, as a pleasing man. . . . He used to come to me; I did not seek much after *him*." In his 'Life of Hughes,' he speaks of him as "a man whose blameless elegance deserved the same respect [as Hughes]." Duncombe died in 1769.

[2] First appeared in Warton's edition.

[3] 'Essay on Man.'

more afraid of my partial friends than enemies. Besides, I really was humble and diffident enough to distrust my own performance. All I can say of it is, that I know it to be an honest one. I am, sir, your [most obedient humble servant].

2. POPE TO DUNCOMBE.[1]

TWICKENHAM. *Nov.* 5, [1734].

SIR,—I am extremely willing to bear any testimony of my real regard for Mr. Hughes, and therefore what you mention of my letter to his brother, after his death, will be a greater instance of the sincerity with which it was given: it is perfectly at your service. I thank you for the tenderness with which you deal in this matter toward me, and I esteem you for that which you show to the memory of your kinsman. I doubt not but you will discharge it in a becoming manner; and am, sir, [your most obedient and humble servant].

3. POPE TO DUNCOMBE.

Saturday, Nov. 23, 1734.[2]

SIR,—My absence from home prevented my receiving your two letters till this day. I would else have read your tragedy[3] willingly; and I beg you not to take amiss that I return your presents of the tickets, since it is not in my power to be there next week, through indispensable obligations in the country at some distance. I think your prologue[4] a good one; and I think of players as I always thought of players, and of the son as I thought of the father.[5] I sincerely wish you success, and am, sir, your, &c.

[1] First appeared in Warton's edition.

[2] First appeared in Warton.

[3] 'Lucius Junius Brutus,' then acting at Drury Lane Theatre.

[4] This prologue (which was spoken by Mr. Milward with applause) had been returned to the author, with great contempt, by Mr. Theophilus Cibber.—JOHN DUNCOMBE (Hughes' 'Letters,' ii. 56, edit. 1773).

[5] That is of Theophilus Cibber, as he thought of Colley.

4. POPE TO DUNCOMBE.[1]

[TWICKENHAM, *May* 6, 1735.]

SIR,—Many thanks for your kind present, in which I find several pleasing and very correct pieces of his[2] which were new to me. I beg you to accept of the new volume of my things, just printed, which will be delivered you by Mr. Dodsley, the author of the *Toy Shop*, who has just set up [as] a bookseller; and I doubt not, as he has more sense, so will have more honesty, than most of [that] profession. I am, sir, your [most obliged humble servant].

[1] Warton, vii. 379. [2] Mr. Hughes.

LETTERS

BETWEEN

POPE, PITT, AND SPENCE.

FROM 1726 TO 1733.

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1. PITT TO SPENCE.[1]

BLANDFORD, *July* 18, 1726.

DEAR JO,—I am entering into proposals with a bookseller for printing a little miscellany of my own performances, consisting of some originals, and select translations. I beg you to be altogether silent in the matter. Mr. Pope has used so little of the 23rd Odyssey that I gave Dr. Young, that if I put it in among the rest I shall hardly incur any danger of the penalty concerning the patent. However, I will not presume to publish a single line of it after Mr. Pope's Translation, if you advise me (as I desire you to do sincerely) to the contrary. I shall send you a small specimen of my translation, which if you approve of, I can assure you the remainder of the book is not inferior to it.

> The nurse all wild with transport seem'd to swim,
> Joy wing'd her feet and lighten'd ev'ry limb;

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[1] First appeared in Warton, vii. 381. Christopher Pitt, born at Blandford in 1699, died in 1748. Was educated at Winchester and New College, and became Rector of Pimperne in Dorsetshire, in 172?. He translated (though he never published) Lucan's 'Pharsalia,' and he is best known by his translations of Virgil's 'Æneid,' and Vida's 'Art of Poetry.'

Then to the room with speed impatient borne,
Flew with the tidings of her lord's return.
There bending o'er the sleeping queen, she cries:
"Rise, my Penelope, my daughter, rise
To see Ulysses, thy long-absent spouse,
Thy soul's desire, and lord of all thy vows:
Tho' late, he comes, and in his rage has slain,
For all their wrongs, the haughty suitor train."
"Ah Euryclea," she replies, "you rave;
The gods resume that reason which they gave;
For heaven deep wisdom to the fool supplies,
But oft infatuates and confounds the wise.
And wisdom once was thine! but now I find
The gods have ruin'd thy distemper'd mind.
How could you hope your fiction to impose?
Was it to flatter or deride my woes?
How could you break a sleep with talk so vain,
That held my sorrows in so soft a chain?
A sleep so sweet I never could enjoy
Since my dear lord left Ithaca for Troy:
Curs'd Troy—oh! why did I thy name disclose?
Thy fatal name awakens all my woes:
But fly—some other had provok'd my rage,
And you but owe your pardon to your age."

"No artful tales, no studied lies, I frame,
Ulysses lives (rejoins the reverend dame)
In that dishonour'd stranger's close disguise,
Long has he pass'd all unsuspecting eyes,
All but thy son's—and long has he suppress'd
The well-concerted secret in his breast;
Till his brave father should his foes defeat,
And the close scheme of his revenge complete."

Swift as the word, the queen transported sprung,
And round the dame in strict embraces hung;
Then as the big round tears began to roll,
Spoke the quick doubts and hurry of her soul.

"If my victorious hero safe arrives,
If my dear lord, Ulysses, still survives,
Tell me, oh tell me, how he fought alone?
How were such multitudes destroy'd by one?"

"Nought I beheld, but heard their cries," she said,
"When death flew raging, and the suitors bled:
Immur'd we listen'd, as we sat around,
To each deep groan and agonizing sound.
Call'd by thy son to view the scene, I fled,
And saw Ulysses striding o'er the dead!
Amidst the rising heaps the hero stood
All grim, and terribly adorn'd with blood."

This is enough in conscience for this time; besides I am desired by Mr. Pope or Mr. Lintot, I do not know which, to write to Mr. Pope on a certain affair.

2. POPE TO THE REV. MR. PITT.

TWICKENHAM, NEAR HAMPTON-COURT,
July 23, 1726.

SIR,—I received a letter from you with satisfaction, having long been desirous of any occasion of testifying my regard for you, and particularly of acknowledging the pleasure your Version of Vida's Poetic had afforded me.[1] I had it not indeed from your bookseller, but read it with eagerness, and think it both a correct and a spirited translation. I am pleased to have been (as you tell me) the occasion of your undertaking that work: that is some sort of merit; and, if I have any in me, it really consists in an earnest desire to promote and produce as far as I can, that of others. But as to my being the publisher, or any way concerned in reviewing or recommending of Lintot's Miscellany, it is what I never did in my life, though he (like the rest of his tribe) makes a very free use of my name. He has often reprinted my things, and so scurvily, that, finding he was doing so again, I corrected the sheets as far as they went, of my own only. And, being told by him that he had two or three copies of yours, which you also had formerly sent me (as he said) through his hands, I obliged him to write for your consent before he made use of them. This was all: your second book he has just now delivered to me, the inscription of which to myself I will take care he shall leave out; and either return the rest of your verses to him, or not, as you shall like best. I am obliged to you, sir, for expressing a much higher opinion of me than I know I deserve. The freedom with which you write is yet what obliges and pleases me

[1] Published in 1725.

more; and it is with sincerity that I say, I would rather be thought by every ingenuous man in the world his servant, than his rival. I am, sir, &c.

3. POPE AND SPENCE TO THE REV. MR. PITT.

TWICKENHAM, *Aug.* 2, 1728.

I AM here, my dear Rector, in as delightful a situation for the world about me, and books, and conversation, as mortal man can wish to be. I can think of nothing at present that could add to it, except the hearing that you are very well, and entirely free from your old enemy the gout. I should not know how to leave this place, had not I the hopes of waiting upon you in a few weeks: but first I can assure you, I have a world of drudgery to go through. I had almost forgot one particular: when I was with our old friend, Mr. Pescod, the other day, he confirmed me in a thought I had, that the verses on an Old Beauty (she, you know, "who blooms in the winter of her days like Glastonbury Thorn") were written by you at New College. If they are yours, as I am very much persuaded they are, I beg you would be so good as to send me a copy of them in your answer: which I beg may be as soon as possible, because, as you may easily imagine, I do not love to be many days without hearing from you. I desire this copy the rather, because I have been asked for it since I have been in town, and have none but a very incorrect copy at present. If you have any commands here, I beg you would favour me with them, as your most affectionate friend and servant, JO. SPENCE.

SIR,—I take this opportunity of assuring you, you have, at the place from whence this letter is dated, a friend and servant. A. POPE.

4. POPE TO SPENCE.[1]

TWITENHAM, *Oct.* 7.

DEAR SIR,—I heartily thank you for the very kind letter, and kind entertainment, which gave me a greater pleasure than I almost ever received in any entertainment: it was so easy, and so warm an one. I left you all with regret; pray tell Mr. Hay so, and Mr. Ayscough. I conclude Mr. Murray is gone from you. You'll oblige me in sending those letters: not that I'll take from you any one testimony of my regard and love for you, which you think worth the keeping. You shall have a fair account of 'em when you come this way: but the sooner I have them the better, by a safe hand. My health is pretty well restored, I know is the news you'll best like from this place; and the rest is only to repeat that sincere truth you have heard so often, and shall hear while I live, that I am most affectionately yours.

5. POPE TO SPENCE.[2]

[1733.]

IF this finds you in good repair, after the concussion of the stage-coach, and before you are too strongly engaged in town, I shall be heartily glad to see you for as much as you can of this week. I shall be at home to-morrow, and so on and always, dear sir, yours.

[1] From Singer's Spence, Appendix.
[2] From the MS. of Mr. Collier. [The date "1733" is written on the note in another hand.]

LETTER

FROM

VOLTAIRE TO POPE.

1726.

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1. VOLTAIRE TO POPE.[1]

[1726.]

SIR,—I hear this moment of your sad adventure. That water you fell in was not Hippocrene's water, otherwise it would have respected you. Indeed, I am concerned beyond expression for the danger you have been in, and more for your wounds. Is it possible that those fingers which have written the Rape of the Lock, and the Criticism, which have dressed Homer so becomingly in an English coat, should have been so barbarously treated?[2] Let the hand of Dennis, or of your poetasters be cut off; yours is sacred. I hope, sir, you are now perfectly recovered. Really, your accident concerns me as much as all the disasters of a master ought to affect his scholar. I am sincerely, sir, with the admiration which you deserve, your most humble servant.

In my Lord Bolingbroke's House, Friday at Noon,
Nov. 16, 1726.

[1] First appeared in Roscoe, i. 244.

[2] Pope was upset into the river in Lord Bolingbroke's carriage in September, 1726, and his hand was cut by the glass as he was being drawn out. See Gay's letter to Swift of 16th September, 1726.

LETTERS

FROM

LORD COBHAM TO POPE.

1733.

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1. LORD COBHAM TO POPE.[1]

STOWE, *Nov.* 1, 1733.

THOUGH I have not modesty enough not to be pleased with your extraordinary compliment, I have wit enough to know how little I deserve it.[2] You know all mankind are putting themselves upon the world for more than they are worth, and their friends are daily helping the deceit. But I am afraid I shall not pass for an absolute patriot. However, I have the honour of having received a public testimony of your esteem and friendship, and am as proud of it as I could be of any advantage which could happen to me. As I remember, when I saw the *brouillon* of this Epistle, it was perplexed. You have now made it the contrary; and I think it is the clearest and cleanest of all you have wrote. Don't you think you have bestowed too many lines on the old lecher? The instance itself is but ordinary, and I think should be shortened or changed.[3]

[1] First appeared in Ruffhead's 'Life of Pope,' 276.

[2] The concluding lines of the First Moral Essay.

[3] Compare Moral Essay, i. 237, and note.

2. LORD COBHAM TO POPE.

STOWE, *Nov.* 8, [1733.][1]

I LIKE your lecher better now 'tis shorter; and the glutton is a very good epigram. But they are both appetites which from nature we indulge, as well for her ends as our pleasure. A cardinal, in his way of pleasure, would have been a better instance. What do you think of an old lady dressing her silver locks with pink, and ordering her coffin to be lined with white quilled satin with gold fringes; or Counsellor Vernon retiring to enjoy himself with five thousand a-year, which he had got, and returning to the Chancery to get a little more, when he could not speak so loud as to be heard? or a judge turned out coming again to the bar? I mean that a *passion* or *habit* that has not a natural foundation falls in better with your subject than any of our natural wants, which in some degree we cannot avoid pursuing to the last.

[1] First appeared in Ruffhead's 'Life of Pope,' 276.

LETTERS

FROM

PULTENEY TO POPE.

1724.

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1. PULTENEY TO POPE.[1]

DEAR S[r],—I cannot call upon you as I promised in my way to Ashley, My Lord Berkeley having sent [to] me to come to Cranford to him upon some business: after a day or two stay there, I shall go to Causham, & then return to Ashley ab[t] the 25th, when I shall be extremely obliged to you if you will lett me have the honour of your company for a week; I will send my coach for you, or come and fetch you myself. I am S[r], your most Obedient humble Servant.

ARLINGTON STREET, *Aug. 13th*, 1724.

2. PULTENEY TO POPE.[2]

ASHLEY, *Sept. 4th*, 1724.[3]

S[r],—I have ever since my return had my House full of such company as I very little expected and you would very little

[1] From the Homer MSS.

[2] From the Homer MSS.

[3] Ashley, near Walton-on-Thames. Pulteney no doubt rented it. It belonged to the Earl of Shannon. In 1719 he rented Ladyholt.

have liked, which was the reason I did not send to you sooner. But at present, if you have nothing better to do, & will spend a few days with Mrs. Pulteney & me,[1] we shall be obliged to you, and will send the Coach for you when you please. I am, S^r^, your most humble Servant.

[1] On whom Pope afterwards wrote some not very complimentary verses. See vol. iv., p. 450.

LETTERS

BETWEEN

POPE AND LORD LANSDOWN.[1]

1712—13.

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1. POPE TO LORD LANSDOWN.[2]

BINFIELD, *Jan.* 10 [1712-13].

I THANK you for having given my poem of Windsor Forest its greatest ornament, that of bearing your name in the front of it. It is one thing when a person of true merit permits us to have the honour of drawing him as like as we can; and another, when we make a fine thing at random, and persuade the next vain creature we can find that it is his own likeness; which is the case every day of my fellow-scribblers. Yet, my lord, this honour has given me no more pride than your honours have given you; but it affords me a great deal of pleasure, which is much better than a great deal of pride; and it indeed would give me some pain, if I was not sure of one advantage; that whereas others are offended if they have not more than justice done them, you would be displeased if you had so much; therefore I may safely do you as much injury

[1] George Granville, Lord Lansdown, to whom Pope inscribed his 'Windsor Forest,' and whom he has celebrated also on other occasions:

—— *Granville* the polite,
And knowing Walsh would tell me I could write.

—See vol. ii. p. 289, note.

[2] First appeared in Cooper, 1737, v. 183.

in my word, as you do yourself in your own thoughts. I am so vain as to think I have shown you a favour in sparing your modesty, and you cannot but make me some return for prejudicing the truth to gratify you. This I beg may be the free correction of these verses, which will have few beauties, but what may be made by your blots. I am in the circumstance of an ordinary painter drawing Sir Godfrey Kneller, who by a few touches of his own, could make the piece very valuable. I might then hope, that many years hence the world might read, in conjunction with your name, that of your lordship's, &c.

2. LORD LANSDOWN TO POPE.

Oct. 21, 1713.[1]

I AM pleased beyond measure with your design of translating Homer. The trials which you have already made and published on some parts of that author, have shown that you are equal to so great a task: and you may therefore depend upon the utmost services I can do you in promoting this work, or anything that may be for your service.[2]

I hope Mr. Stafford, for whom you was pleased to concern yourself, has had the good effects of the Queen's grace to him. I had notice the night before I began my journey, that her majesty had not only directed his pardon, but ordered a writ for reversing his outlawry. Your, &c.

[1] First appeared in Cooper, 1737, v. 189.

[2] The noble author of the Tragedy of 'Heroic Love' has continued his partiality to me, from my writing Pastorals, to my attempting the 'Iliad.'—POPE, Pref. to Iliad.

LETTER

FROM

POPE TO LORD CARTERET.

1722—3.

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1. POPE TO LORD CARTERET.[1]

TWITENHAM, *Feb.* 16, 1722-3.

To the Right Hon. Lord CARTERET, *one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State.*

I BEG your Lordship will look upon this letter less as a presumption, than as an effect of the real respect I owe you. I have long known how to bear my share in such false Reports and Misconstructions as no man is exempt from, but there is one that touches me more nearly. I am told (and in Print too by some of the Party Scriblers) that I've been suspected of putting that vile thing a Trick upon you, in being the procurer of your Licence to the Duke of Buckinghamshire's Book. When I had the honor of waiting on your Lordship, I did not dream there was any need of speaking on this Article. But I now think myself obliged to assure you, that I never look'd into those papers or was privy to the contents of them, when that Licence was procured by Mr. Barber, to secure his own property.[2]

Give me leave, my Lord, to pay you my thanks for your

[1] From the Harley Papers. The letter is a copy, not an original. John Lord Carteret, afterwards Earl Granville, was sworn member of the Privy Council, on becoming Secretary of State, May, 1721. He acted as Secretary till 1724, when he became Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

[2] The Royal Licence, countersigned by Lord Carteret, is dated 18th April, 1722.

intentions to promote my design on Homer: but allow me to add, that if I am (however innocently), under the least displeasure of the Government: I desire not to be oblig'd by those that dislike, or think me unworthy. Indeed, my Lord, I love my Country better than any personal friend I have: but I love my personal friend so well, as not to abandon or rail at him, tho' my whole country fell upon him. And I assure your Lordship, tho' the King has many Subjects much more valuable than myself, he has not one more quiet, no man is more sensible of the Indulgence I enjoy from my Rulers, I mean that which is common to any subject, from the protection of a free government. But as to any particularly, I take myself to be the only Scribler of my Time, of any degree of distinction, who never receiv'd any Places from the Establishment, any Pension from a Court, or any Presents from a Ministry. I desire to preserve this Honour untainted to my Grave, and to have the pleasure of saying: I am as much obliged to my Lord Carteret (this way) as to any man living, ev'n to your predecessor dead, whom I loved above all Men.[1] I thought myself particularly favored by your late treatment of me, and in the sense of it endeavour'd in this small affair to do you all the Justice I could, not only with truth but with warmth. I am with all respect, My Lord, your, &c.[2]

[1] Craggs.

[2] Compare letter to Lord Harley, of Feb. 13, 1722-3, and to Lord Harcourt of Feb., 1722-3.

LETTERS

BETWEEN

POPE AND THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF BUCKINGHAM.

FROM 1718 TO 1725.

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1. SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, TO POPE.[1]

(On the late dispute about Homer.)

[1718.][2]

You desire my opinion as to the late dispute in France concerning Homer: and I think it excusable (at an age, alas! of not much pleasure) to amuse myself a little in taking notice of a controversy, than which nothing is at present more remarkable (even in a nation who value themselves so much upon the Belles Lettres), both on account of the illustrious subject of it, and of the two persons engaged in the quarrel.

The one is extraordinary in all the lyric kind of poetry, even in the opinion of his very adversary. The other a lady (and of more value for being so) not only of great learning, but with a genius admirably turned to that sort of it which most becomes her sex for softness, gentleness, and promoting of virtue; and such as (one would think) is not so liable as other parts of scholarship, to rough disputes, or violent animosity.

[1] First appeared in the Works of the Duke of Buckingham, 1723; then among Pope's Works, in 4to, 1737; p. 215. Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, born 1649, died 1721. He was at this time in strong opposition to the Court. Pope, after his death, got into some difficulties, by editing his works. See vol. viii. p. 191, note (3).

[2] See Pope's reply.

Yet it has so happened, that no writers, even about divinity itself, have been more outrageous or uncharitable than these two polite authors; by suffering their judgments to be a little warped (if I may use that expression) by the heat of their eager inclinations, to attack or defend so great an author under debate. I wish for the sake of the public, which is now so well entertained by their quarrel, it may not end at last in their agreeing to blame a third man who is so presumptuous as to censure both, if they should chance to hear of it.

To begin with matter of fact. Mad. Dacier has well judged, that the best of all poets certainly deserved a better translation, at least into French prose, because to see it done in verse was despaired of: I believe indeed, from a defect in that language, incapable of mounting to any degree of excellence suitable to so very great an undertaking.

She has not only performed this task as well as prose can do it (which is indeed but as the wrong side of tapestry is able to represent the right), she has added to it also many learned and useful annotations. With all which she most obligingly delighted not only her own sex, but most of ours, ignorant of the Greek, and consequently her adversary himself, who frankly acknowledges that ignorance.

It is no wonder, therefore, if, in doing this, she is grown so enamoured of that unspeakably-charming author, as to have a kind of horror at the least mention of a man bold enough to blame him.

Now as to M. de la Motte, he being already deservedly famous for all sorts of lyric poetry, was so far introduced by her into those beauties of the epic kind (though but in that way of translation) as not to resist the pleasure and hope of reputation, by attempting that in verse, which had been applauded so much for the difficulty of doing it even in prose; knowing how this, well executed, must extremely transcend the other.

But, as great poets are a little apt to think they have an

ancient right of being excused for vanity on all occasions, he was not content to out-do Mad. Dacier, but endeavoured to out-do Homer himself, and all that ever in any age or nation went before him in the same enterprise; by leaving out, altering, or adding, whatever he thought best.

Against this presumptuous attempt, Homer has been in all times so well defended, as not to need my small assistance; yet, I must need say, his excellences are such, that for their sakes he deserves a much gentler touch for his seeming errors. These if M. de la Motte had translated as well as the rest, with an apology for having retained them only out of mere veneration; his judgment, in my opinion, would have appeared much greater than by the best of his alterations, though I admit them to be written very finely. I join with M. de la Motte in wondering at some odd things in Homer, but it is chiefly because of his sublime ones, I was about to say his divine ones, which almost surprise me at finding them any where in the fallible condition of human nature.

And now we are wondering, I am in a difficulty to guess what can be the reason of these exceptions against Homer, from one who has himself translated him, contrary to the general custom of translators. Is there not a little of that in it? I mean to be singular, in getting above the title of a translator, though sufficiently honourable in this case. For such an ambition nobody has less occasion, than one who is so fine a poet in other kinds; and who must have too much wit to believe, any alteration of another can entitle him to the denomination of an *Epic Poet* himself; though no man in this age seems more capable of being a good one, if the French tongue would bear it. Yet in his translation he has done too well, to leave any doubt (with all his faults) that hers can be ever paralleled with it.

Besides, he could not be ignorant that finding faults is the most easy and vulgar part of a critic; whereas nothing shows so much skill and taste both, as the being thoroughly sensible of the sublimest excellences.

What can we say in excuse of all this? *Humanum est errare:* since as good a poet as, I believe, the French language is capable of, and as sharp a critic as any nation can produce, has, by too much censuring Homer, subjected a translation to censure, that would have otherwise stood the test of the severest adversary.

But since he would needs choose that wrong way of criticism, I wonder he missed a stone so easy to be thrown against Homer, not for his filling the Iliad with so much slaughter, (for that is to be excused, since a war is not capable of being described without it,) but with so many various particulars of wounds and horror, as show the writer (I am afraid) so delighted that way himself, as not the least to doubt his reader being so also. Like Spanioletta, whose dismal pictures are the more disagreeable for being always so very movingly painted. Even Hector's last parting from his son and Andromache hardly makes us amends for his body's being dragged thrice round the town. M. de la Motte, in his strongest objection about that dismal combat, has sufficient cause to blame his enraged adversary; who here gives an instance that it is impossible to be violent without committing some mistake; her passion for Homer blinding her too much to perceive the very grossest of his failings. By which warning I am become a little more capable of impartiality, though in a dispute about that very poet for whom I have the greatest veneration.

Mad. Dacier might have considered a little, that whatever were the motives of M. de la Motte to so bold a proceeding, it could not darken that fame which I am sure she thinks shines securely even after the vain attempts of Plato himself against it: caused only perhaps by a like reason with that of Mad. Dacier's anger against M. de la Motte, namely, the finding that in prose, his genius (great as it was) could not be capable of the sublime heights of poetry, which therefore he banished out of his commonwealth.

Nor were these objections to Homer any more lessening of

her merit in translating him as well as that way is capable of, viz., fully, plainly, and elegantly, than the most admirable verses can be any disparagement to as excellent prose.

The best excuse for all this violence is, its being in a cause which gives a kind of reputation even to suffering, notwithstanding ever so ill a management of it.

The worst of defending even Homer in such a passionate manner, is its being more a proof of her weakness, than of his being liable to none. For what is it can excuse Homer any more than Hector, for flying at the first sight of Achilles? whose terrible aspect sure needed not such an inexcusable fright to set it off; and methinks all that account of Minerva's restoring his dart to Achilles, comes a little too late, for excusing Hector's so terrible apprehension at the very first.

2. POPE TO THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.[1]

September 1, 1718.

I AM much honoured by your Grace's compliance with my request, in giving me your opinion of the French dispute concerning Homer. And I shall keep my word, in fairly telling wherein I disagree from you. It is but in two or three very small points, not so much of the dispute, as of the parties concerned in it. I cannot think quite so highly of the lady's learning, though I respect it very much. It is great complaisance in that polite nation, to allow her to be a critic of equal rank with her husband. To instance no further, his remarks on Horace show more good sense, penetration, and a better taste of his author, and those upon Aristotle's Art of Poetry more skill and science, than any of hers on any author whatever. In truth, they are much more slight, dwell more in generals, and are, besides, for the most part, less her own; of which her Remarks upon Homer are an example, where Eustathius is transcribed ten times for once that he is quoted.

[1] First appeared in 4to, 1737.

Nor is there at all more depth of learning in those upon Terence, Plautus, or (where they were most wanted) upon Aristophanes, only the Greek scholia upon the latter are some of the best extant.

Your Grace will believe me, that I did not search to find defects in a lady; my employment upon the Iliad forced me to see them; yet I have had so much of the French complaisance as to conceal her thefts; for wherever I have found her notes to be wholly another's (which is the case in some hundreds), I have barely quoted the true proprietor without observing upon it. If Madame Dacier has ever seen my observations, she will be sensible of this conduct; but what effect it may have upon a lady, I will not answer for.

In the next place, as to M. de la Motte, I think your Grace hardly does him right, in supposing he could have no idea of the beauties of Homer's epic poetry, but what he learned from Madame Dacier's prose translation. There had been a very elegant prose translation before, that of Monsieur de la Valterie; so elegant that the style of it was evidently the original and model of the famous Telemaque. Your Grace very justly animadverts against the too great disposition of finding faults in the one, and of confessing none in the other: but doubtless, as to violence, the lady has infinitely the better of the gentleman. Nothing can be more polite, dispassionate, or sensible, than M. de la Motte's manner of managing the dispute: and so much as I see your Grace admires the beauty of his verse (in which you have the suffrage too of the Archbishop of Cambray,) I will venture to say, his prose is full as good. I think, therefore, when you say, no disputants even in Divinity could be more outrageous and uncharitable than these two authors, you are a little too hard upon M. de la Motte. Not but that (with your Grace) I doubt as little of the zeal of commentators as of the zeal of divines, and am as ready to believe of the passions and pride of mankind in general, that (did but the same interests go along with them) they would carry the

learned world to as violent extremes, animosities, and even persecutions, about variety of opinions in criticism, as ever they did about religion: and that, in defect of Scripture to quarrel upon, we should have the French, Italian, and Dutch commentators ready to burn one another about Homer, Virgil, Terence, and Horace.

I do not wonder your Grace is shocked at the flight of Hector upon the first appearance of Achilles in the twenty-second Iliad. However (to show myself a true commentator if not a true critic), I will endeavour to excuse, if not to defend it, in my notes on that book. And to save myself what trouble I can, instead of doing it in this letter, I will draw up the substance of what I have to say for it in a separate paper, which I will show your Grace when next we meet. I will only desire you to allow me, that Hector was in an absolute certainty of death, and depressed over and above with the conscience of being in an ill cause. If your heart be so great, as not to grant the first of these will sink the spirit of a hero, you will at least be so good as to allow the second may. But, I can tell your Grace, no less a hero than my Lord Peterborough, when a person complimented him for never being afraid, made this answer: "Sir, show me a danger that I think an imminent and real one, and I promise you I'll be as much afraid as any of you." I am your Grace's, &c.

3. POPE TO THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.[1]

[STANTON HARCOURT, 1718 ?]

PLINY was one of those few authors who had a warm house over his head; nay, two houses, as appears by two of his Epistles. I believe if any of his contemporary authors durst have informed the public where they lodged, we should have found the garrets of Rome as well inhabited as those of Fleet Street: but

[1] First appeared in 4to, 1737.

it is dangerous to let creditors into such a secret; therefore we may presume that then, as well as now-a-days, nobody knew where they lived but their booksellers.

It seems that when Virgil came to Rome, he had no lodging at all: he first introduced himself to Augustus by an epigram, beginning *Nocte pluit totâ*——an observation which probably he had not made, unless he had lain all night in the street.

Where Juvenal lived we cannot affirm; but in one of his satires he complains of the excessive price of lodgings; neither do I believe he would have talked so feelingly of Codrus's bed, if there had been room for a bedfellow in it.

I believe, with all the ostentation of Pliny, he would have been glad to have changed both his houses for your Grace's one; which is a country house in the summer, and a town-house in the winter, and must be owned to be the properest habitation[1] for a wise man, who sees all the world change every season, without ever changing himself.

I have been reading the description of Pliny's house with an eye to yours, but, finding they will bear no comparison, will try if it can be matched by the large country-seat I inhabit at present, and see what figure it may make by the help of a florid description.[2]

You must expect nothing regular in my description, any more than in the house; the whole vast edifice is so disjointed, and the several parts of it so detached one from the other, and yet

[1] Buckingham House.

[2] It is not easy to determine whether Pope had any particular place in view, the peculiarities of which he has exaggerated; or whether the whole is the work of his own imagination. If we had not reason to believe that he held the Duke of Buckingham in great respect, we might be inclined to believe, from the comparison between the domestic accommodations of authors in ancient and modern times, as well as from some parts of the description, that he intended to ridicule the very minute and particular manner in which the Duke has drawn up his account of Buckingham House.—ROSCOE. The description that follows is, with a few variations, identical with the fanciful picture of Stanton Harcourt, sent to Lady M. W. Montagu. Pope may have sent a duplicate of the letter to the Duke of Buckingham, or, having kept a copy, he may have merely addressed it to him, instead of to Lady Mary, when the authorised edition of his letters appeared.

so joining again, one cannot tell how, that, in one of my poetical fits, I imagined it had been a village in Amphion's time, where the cottages having taken a country dance together, had been all out, and stood stone-still with amazement ever since.

You must excuse me, if I say nothing of the front; indeed I do not know which it is. A stranger would be grievously disappointed, who endeavoured to get into this house the right way. One would reasonably expect after the entry through the porch to be let into the hall: alas! nothing less! you find yourself in the house of office. From the parlour you think to step into the drawing-room, but upon opening the iron-nailed door, you are convinced by a flight of birds about your ears, and a cloud of dust in your eyes, that it is the pigeon-house. If you come into the chapel, you find its altars, like those of the ancients, continually smoking, but it is with the steams of the adjoining kitchen.

The great hall within is high and spacious, flanked on one side with a very long table, a true image of ancient hospitality: the walls are all over ornamented with monstrous horns of animals, about twenty broken pikes, ten or a dozen blunderbusses, and a rusty matchlock musquet or two, which we were informed had served in the civil wars. Here is one vast arched window beautifully darkened with divers scutcheons of painted glass: one shining pane in particular bears date 1286, which alone preserves the memory of a knight whose iron armour is long since perished with rust, and whose alabaster nose is mouldered from his monument. The face of dame Eleanor in another piece owes more to that single pane than to all the glasses she ever consulted in her life. After this, who can say that glass is frail, when it is not half so frail as human beauty or glory? and yet I cannot but sigh to think that the most authentic record of so ancient a family should lie at the mercy of every infant who flings a stone. In former days there have dined in this hall gartered knights and courtly dames attended

by ushers, sewers, and seneschals; and yet it was but last night that an owl flew hither and mistook it for a barn.

This hall lets you (up and down) over a very high threshold into the great parlour. Its contents are a broken-bellied virginal, a couple of crippled velvet chairs, with two or three mildewed pictures of mouldy ancestors, who look as dismally as if they came fresh from hell with all their brimstone about them; these are carefully set at the further corner, for the windows being every where broken, make it so convenient a place to dry poppies and mustard seed, that the room is appropriated to that use.

Next this parlour, as I said before, lies the pigeon-house, by the side of which runs an entry, which lets you on one hand and t'other into a bed-chamber, a buttery, and a small hole called the chaplain's study: then follow a brew-house, a little green and gilt parlour, and the great stairs, under which is the dairy; a little further on the right the servants' hall, and by the side of it, up six steps, the old lady's closet for her private devotions; which has a lattice into the hall, intended (as we imagine) that at the same time as she prayed, she might have an eye on the men and maids. There are upon the ground-floor in all twenty-six apartments, among which I must not forget a chamber which has in it a large antiquity of timber, that seems to have been either a bedstead, or a cyder-press.

The kitchen is built in form of the Rotunda, being one vast vault to the top of the house;[1] where one aperture serves to let out the smoke, and let in the light. By the blackness of the walls, the circular fires, vast caldrons, yawning mouths of ovens and furnaces, you would think it either the forge of Vulcan, the cave of Polypheme, or the temple of Moloch. The horror of this place has made such an impression on the country people, that they believe the witches keep their Sabbath here, and that once a year the Devil treats them

[1] This is the case with Stanton Harcourt.

with infernal venison, a roasted tiger stuffed with ten-penny nails.

Above stairs we have a number of rooms: you never pass out of one into another but by the ascent or descent of two or three stairs. Our best room is very long and low, of the exact proportion of a band-box. In most of these rooms there are hangings of the finest work in the world, that is to say, those which Arachne spins from her own bowels. Were it not for this only furniture, the whole would be a miserable scene of naked walls, flawed ceilings, broken windows, and rusty locks. The roof is so decayed, that after a favourable shower we may expect a crop of mushrooms between the chinks of our floors. All the doors are as little and low as those to the cabins of packet-boats. These rooms have for many years had no other inhabitants than certain rats, whose very age renders them worthy of this seat, for the very rats of this venerable house are grey: since these have not yet quitted it, we hope at least that this ancient mansion may not fall during the small remnant these poor animals have to live, who are now too infirm to remove to another. There is yet a small subsistence left them in the few remaining books of the Library.

We had never seen half what I have described, but for a starched grey-headed steward, who is as much an antiquity as any in this place, and looks like an old family picture walked out of its frame. He entertained us as we passed from room to room with several relations of the family; but his observations were particularly curious when he came to the cellar: he informed us where stood the triple rows of butts of sack, and where were ranged the bottles of tent, for toasts in a morning; he pointed to stands that supported the iron-hooped hogshead of strong beer; then stepping to a corner, he lugged out the tattered fragments of an unframed picture: "This (says he, with tears) was poor Sir Thomas! once master[1] of all this

[1] Not master of this mansion, but of all this *drink!* The stone steps, and the haunted chamber, and arms on the bottles, are admirable. — WARTON.

drink. He had two sons, poor young masters! who never arrived to the age of his beer; they both fell ill in this very room, and never went out on their own legs." He could not pass by a heap of broken bottles without taking up a piece to show us the arms of the family upon it. He then led us up the tower by dark winding stone steps, which landed us into several little rooms one above another. One of these was nailed up, and our guide whispered to us as a secret the occasion of it: it seems the course of this noble blood was a little interrupted about two centuries ago, by a freak of the Lady Frances, who was here taken in the fact with a neighbouring Prior, ever since which the room has been nailed up, and branded with the name of the Adultery-Chamber. The ghost of Lady Frances is supposed to walk there, and some prying maids of the family report that they have seen a lady in a farthingale through the keyhole; but this matter is hushed up, and the servants are forbid to talk of it.

I must needs have tired you by this long description: but what engaged me in it, was a generous principle to preserve the memory of that, which itself must soon fall into dust; nay, perhaps part of it, before this letter reaches your hands.

Indeed we owe this old house the same kind of gratitude that we do to an old friend, who harbours us in his declining condition, nay, even in his last extremities. How fit is this retreat for uninterrupted study, where no one that passes by can dream there is an inhabitant, and even those who would dine with us dare not stay under our roof! Any one that sees it will own I could not have chosen a more likely place to converse with the dead in. I had been mad indeed if I had left your Grace for any one but Homer. But when I return to the living, I shall have the sense to endeavour to converse with the best of them, and shall therefore as soon as possible tell you in person how much I am, &c.

4. POPE TO HER GRACE [CATHERINE,] DUCHESS OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.[1]

TWIT'NAM, *Jan.* 27, 1720.[2]

MADAM,—I think myself obliged by your Grace's many condescensions of goodness to me, in particular your informing me by a line of Dr. Ch——'s[3] state of health. I am really impatient to hear further of him.

The morning I left the town, I went with Mr. Jervas to Belluchi's,[4] but parting in haste, I had not his opinion at large; only he assures me, he thinks the figures will not be too small, considering that those which are nearest the eye, are, at least, as large as the life. I cannot but be of opinion that my Lord Duke's and your Grace's ought to be made portraits, and as like as possible; of which they have yet no resemblance. There being no picture (as I believe) of the Duke in profile, it might be well, I fancy, if Belluchi copied the side-face from that busto that stands in the saloon.

I beg your Grace's pardon for the freedom with which I write to you: and I ought to ask it (now I think on it), on another occasion, in which I have used too much freedom:

[1] The Duke married to his third wife Catherine, natural daughter of King James II. (by Catherine Sedley, daughter of Sir Charles Sedley, whom he created Countess of Dorchester, and who, upon his abdicating the throne, married the Earl of Portmore): he dignified her with the name of the Lady Catherine Darnley, gave her the place of a duke's daughter, and permitted her to bear his arms. She was, very young, left a widow by James, Earl of Anglesey, from whom she was divorced by the King and both Houses of Parliament, for the Earl's ill-usage of her.—CURLL.

[2] First appeared in Curll, 1735, iii. i., and not included in Pope's Works until Bowles, x. 144. The date cannot be correct, for there is reference to the Duke's monument, and the Duke did not die until the 24th Feb., 1720–21.

[3] Chamberlen's.—CURLL.

[4] The statuary who composed the Duke's monument, to which this alludes; whereon are represented the portraiture of his Grace, habited like a Roman general; and at his feet, that of her Grace weeping. On the top of the basis of the column is seen, in relievo, Time bearing away the four deceased Children of the Duchess, whose effigies are represented in profile-bustos, supported by Cupids lamenting.—CURLL.

having a great esteem for the famous Bononcini, not only from his great fame, but from a personal knowledge of his character; and this being increased by the ill-treatment he has met with here, I ventured among other persons of the first distinction, who subscribed to me for his composures, newly engraved, to set down the name of your Grace. When I did this, your Grace was at Bath, and I forgot ever since to tell you of it, until now, when the book's[1] coming out, put me in mind of it.

If you can excuse this fault, I sincerely think I shall not err this way again, until such another great man as Bononcini arises (for whenever that happens, I doubt not the English will use him as scurvily), but that your Grace needs not apprehend, during our lives. I am, with the sincerest respect, madam, your Grace's most obliged, most obedient servant.

5. THE DUCHESS OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE TO POPE.[2]

[1725.]

S^r^,—I am much obliged to Lord Harcourt for his friendly assistance in helping my son against ye variety of injustices wch we meet with from Ward,[3] there is no Body who can be oblidg'd, whos Gratitude is soe useles as a woeman's & a child's, but jle answer for ye first having a great share of it, & J hope ye other will alwaye shew ye same disposition. I am always, S^r^, y^r^ faithfull humble serv. K. B.

I have wrote to Lord Trevor, who has apointed a meeting at our house, & hopes to have ye business heard ye Sessions. J expect you to morrow.

[1] His Cantatas.—CURLL.

[2] Homer MSS. K. B. was the then fashion of signing Katherine, Buckinghamshire. The Duchess of Queensberry signed K. Q. See Suffolk Correspondence. The internal evidence is conclusive as to the writer.

[3] The names are generally defaced.

6. THE DUCHESS OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE TO POPE.[1]

[1725.]

THIS is first to tell you y^t^ I hope you found your mother in very good Health, & made your peace with ye old woeman for staying abroad soe long, she will probably describe you by the Gadder as she did Mr Compton[2] by ye Proser.

I know 'tis unnecessary, but I desire you to say nothing of what you know of Mr. Sheffield,[3] being at present not well in my favour, Except to my Lord Bathurst, in case he mentions it, because J have many reasons to have ye particular Circumstances as little spoke on as possible, & not ye Man at all, at least for some time. I am ever, Sr. yr. most humble serv^t^.

K. B.

[1] From the Homer MSS.

[2] Perhaps Sir Spencer Compton, Speaker of the House of Commons; Lord Orford calls him "a worthy man, of exceedingly grave formality, but of no parts." He was created Earl of Wilmington after the accession of George II.

[3] Mr. Sheffield and Bathurst are both erased, but may with ease be deciphered. The Duke, by his will, gave his alum works to his "nearest kinsman," Mr. Robert Sheffield, of Kensington. This, probably, is the gentleman "at present not well in my favour."

LETTERS

BETWEEN

POPE AND LORD MARCHMONT.

FROM 1739 TO 1744.

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1. POPE TO THE VISCOUNT POLWARTH.[1]

MR. ALLEN'S, BATH, *Jan.* 10*th*, 1739.

MY LORD,—I have at last prevailed over my modesty to write to your Lordship. It is a truth I desired one of my friends to tell you that the only reason I did not in all this time, was, that I esteem you so much that I cannot tell what to say to you. I can account to myself for the motives, near or remote, of most of the old and young men's virtue and public spirit; and I can perceive some views or other in each; but if you have any, in any degree adequate to the spirit you act with, I think they must be very great: you must be interested in a higher view than others, and therefore I wish I knew what it is, that I may admire you less, and understand you better.

You cannot think how three months of this winter have thinned my correspondences, the leaves have dropped off more and more every week. The world about St. James's could not faster forget a retired Minister, but I think I can

[1] First published in Marchmont Papers.

forget that world much easier than he could do. I am learning Horace's verse—

"Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis;"

but I learn it (what I think the best way) backwards:

In unambitious silence be my lot,
Yet ne'er a friend forgetting, till forgot!

My Lord Cornbury[1] will not fall under this predicament; it is I that do not write to him, for a reason not unlike that which made me silent to you. I do not pay him because he has trusted me too deep. I am in debt, too, to Cleland, but it is for another sort of coin of a more plentiful kind than Lord Cornbury's; however, pray, when you see him (that I may be honest, even to farthings), give him my receipt:

Jan. 10*th*, 1739.

Received of Mr. Cleland[2] the sum of six pages quarto of an obliging letter, for which I hereby acknowledge myself accountable. A. POPE.

Now, my Lord, to the whole business of this letter. I only wish to know you, and all you love, are well, and particularly that Lord Marchmont is as well as yourself. I wish him almost as young, too (deducting only those years without which he could not have forgot you). I am, with the sincerest respect, and warmest affection, my Lord, your most faithful and obliged servant.

[1] Eldest son of the Earl of Clarendon, long member for the University of Oxford. He was a Tory, but defended Sir Robert Walpole, when Mr. Sandys moved an address for his removal on Feb. 13, 1741.—ROSE.

[2] This appears to be Mr. William Cleland, a Scotsman, educated at Utrecht, who served in Spain, had the rank of Major, and was afterwards in the Civil Service. He was a man highly esteemed, and of great learning. He is mentioned by Swift and Pope, and was an intimate friend of the latter. He was one of the persons to whom the proceedings of the Scots Peers, who met at Edinburgh on the 1st of December, 1773, were to be communicated.—ROSE.

2. POPE TO LORD POLWARTH.[1]

MR. ALLEN'S AT BATH, *Jan. 9th*, 1740.

MY LORD,—That I am mindful of you, while I live, is the greatest of truths. That I live, I desired a friend of mine to tell you. That you are well I shall also hear, whether you write to me or not. If I do not hear I shall be in pain, and write to you. What then have I to say? I only write now to tell you that you are remembered by one whose memory you will think a credit, and find a comfort to you. He says of you that you assist your country's friends—*et consilio, et voce, et etiam vultu.*

May you continue to do this till we become a people deserving your utmost care! At present even this is more than we deserve. But pray, my Lord, know there is one more, who knows your heart, and honours your virtue, besides Lord B——,[2] and that is, your faithful servant.

I am in great pain to find out Mr. Hook.[3] Does your Lordship or Mr. Hume, or Dr. King, know where he is?

3. POPE TO LORD MARCHMONT.[4]

February 29th, 1740.

MY LORD,—If God had not given this nation to perdition he would not have removed from its service the men whose capacity and integrity alone could have saved it; but if you despaired of it before, you should the less regret your present situation, for I dare say no vanity but the sole view of doing good was your motive of action. You are reduced to philosophy, as Bolingbroke was before you; but you can animate,

[1] First published in Marchmont Papers.

[2] Lord Bolingbroke.—ROSE.

[3] The historian.—ROSE.

[4] Marchmont Papers. Lord Marchmont having lost his father, had consequently gone out of the House of Commons. Pope, by mistake, directs this letter to him as Lord Polwarth. —ROSE.

you can supply, you can better a better age than this, and prepare happier scenes for the coming generation. I will answer for it the world will have you again, if ever the world grows worthy of you; and whenever Providence finds us to merit your help, it will put you in a capacity of helping us.

I wish to see you while I may. I am afraid of losing you, as I have lost those whom I most wished to have lived with and for. What hour shall I meet Dr. King to-morrow? It is only a modest periphrasis for asking what hours you can allow to one who honours you truly. Your Lordship's ever obliged servant.

4. POPE TO HUGH, EARL OF MARCHMONT.[1]

June 22nd [1740].

MY LORD,—The more I wish to be remembered by you, the less I feel myself able to deserve your regard, and the more faint will my expressions be, as the sense is strong of that inability; but above all times, I am at this least disposed to speak what I feel, and still more unwilling to add to your concern, which, I know, is greater than that of any man less honest, and less a lover of his country can possibly be; and therefore greater than almost any man's whatsoever; yet may not one miserable comfort be denied to you, even from the loss of Sir William Wyndham, that your own seclusion from public business will be mitigated by the thought, what an assistant you must now have wanted had you continued in it, and that there is no man left worthy to draw with, if you consider him entire, head and heart. For the same ability without the same spirit, strength without union, drawing ever so powerfully, without drawing all one way, are either to no purpose or a bad one. The only one fit to work with you is gone, and you must have tugged by yourself where no single force can prevail, no single virtue animate. Two props may support

[1] First published in Marchmont Papers.

one another; but one prop cannot stand by itself. You could only have laid down and seen the State (if it should change its supporters) come to lean upon *two* as *bad legs* as carry the present Minister. I do not know now whose life or death to wish for; I know whose death I should have wished, some years ago, to have prevented the mischiefs that are now remediless, and whose lives to have enjoyed better times; but in certain situations it is happier for honest men to die than live, and in some times fitter that knaves should govern to stand charged with the infamy of them to posterity. God Almighty certainly knows what he does when he removes those from us whose lives we pray for, and leaves behind those scourges which a mercenary people deserve, though the partiality of a few virtuous or brave men (who happen to be born among them) would save them. We do not live, my Lord, under the Jewish dispensation, nor are to imagine the most dirty, rascally race on earth are the favourite people of God. You know when they were so, after they had provoked him enough, he punished them with an absolute king; he has done as much to all Europe of late days, and if Britain should be the only corner left still free, do you think it will not be more his goodness than our merit? I would willingly turn to any subject from that, which not only extremely afflicts me, but those two men in the world whom I most esteem. I mean the man who led, and the man who seconded the great and worthy person we have lost. In all the steps he made of late, when the true interests and honour of his country became his only passion, his judgment was determined by the one, and his action by the other: with the one he could not have erred, with the other he could not have cooled, in any generous purpose: and it is not the world or the party that I condole with on this death, but those two who feel for the public what it feels not for itself, and what party men but pretend to feel. If I see any man merry within a week after this I will affirm him no patriot; and such I have seen who

might at least have seemed more concerned, since they can be hot without principle, passionate without affection, and eloquent without sensation. It would anger a warm or a tender heart so much to see the conduct of the world on all the most important or affecting occasions that one would be tempted to wish every such thinking, or feeling retired from it. I who have really no other, or no equal merit to that of loving or pursuing merit in and through others do sincerely wish myself in Scotland or the forests, contemplating some *one good mind* preferably to the melancholy study of the world, or reading the very worst sort of books, men and manners. The very gazetteer is more innocent and better bred.[1] When he abuses the brave or insults the dead he lays the fault another day upon his *printer;* but our great men cannot so much as lay their brutalities and ill-breeding upon their *porters* and *footmen;* they hate honour openly, and pray devoutly for the removal of all virtue. Their prayers have been pretty well heard, and when one or two more are gone, the nation will be much of a piece. I could then be glad to travel, and I could then be more glad if your Lordship would travel. You may perhaps think it less merit to travel from Scotland than from Twitnam. But consider, here is a camp close by, in whose neighbourhood Minerva cannot dwell, though no Mars be there. I am seriously desirous to run from my country, if you will run from yours, and study popery and slavery abroad a while, to reconcile ourselves to the Church and State we may find at home on our return. Pray, my Lord, do not think I can forget you, nor on that imagination use me, as if I could, by not putting me in mind of you. Whether you take any notice of me or not, I shall never see any good or any evil happen to this country, but I shall immediately ask myself the question, how will it please or displease Lord Marchmont? and I shall set my own mind by that

[1] Compare Epilogue to Satires 1 to 4:

No gazetteer more innocent than I.

either to be glad or sorry. May every domestic happiness attend you, and resignation and expectation mend whatever is amiss and palliate whatever is incurable as to the public. Believe no man more your mindful servant than I: but Lord Chesterfield and Mr. Lyttelton bid me tell you they will dispute it with me.

5. POPE TO HUGH, EARL OF MARCHMONT.[1]

[1740.]

MY LORD,—I know you as incapable of neglecting a man you think well of, as a cause you think well of, and therefore, I will always be so happy as to believe myself in your memory, while I continue in the same sentiments and conduct, which alone could make me deserving in any degree of your friendship. And that you can be forgot or neglected by any honest man, is as impossible as that he should renounce virtue itself, or the cause for which he esteems you. If you knew the manner in which every one you desire to be regarded by expresses himself in your regard—both those who act in public and those who would live with you in private life—your Lordship would not stay in Scotland a day longer than your necessary affairs require. There can be nothing where you are to justify you in absenting yourself from them; and I will consent that you shall remain there as long as you find the Scots more honest and more honourable than the English. I think the time of your quitting them (upon those terms) must happen a little after my Lord I——y's arrival.[2] But for God's sake, my Lord, how much soever you may despair of any public virtue, are you to renounce the engagements of as much private as can be had in this age? If you cannot exercise with success your endeavours for your country, are you to give up the only comforts left a worthy man in that circumstance, the presence of those of the same heart, who, if they cannot

[1] First published in Marchmont Papers.

[2] Ilay's.

assist will attend, will protest, will bear testimony to truth and honour; and if those two are to die in this nation will see them decently interred, and join to weep over their graves. Is there *no duty left*, after you have discharged the last to your country? No friends; no family; no posterity. Are there no *Suppeditamenta Philosophica* to sweeten the life of a man whose conscience is clear, and makes (nay, of its own nature, must make, in spite of all clouds in the lower region), a heaven within, a situation preferable to all worldly glory, all human admiration or approbation, and above all which we call the greatest? All this, my Lord, remains still to you. These duties and these pleasures call upon you; if you enjoy and pursue them here amid the sphere of ambition and vice, you will render them greater, enhance them and invigorate them by the opposition you will cause them to make in some instances and by the example you will become of their contrarieties in all. Your spirits cannot sink, your talents cannot languish, nor continue unexerted while such provocations are around you. Whereas heaping earth over your head, and rusting into study, you will be—what shall I say you will be?—still, no doubt, an honest man, but no better than Lord C——.[1] You will very much wrong the candour that is natural to great geniuses, if you make the least doubt of Lord B——'s[2] professions of friendship. He wrote to me upon this lamented death: *Multis fortunæ vulneribus percussus, huic uni se imparem sensit.* Yet it is no untruth, I tell you, that more was said in his letter of you than of him. I will transcribe only a paragraph or two. He no sooner mentions that loss but he adds, "What a star has our Minister? Wyndham dead; Marchmont disabled![3] The loss of Marchmont and Wyndham to

[1] No doubt Lord Cornbury, whose attitude at this time was too passive or too impartial to please the Opposition. Pope probably alludes to him in a line in '1740':

Good C— hopes, and candidly sits still.

In 1741 he voted with Walpole against Sandys' motion.

[2] Bolingbroke's.

[3] Good M—m—t's fate tore P—th from thy side,
And thy last sigh was heard when W—m died.—'1740.'

our country!—I take for granted that you have a correspondence with Lord Marchmont. I writ to him the other day: but do you write to him. I wish the event of Wyndham's death may not determine him to settle in Scotland. God forbid! Do not fail when you write to tell him how much I honour his virtue and his talents, and love his person. He and you and I are by different causes in much the same situation—lovers of our country, grieved at her present state, and unable to help her. I, too, have been ill—not yet recovered—wounded afresh; yet I will try to live, and renew a fund of health that may last some little time longer and be more usefully employed abroad than my last ten years were at home." But after all this he declares himself ready to return on the first probable occasion to do any service. Pray, my lord, make this an example. For my part, I am so elevated in my own opinion by his adding me in the triumvirate, that I am the better in my heart for it, though no way else. I feel an ardent desire to be worthy to be joined to you, though but for an impotent wish, not any ability, to do good. That must be my case for ever, but you and he cannot be impotent or useless, if God shall please to save us. Unless it be his will to give us to destruction, you must be instruments of our safety; and till you can be so, your example, your exhortations will operate with the good, and cast shame upon the bad. This is the least you may do, to keep virtue and honour alive in the breasts of so many young men, who are to give them on to posterity, and to dash the forehead, and shake the soul of guilty wretches, who else would entail their profligacy on all future generations. Come then, my Lord, to those who love and want you; appear among those who fear, who hate, and yet respect you; make the noblest of figures, independent among slaves, and amiable with great talents; the fruit and exercise of which if you are deprived of at present, it may make you less *envied* but cannot make you less *esteemed*, either by friend or enemy. It may ease you of a pain—that

of attending when you can do no service, but cannot take from you a reputation, which you have for what you have done, and for what the world will think you would have done.[1]

6. POPE TO HUGH, EARL OF MARCHMONT.[2]

[1741.]

MY LORD,—Since I saw you I have an appointment from Lord Cobham to dine at Twitnam on Tuesday next. He is to ask the Duke of Argyle to meet him there. I hope that day will be convenient to y^r^ Lordship. To add you to any company enhances the sum extremely to, my dear Lord, your most faithful servant.

7. POPE TO LORD MARCHMONT.[3]

TWICKENHAM, *Oct. 10th*, 1741.

MY LORD,—One of the great evils of these immoral times is, that our superiors bear an enmity, not only to public, but private virtues, and discourage every consequence and reward of friendship itself. The post-office cannot suffer two friends quietly to enjoy the testimonies of each other's love or esteem, or to correspond upon subjects less evil, or less interested, than they would themselves. Surely this must have been the only cause that could discourage us from writing. I have only asked Mr. Hume, when he had an opportunity of sending by a safe hand, and found none. I will believe your Lordship has written, and your Lordship should believe I have written to you. But I assure you if I have no remembrances of you but what I bear, and ever shall bear in my own heart, you shall at least hear of me some way or other, if not in writing, in print; if not in life, in death; if not in a will, in something

[1] This letter was evidently written not long after Sir William Wyndham's death in 1740, and probably a few weeks after the preceding letter.

[2] First published in Marchmont Papers.

[3] First published in Marchmont Papers.

as solemn, and as sacred. For I may tell you, that I am determined to publish no more in my lifetime, for many reasons, but principally through the zeal I have to speak the *whole truth*, and neither to praise or dispraise by halves or with worldly managements. I think fifty an age at which to write no longer for amusement, but for some use, and with design to do some good. I never had any uneasy desire of fame or keen resentment of injuries, and now both are asleep together. Other ambition I never had, than to be tolerably thought of by those I esteemed; and this has been gratified beyond my proudest hopes. I hate no human being; and the moment any can reform or repent I love them sincerely. Public calamities touch me, but when I read of past times, I am somewhat comforted as to the present upon the comparison; and at the worst I thank God, that I do not yet live under a tyranny, nor an Inquisition; that I have thus long enjoyed independency, freedom of body and mind, have told the world my opinions even on the highest subjects, and of the greatest men, pretty freely; that good men have not been ashamed of me; and that my works have not died before me (which is the case of most authors); and, if they die soon after, I shall probably not know it, or certainly not be concerned at it in the next world.

The greatest, and, I think, the most rational pleasure I could enjoy, would be in a nearer intercourse with one or two whom fortune keeps at a distance from me, and from their country. To the few who deserve their care, I apply in their absence, and find much satisfaction in seeing they know your merit and importance, and never forget to talk of it. You would feel some emotion if I named their names, and wish at least (as we all do) that your private affairs were so well settled as to admit your bidding a lasting adieu to Scotland. I hope your Lordship, and another of my friends, will fix here together. I mean him who though tost all his life by so many whirls of fortune, still possesses all in

possessing himself, is too great a mind not to be a beneficent one, and must love his country however she has used him.[1] She cannot have used him worse than she has herself, in the choice of such servants as she preferred to him these twenty years. And he cannot but desire to do her the last honours if every friend he loves is resolved to attend her even to her funeral; and will, I dare answer for him, join as sincere a tear with him as any man.

What (after all) have I to say, my dear Lord? It is a pain to me to write what I must write, if I write to you, for the same things are at both our hearts, and they are displeasing things. To tell you my real respect is still more painful, for this I cannot express, though the other I can, and even to aim at expressing it would displease your modesty.

Put it all, then, I beg you, to the account of friendship; and be assured I love as much as I esteem you. I should be happier if you came to town before December; yet, if you do not, I shall be the less unhappy, since I am to be at Bath these two months or more. I will return the sooner, whenever you come; but at least, next spring, let not the motto be in vain, which I am putting over my door at Twickenham—"*Libertati et amicitiæ.*"

8. POPE TO LORD MARCHMONT.[2]

[*July* or *August*, 1743.]

So it is, and so it always is, with me, that I write last to those I love most; and now, by this rule, you are the man I love the very best. The truth is, I have nothing to tell them but what they (I flatter myself) know beyond all others, my real sensibility towards them, and my knowledge of their amiable qualities. One must necessarily tell them the same things, if one continues the same affection and esteem, therefore I turn from that honest tautology to some foreign subject;

[1] He means, of course, Bolingbroke.

[2] First published in Marchmont Papers.

and what more foreign from you than a worthless man of quality,[1] whose death has filled me with philosophy, and contempt of riches? Three hundred thousand pounds, the sum total of his life! without one worthy deed, public or private! He had just sense enough to see the bad measures we were engaged in, without the heart to *feel* for his country, or spirit to oppose what he condemned, as long as a title or a little lucrative employment could be got by his tame submission and concurrence. He loved nobody, for (they say) he has not left a legacy, not even to his flatterers; he had no ambition, with a vast deal of pride, and no dignity with great stateliness. His title only must be his epitaph; and there can be nothing on his monument remarkable except his nose, which I hope the statuary will do justice to. I should doubly congratulate our victory over the French[2] if the war would occasion you and me the recovery of our friend to England for ever. Pray how will that matter stand in his regard?[3] I should be glad either that your Lordship was but half master of Battersea or I of Twickenham. I was upon the point of writing, but will there be a free passage for letters at present? He is a great man, but will never be worth three hundred thousand pounds; yet I would rather regain him, and live with him three hundred thousand times. My Lord Chesterfield is here, and sends you his services; there is not one man at Bath besides whom I know. He has made me dine with him *en malade* though my physician prescribes me garlick, which I choose to take in sauces rather than electuaries. He tells me your Lordship has got a-head of all the gardening lords; that you have distanced Lord Burlington and Lord Cobham in the true scientific past; but he is studying after you, and has here lying before him those Thesauruses from which he affirms you draw all your knowledge—Miller's Dictionaries; but I

[1] Probably Lord Wilmington, who died 3rd July, 1743.

[2] At Dettingen.

[3] He wonders whether Lord Bolingbroke will return to England, as France might not be an agreeable place of residence for him after the English victory.

informed him better, and told him your chief lights were from Johannes Serlius, whose books he is now inquiring for of Leake the bookseller, who has wrote for them to his correspondents. I never was more at ease in my life than at this place, and yet I wish myself with you every other day at least.

There are many hours I could be glad to talk to (or rather to hear) the Duchess of Marlborough. So many incidents happen besides what Providence seems to have any regard to, in the lives and deaths of great men, that the world appears to me to be made for the instruction of the lesser only, and those great ones for our laughter; only I must except, that I hear very good things of the Earl of Bath,[1] which justly entitle him to admiration. I could listen to her with the same veneration, and belief in all her doctrines, as the disciples of Socrates gave to the words of their master, or he himself to his demon (for I think she too has a devil, whom in civility we will call a genius). I will judge of nothing till I see her. Believe me, my dear Lord, your ever obliged, ever affectionate servant.[2]

BATH, *Tuesday night.*

9. POPE TO LORDS MARCHMONT AND BOLINGBROKE.[3]

SUNDAY NIGHT, TWICKENHAM.

[*Jan.*, 1743–4.]

MY DEAR LORDS,—Yes, I would see you as long as I can see you, and then shut my eyes upon the world as a thing worth seeing no longer. If your charity would take up a small bird that is half dead of the frost, and set it a chirping for half an hour, I will jump into my cage, and put myself into your

[1] Pulteney, created Earl of Bath after Walpole's downfall.

[2] As this letter refers to the battle of Dettingen, which took place on the 26th of July, 1743, as a matter of recent congratulation, it must have been written within a few weeks after that event; another reference in it is to an event which happened early in July, 1743.

[3] First published in Marchmont Papers.

hands to-morrow at any hour you send. Two horses will be enough to draw me (and so would two dogs, if you had them), but even the fly upon the chariot wheel required some bigger animal than itself to set it a-going.

Quadrigis petimus bene vivere,

is literally true, when one cannot get into good company without horses; and such is my case. I am, faithfully, to you both, a most cordial, entire servant.

10. POPE TO HUGH, EARL OF MARCHMONT.[1]

Easter Monday,
25th March, O. S., *5th April*, N. S., 1744.

My dear Lords,—When I see a finer day, or feel a livelier hour, I find my thoughts carried to you, with whom and for whom chiefly I desire to live. I am a little revived to-day, and hope to be more so by the end of the week, since I think that was the time you gave me hope you would pass a day or two here. Mr. Murray by that time, or sooner if he can, will meet you. I hope Lord Bolingbroke has settled that with him in town. Mr. Warburton is very desirous to wait on you both. If he comes to Battersea in a morning, pray furnish him with my chaise to come on hither, and let the chaise be left here, of whose earthly part I shall make use of in my garden, though not of its aquatic. My faithful services wait on Lady Marchmont.

[1] First published in Marchmont Papers.

This letter, no doubt from Twickenham, is directed to the Earl of Marchmont, Battersea, but is evidently addressed both to him and Bolingbroke.

LETTERS

BETWEEN

POPE AND THE HON. JAMES CRAGGS.

FROM 1715 TO 1719.

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1. POPE TO THE HON. JAMES CRAGGS.[1]

July 15, 1715.

I LAY hold of the opportunity given me by my Lord Duke of Shrewsbury, to assure you of the continuance of that esteem and affection I have long borne you, and the memory of so many agreeable conversations as we have passed together. I wish it were a compliment to say, such conversations as are not to be found on this side of the water; for the spirit of dissension is gone forth among us: nor is it a wonder that Button's is no longer Button's, when old England is no longer old England, that region of hospitality, society, and good humour. Party affects us all, even the wits, though they gain as little by politics as they do by their wit. We talk much of fine sense, refined sense, and exalted sense; but for use and happiness, give me a little common sense. I say this in regard to some gentlemen, professed wits of our acquaintance, who fancy they can make poetry of consequence at this time of day, in the midst of this raging fit of politics. For they tell me the busy

[1] Letters, 1737. First appeared in the edition of 1735.

part of the nation are not more divided about Whig and Tory, than these idle fellows of the feather about Mr. T[ickle]'s and my translation. I (like the Tories) have the town in general, that is, the mob, on my side; but it is usual with the smaller party to make up in industry what they want in number, and that is the case with the little senate of Cato. However, if our principles be well considered, I must appear a brave Whig, and Mr. T[ickle] a rank Tory: I translated Homer for the public in general, he to gratify the inordinate desires of one man only. We have it seems a great Turk[1] in poetry, who can never bear a brother on the throne; and has his mutes too, a set of nodders, winkers, and whisperers, whose business is to strangle all other offsprings of wit in their birth. The new translator of Homer is the humblest slave he has, that is to say, his first minister; let him receive the honours he gives me, but receive them with fear and trembling; let him be proud of the approbation of his absolute Lord, I appeal to the people, as my rightful judges and masters; and if they are not inclined to condemn me, I fear no arbitrary high-flying proceeding from the small court-faction at Button's. But after all I have said of this great man, there is no rupture between us. We are each of us so civil and obliging, that neither thinks he is obliged: and I, for my part, treat with him, as we do with the Grand Monarch; who has too many great qualities not to be respected, though we know he watches any occasion to oppress us.

When I talk of Homer, I must not forget the early present you made me of Monsieur de la Motte's book: and I cannot

[1] He afterwards versified this thought, and indeed many others from his letters. Milton did the same from his prose works.—WARTON.

It seems to me more than probable that this portion of the letter, at least, is entirely fictitious, being composed for the purpose of adducing apparently contemporaneous evidence of the ill-treatment which Pope received from Addison, and of indirectly confirming his assertion—which had been called in question—that the character of Atticus had been written in Addison's life-time. It is very unlikely that Pope would have written in such a style to one of Addison's most intimate friends.

conclude this letter without telling you a melancholy piece of news, which affects our very entrails, L * is dead, and *soupes* are no more! You see I write in the old familiar way. "This is not to the Minister, but to the friend."[1] However it is some mark of uncommon regard to the Minister that I steal an expression from a Secretary of State. I am, &c.

2. THE HON. JAMES CRAGGS TO POPE.[2]

PARIS, *Sept.* 2, 1716.

LAST post brought me the favour of your letter of the 10th August, O. S. It would be taking too much upon me to decide that it was a witty one. I never pretend to more judgment than to know what pleases me, and can assure you it was a very agreeable one. The proof I can give you of my sincerity in this opinion is, that I hope and desire you would not stop at this, but continue more of them.

I am in a place where pleasure is continually flowing. The princes set the example, and the subjects follow at a distance. The ladies are of all parties, by which means the conversation of the men is very much softened and fashioned from those blunt disputes on politics and rough jests we are so guilty of, while the freedom of the women takes away all formality and constraint. I must own, at the same time, these beauties are a little too artificial for my taste. You have seen a French picture; the original is more painted; and such a crust of powder and essence in their hair, that you can see no difference between black and red. By disusing stays, and indulging themselves at table, they run out of all shape; but as to that, they may give you a good reason; they prefer conveniency to parade, and are by this means, as ready, as they are generally willing to be charitable.

[1] Alluding to St. John's Letter to Prior, published in the *Report of the Secret Committee.*—WARBURTON.

[2] First appeared in the edition of 1735—not in the 4to, 1737, but republished in Cooper, 1737.

I am surprised to find I have wrote so much scandal; I fancy I am either setting up for a wit, or imagine I must write in this style to a wit. I hope you will prove a good-natured one, and not only let me hear from you sometimes, but forgive the small encouragement you meet with. I will not trouble myself to finish finely; a true compliment is better than a good one; and I can assure you, without any, that I am very sincerely, sir, your, &c.

3. THE HON. JAMES CRAGGS TO POPE.[1]

[CHISWICK, 1717 ?]

SIR,—I have business wch will not permit me to have ye pleasure of y^r^ good company to morrow at dinner, but if youl do me y^t^ favour on Sunday next, and y^t^ it is not too early for you to drink chocolate wth me to morrow morning at 8 a clock you'l very much oblige your most humble servant.

Friday night.

4. THE HON. JAMES CRAGGS TO POPE.[2]

COCKPIT, *Oct.* 1, 1719.

I WAS yesterday out of town, and came directly here this morning, where I received your letter, enclosed in a very fine one from Sir Godfrey Kneller. You will easily imagine how much I am concerned at the accident which has befallen him; but I comfort myself, since his hand and head, which I could least have spared, remain in their former vigour and condition. I do not see why this misfortune is to be completed by the loss of Dr. Arbuthnot's and your good company, which you will give

[1] Homer MSS. The position suggests 1717, when Pope was living at Chiswick. In letter to Fenton, 5th May, 1717, Pope says "Craggs has taken a house close to mine." The letter of Oct. 1, 1719, to Pope, Craggs "expects you to-morrow at Battersea."

[2] From the Homer MSS.

me leave to expect to-morrow at Battersea; whe[re] we will drink Sir Godfrey's health, and make a new appointment against his recovery. I am entirely, dear sir, yours.[1]

[1] At the back of this letter (part of the rough draft of the 'Iliad,') Pope has written, "End the notes with a dedication to Mr. Congreve, as a memorial of our friendship occasioned by his translation of this last part of Homer."

LETTERS

FROM

POPE TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

1725.

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1. POPE TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.[1]

[*July*, 1725.]

My Lord,—Your Lordship will be surprised at my impudence in troubling you in y^r^ repose and elegant retirement at

[1] This and three following letters are from the Hanmer Papers, 1 vol. 8vo.

Thomas Wentworth, grand-nephew of the great Lord Strafford, succeeded in 1695 to the title of Baron of Raby. He served with distinction under King William, and was appointed ambassador to the Hague in 1711, to negotiate the peace. Swift says, Sept. 28: "The Earl of Strafford is soon to go to Holland, and let them know what we have been doing, and then there will be the devil and all to pay; but we'll make them swallow it with a pox."

The poet Prior was afterwards joined with him in the commission; on this Swift again observes:—

"Lord Strafford is as proud as hell, and how he will bear one of Prior's mean birth on an equal character with him, I know not."

It proved as Swift prophesied; for Lord Strafford absolutely refused to be joined in commission with a person of such low birth; so that the department of trade, with which Prior was to have been intrusted, was necessarily committed to the Bishop of Bristol, Lord Privy Seal, a charge which greatly added to the difficulties of the negotiation.—Sir W. Scott.

Lord Strafford remained ambassador at the Court of Holland till the accession of George the First, in 1714, when his papers were seized, and in the following year, on the 22nd of June, he was impeached by Mr. Aislaby, "for having advised the fatal suspension of arms, and the seizing of Ghent and

Boughton. You may think I could only do so at Twit'nam. And much less could you expect disturbance from any but a living bad neighbour. Yet such, my lord, is now y^r^ case, that you are to be molested at once by a living and a dead one. To explain this riddle,—you may find it very inconvenient on a Sunday (your usual day of rest here) not only to be prest in upon in an evening by me, but shoulder'd in a morning at church by Sr Godfrey Kneller and his huge lady into ye bargain. A *monition* (I think they call it) from ye Drs Commons was publish'd here last Sunday, wherein that pious widow desires their leave to pull down ye tablet I set up at ye head of y^r^ lordship's pew, to fix there a large one to Sr G. and herself with both their figures. If y^r^ lordship should really chance to take no great pleasure in beholding my name full before y^r^ eyes (which I should not wonder at), yet at least (dangerous as that name is, and dreadful to all true Protestant ears) it cannot incommode you so much as a vast three-hundred-pound pile projecting out upon you, overshadowing my Lady Strafford with ye immense draperies and stone petticoats of Lady Kneller, and perhaps crushing to pieces your lordship's posterity! This period sounds very poetical; and yet Reeves seriously tells me, and allows me to tell y^r^ lordship as seriously, that the main wall at y^r^ pew will be greatly in danger of falling by ye addition of such a tomb. What I have to beg of y^r^ lordship as a favour is, that you will please to declare your dissent and objections, directing a few lines only in general to that effect as your commands to Mr. Pearson, proctor in the Drs Commons, and inclose it to me at Twitnam.

Bruges; as well as for having treated the most Serene House of Hanover with insolence and contempt."

On the last day of August the Commons agreed to all the articles of the impeachment, which were presented to the House of Lords. The Earl made a spirited speech, stating that his papers had been taken from him in an unprecedented manner, and demanded duplicates of all the papers which had been laid before the Committee of Secrecy, and sufficient time to prepare his answer to the charges brought against him. After some altercation, this was allowed. He was never tried, but pardoned in the act of grace granted by the king in 1717.

They have appointed the *thirtieth of this month* for such of ye parish as have any objections, to show them in court, otherwise ye license will be given her. I thought fit first of all to apply to you, my Lord, who (I would fain persuade myself) will be concerned ag^st^ it, next to me; not only as the neerest neighbor to it, but as ye person I w^d^ hope w^d^ most favour me. The innovations upon all sorts of property, and ye dangers of ill precedents of all kinds, are what your lordship is a well-known opposer of: I hope you will not be so ye less though it is but the particular cause of one who so justly and so sincerely respects and honours you. I am, &c.

My mother joins in her faithful, humble services, and in my petition for your PROTEST, a word y^r^ lordship is of late well acquainted with.

2. POPE TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.[1]

TWITNAM, *July ye* 6 [1725].

MY LORD,—I deferr'd acquainting your lordship with ye process of ye affair ab^t^ ye tomb till I could receive from my proctor and from Mr. Pigot, some particulars of ye first court-day, wch is but just over. I find my lady has a mind to make ye point as *personal* as she can with *me*, thereby to disengage herself from any opposition from ye parish, and to pass over (if possible) ye merit of pretensions in general to property in monuments (the injustice of wch your l^d^ship very reasonably animadverts upon in ye letter you favoured me with; for it ruins at once all ye design of dying men, or their survivors, to perpetuate their memories by ye certain fixing of inscriptions as a property); my lady, I say, has therefore pretended, in her new allegation (wch is to be exhibited next Saturday), that besides there being no other place (y^t^ she likes) for her monum^t^ but that over y^r^ L^d^ship's pew, she claims it by a *promise pretended to be made by me to Sr Godfrey on his death-*

[1] First appeared in Hanmer Correspondence.

bed. Now if the Dⁿ Comons, upon such evidence as she shall bring, shall order hers to be erected, the injury as well as impertinence would still remain yᵉ same towards yʳ lᵈship (whose consent ought doubtless to have been asked as well as mine). And yᵉ injury to property, too, & yᵉ ill precedent is yᵉ same. So whatever she may bring her butler to say (wᶜʰ Mr. Pigot tells me is her design) of Sʳ Godfrey's understanding yᵗ I consented to it, it wᵈ only amount to make it seem that I had done foolishly, but no way obviate the general or particular objections of any other who should enter his caveat against it. But the only ground of this silly pretence of hers is what follows: I will tell yʳ lᵈship the story as shortly as I can: the particulars would make you smile (wᶜʰ I hope to tell you at Boughton). Sʳ Godfrey sent to me just before he dy'd. He began by telling me he was now convinc'd he could not live, and fell into a passion of tears. I said I hop'd he might; but yᵗ if not, he knew it was yᵉ will of God, and therefore would do his best to resign himself to it. He answer'd wᵗʰ great emotion, *No, no, no, it is the evil spirit.* The next word he said was this—*By God, I will not be buried in Westminster.* I asked him why? He answered, *They do bury fools there.* Then he sᵈ to me, My good friend, where will you be buried? I said, Wherever I drop; very likely in Twitnam. He reply'd, So will I; then proceeded to desire I wᵈ write his epitaph, wᶜʰ I promised him. It would be endless to tell yʳ lᵈship yᵉ strange things he suggested on that head: it must be in Latin, that all foreigners may read it: it must be in English too, &c. I desir'd him to be easy in all that matter, I wᵈ certainly do yᵉ best I cᵈ. Then he desir'd me that I would take down my father's monumᵗ, *For it was yᵉ best place in yᵉ church to be seen at a distance.* This (as yʳ lᵈship may well imagine) surprised me quite. I hesitated and sᵈ I fear'd it wᵈ be indecent, and yᵗ my mother must be asked as well as I. He fell crying again, and seem'd so violently moved, that in pure humanity to a dying man (as well as to one I thought

non compos), I w^d^ not directly persist in denying it strongly, but begg'd him to be easy upon ye whole, and said *I* would do for him all that I could *with decency*. These words, and that reserve, I can swear to; but y^r^ lordship sees ye whole fact (represented, upon my word, with ye strictest truth) upon wch this idle woman w^d^ ground her answer, of wch I was accidentally informed by Mr. Pigot. * *

Since I am got into another page, I will fill it with an epitaph, wch over and above my promise to Sr G. may serve for my lady's, and justly celebrates her pious design of making as large a figure on ye tomb as Sir G. himself.

> One day I mean to fill Sr Godfrey's tomb,
> If for my body all this church has room.
> Down with more monuments! more room (she cried),
> For I am very large and very wide.

My Lord, I beg y^rs^ and my Lady Strafford's acceptance of my mother's and my humble services: and am, with sincere respect and obligation, My Lord, your most obed^t^ and faithfull Servant.

3. POPE TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.[1]

TWITNAM, *Aug. 12th* [1725].

MY LORD,—I think myself obliged to acquaint your Lordship with what past upon the Chancellor of London's visiting our Church on ye 9th of this instant. Dr Henchman looked upon ye place of the monument and enquired ye dimensions; which, upon measuring, he found to be so large as to fill ye whole wall from ye very ceiling above the cornice, to ye wainscote below, wch is within 3 or 4 foot of ye ground. He questioned of ye thickness of ye wall, into which it was to be let by cutting, (as my Lady Kneller's mason there present informed him). Thos Reeves assurd him it would be of danger, and ye wall was but 2 f^t^ odd inches. He asked of y^e^

[1] First appeared in Hanmer Correspondence.

projection? wch her mason answerd was, beneath, of 18 inches, and above to 3 foot gradually. The whole, 8 f^t wide by near 14 high. He then asked, whose Pew was that before it? Edwd Reeves answered, Your Lordship's; & declared you had orderd him, in y^r name, to protest ag^t ye removal of ye mon^t. The Chancellor replyd, that undoubtedly your Lordship's reasons & objections should have the due weight, when the time came of the hearing. Upon this a very silly thing happened, wch I ought not to conceal from you. The minister, Dr Booth, with a good deal of ridiculous warmth, told Dr Henchman, *that of all men, my Ld Straffd's objections ought to have no weight, for he never came to Church.* And added, That you had never given *him* any thing, since he was Parson: with more to that idle purpose. Two that were present said my Ld Strafford had given 50*l.* to ye Church: & I observd you had scarce been in ye country since this Parson came, & that He himself had been but once a month, or not so often, here. You will smile at Dr Henchman's grave answer, wch was, *Is my Ld Strafford a Roman Catholick, or a Dissenter? If he were either, that would not lessen his right of objecting, or any other man's.* This was all y^t past.

I hope y^r L^dship and my Lady are in perfect health and happiness, without any accident from y^r late water expedition, (not even of a sore eye), arrived at another of y^r seats, and y^t you find pleasures there not inferior to those of Boughton. I believe you'l improve everything that belongs to you, as well as everything that is near you. Witness the young Duke and myself. My Mother is faithfully yours, and looks upon you as the Defender of her Husband, Son, and Family, nay the Protector of her Ashes. Believe me (my Lord), with reall respect and sincerity, your Lordship's most obliged and most faithful Servt.

The Lady Kneller has set about a report, that I would compromise the matter with her, which I assure you is quite false, and the suit continues gloriously.

4. POPE TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.[1]

[1725.]

MY LORD,—I will not deny but what you mean for a sort of reproach is really true, (and I hope in modesty, a commendation) that I should not have had the confidence to trouble you, my Lord, in the manner I have, but for the controversy with Lady Kneller; but if I lose my suit, I shall be a gainer; I mean of what I value much above anything else I can gain, of your favour and approbation in some sort, at least of your letters, for I am really not so self-conceited, as to take literally some obliging things you do me the honour to say to me. Your Lordship, I fear, however, will think I do so, when I write this without the least pretence of business, or indeed without having anything to say for myself, but the only good thing perhaps that I can say for myself, that I am sincerely your humble servant.

There ends my letter. What follows is a kind of Epitaph after ye death of my subject (a thing not unfrequent both in writers and speakers).

I did not doubt but ye acc^t^ I gave you of ye Fulminations of ye Parson ag^st^ you, w^d^ have no better effect than what usually church-thunder has upon sons of ye Court, & men of the world. It does but clear ye air of your faces, (is not that a Pun?) and leave a greater serenity than before; it makes you smile in short, as ye other makes nature smile. Well, my Lord, we submissive sons of ye mother church, ye Papists, are otherwise affected by these denunciations. We bend the knee, and kiss the toe of the Priest upon these occasions. Lady Kn. I am told, is resolved I shall go to church (though I should be ever so willing) no more than your L^d^ship; for she threatens to have me excommunicated. And so I shall no more go to church dead than alive. Is not this horrible to christian ears? very horrible, and yet after all, not half so horrible to christian

[1] First appeared in Hanmer Correspondence.

ears as a sermon of our Parson's. I shall know nothing more of my cause till ye middle or end of this month. If I then cry out for help of your Lordship, I hope my help *wch is in the Lord*, will not be *far* from me, because you may probably be returning to London & I w^d^ give a good deal you had half an hour's conference with Dr. Henchman. It is but necessary to support y^r^ character, after such an *Ecclesiastical*, I need not add to that, *Furious* attack. The truth is, the black puppy provoked me, wch was more than all the fat woman could do, with all her other dirty-gown men: a dull blockhead sometimes galls one more than a smart cunning rogue; as a blunt knife cuts and mangles worse than a keen one. I wonder ye man should be angry at y^r^ Lordship of all men, who (by his own account) are ye only one of his Parish that does not know him to be a dunce, by never having heard him hold forth.

I am as busy in three inches of gardening as any man can be in threescore acres. I fancy myself like the fellow that spent his life in cutting ye twelve apostles in one cherry stone. I have a Theatre, an Arcade, a Bowling-green, a Grove, & what not? in a bit of ground that would have been but a plate of sallet to Nebuchadnezzar, the first day he was turnd to graze. My chief comfort is, that it is too little to afford Tythe to ye afores'd Parson.

I must not omit my mother's humblest services to y^r^ L^d^ship and my Lady Strafford, my own wishes to Ld Wentworth's better health and ye young Lady's who was so obliging as not to think me an old man. I am with all unfeigned respect, and with that esteem wch I can't help, and so is no degree of merit in me, but ye meer consequence of yours, My Lord, your most obliged and obedient humble Servant.

TWITENHAM, *Oct.* 5 [1725].

LETTERS

BETWEEN

POPE AND THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

FROM 1724 TO 1735.

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1. THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH TO POPE.[1]

[1724.]

SIR,—If I can make a party with Lord Bolingbroke and Lord Harcourt to dine at Parson's Green, you will give me leave to send my coach for you. Pray do me the favour to send me the breadth and depth of the marble field.[2] You may have it measured by moonlight by a ten foot rod; or any body used to grounds will make a mere guess by passing it over. Your, &c.

[1] From the Homer MSS.

In a pamphlet called "Remarks on the Characters of the Court of Queen Anne," Lord Peterborough is thus described:

"He affects popularity, and loves to preach in coffee-houses, and public places; is an open enemy to revealed religion; brave in his person; has a good estate; does not seem expensive, yet always in debt, and very poor; a well-shaped thin man, with a very brisk look." Upon which Swift remarks, "this character is, for the most part, true," And in one of his letters he jocosely characterises him as the "ramblingest lying rogue on earth."

Boswell says, in his 'Life of Johnson': "Johnson said one day to Lord Elliot, 'I know Harte was your lordship's tutor, and he was also tutor to the Peterborough family. Pray, my lord, do you recollect any particulars that he told you of Lord Peterborough? He is a favourite of mine, and is not enough known; his character has only been ventilated in party pamphlets.' Lord Elliot told him some few particulars, but said the best account of Lord Peterborough was in 'Captain Carleton's Memoirs."

[2] Probably *Marble* Hill, negotia-

2. THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH TO POPE.[1]

[1724.]

S[r],—I intended to waite on Mrs. Howard to day att Richmond, but going in the night to Lady Mohun, I have gott such a cold & pain in my breast, that I am forced to sweat to endeavour to remove itt in the beginning.

I was impatient to know the issue of the affaire, and what she intended for this autumn, for no time is to be lost either if she intends to build out houses or prepare for planting, I will send to-morrow to know if you can give me any account, will call upon you as soon as I am able, that we may goe to gether to Mrs. Howard.

Pray tell her I was charged with compliments to her from Lady Mohun, who was despaired of the day before yesterday, but I left her happily out of pain & out of danger. S[r]. Your most affectionate Serv[t].

3. POPE TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.[2]

August 24, 1728.

MY LORD,—I presume you may before this time be returned from the contemplation of many beauties, animal and vegetable, in gardens; and possibly some rational, in ladies; to the better enjoyment of your own at Bevis-Mount. I hope, and believe, all you have seen will only contribute to it. I am not so fond of making compliment to ladies as I was twenty years ago, or I would say there are some very reasonable, and one in particular there. I think you happy, my lord, in being at least half the year almost as much your own master as I am mine the whole year: and with all the disadvantageous incum-

tions for which were secretly in progress in 1723; see Suffolk Correspondence, i. 106. Bolingbroke returned to England for a short time in June, 1723, and permanently in 1724, which is perhaps the date of the letter.

[1] From the Homer MSS.

[2] First appeared in the 4to, 1737.

brances of quality, parts, and honour, as mere a gardener, loiterer, and labourer, as he who never had titles, or from whom they are taken. I have an eye in the last of these glorious appellations to the style of a lord degraded or attainted: methinks they give him a better title than they deprive him of in calling him labourer; *Agricultura*, says Tully, *proxima sapientiæ*, which is more than can be said, by most modern nobility, of Grace or Right Honourable, which are often *proxima stultitiæ*. The Great Turk, you know, is often a gardener, or of a meaner trade: and are there not (my lord) some circumstances in which you would resemble the Great Turk! The two paradises are not ill connected, of gardens and gallantry; and some there are (not to name my Lord B.)[1] who pretend they are both to be had, even in this life, without turning Musselmen.

We have as little politics here within a few miles of the court (nay perhaps at the court) as you at Southampton; and our ministers, I dare say, have less to do. Our weekly histories are only full of the feasts given to the Queen and royal family by their servants, and the long and laborious walks her Majesty takes every morning. Yet if the graver historians hereafter shall be silent of this year's events, the amorous and anecdotical may make posterity some amends, by being furnished with the gallantries of the great at home; and it is some comfort, that if the men of the next age do not read of us, the women may.

From the time you have been absent, I have not been to wait on a certain great man,[2] through modesty, through idleness, and through respect. But for my comfort I fancy, that any great man will as soon forget one that does him no harm, as he can one that has done him any good. Believe me, my Lord, yours.

[1] No doubt Lord Bathurst, whose affairs of gallantry were notorious.

[2] Probably Sir Robert Walpole.—BOWLES.

4. THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH TO POPE.[1]

[1731.]

I MUST confess, that in going to Lord Cobham's, I was not led by curiosity. I went thither to see what I had seen and what I was sure to like.

I had the idea of those gardens so fixed in my imagination by many descriptions, that nothing surprized me; immensity and Van Brugh[2] appear in the whole, and in every part. Your joining in your letter animal and vegetable beauty, makes me use this expression: I confess the stately Sacharissa at Stow, but am content with my little Amoret.[3]

I thought you indeed more knowing upon the subject, and wonder at your mistake: why will you imagine women insensible to praise, much less to yours? I have seen them more than once turn from their lover to their flatterer. I am sure the farmeress at Bevis in her highest mortifications, in the middle of her Lent,[4] would feel emotions of vanity, if she knew you gave her the character of a reasonable woman.

You have been guilty again of another mistake, which hindered me showing your letter to a friend; when you join two ladies in the same compliment, though you gave to both the beauty of Venus and the wit of Minerva, you would please neither.

If you had put me into the Dunciad, I could not have been more disposed to criticise your letter. What, Sir, do you bring it in as a reproach, or as a thing uncommon to a court, to be without politics? With politics indeed the Richlieus and such folk have brought about great things in former days; but what are they, Sir, who, without policy in our times, can make ten treaties in a year, and secure everlasting peace?

[1] First published in 4to, 1737.

[2] The architect of Stowe.

[3] Alluding to Waller's Sacharissa and Amoret.

His little Amoret was Bevis-Mount, overlooking Itchin Ferry, and the Southampton River, where Pope spent many days, and where a walk is still called by his name.—BOWLES.

[4] The Countess of Peterborough, a Roman Catholic.—WARBURTON.

I can no longer disagree with you, though in jest. Oh how heartily I join with you in your contempt for Excellency and Grace, and in your esteem of that most noble title Loiterer. If I were a man of many plums,[1] and a good heathen, I would dedicate a temple to laziness: no man sure could blame my choice of such a Deity, who considers, that, when I have been fool enough to take pains, I always met with some wise man able to undo my labours. Your, &c.

5. POPE TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.[2]

[1731.]

You were in a very polemic humour when you did me the honour to answer my last. I always understood, like a true controvertist, that to answer is only to cavil and quarrel; however, I forgive you, you did it (as all Polemics do) to show your parts. Else was it not very vexatious, to deny me to commend two women at a time? It is true, my Lord, you know women as well as men: but since you certainly love them better, why are you so uncharitable in your opinion of them? Surely one lady may allow another to have the thing she herself least values, reason, when beauty is uncontested. Venus herself could allow Minerva to be Goddess of wit, when Paris gave her the apple (as the fool herself thought) on a better account. I do say that Lady P** is a reasonable woman; and I think she will not take it amiss, if I should insist upon esteeming her, instead of toasting her like a silly thing I could name, who is the Venus of these days. I see you had forgot my letter, or would not let her know how much I thought of her in this reasonable way: but I have been kinder to you, and have shown your letter to one who will take it candidly.

But, for God's sake, what have you said about politicians?

[1] A plum is a hundred thousand pounds.

[2] First appeared in the 4to, 1737.

you made me a great compliment in the trust you reposed in my prudence, or what mischief might not I have done you with some that affect that denomination? Your lordship might as safely have spoken of heroes. What a bluster would the God of the winds have made, had one that we know puffed against Æolus, or (like Xerxes) whipped the seas? They had dialogued it in the language of the Rehearsal,

> I'll give him flash for flash—
> I'll give him dash for dash—

But all now is safe; the poets are preparing songs of joy, and halcyon days are the word.

I hope, my Lord, it will not be long before your dutiful affection bring you to town. I fear it will a little raise your envy to find all the Muses employed in celebrating a royal work,[1] which your own partiality will think inferior to Bevis-Mount. But if you have any inclination to be even with them, you need but put three or four wits into any hole in your garden, and they will out-rhyme all Eton and Westminster. I think, Swift, Gay, and I could undertake it, if you don't think our heads too expensive: but the same hand that did the others, will do them as cheap. If all else should fail, you are sure at least of the head, hand, and heart of your servant.

Why should you fear any disagreeable news to reach us at Mount-Bevis? Do as I do even within ten miles of London, let no news whatever come near you. As to public affairs, we never knew a deader season: it is all silent, deep tranquillity. Indeed, they say, it is sometimes so just before an earthquake. But whatever happens, cannot we observe the wise neutrality of the Dutch, and let all about us fall by the ears? or if you, my lord, should be pricked on by any old-fashioned notions of honour and romance, and think it necessary for the General of the Marines to be in action, when our fleets are in motion,

[1] The Hermitage.—WARBURTON.

meet them at Spithead, and take me along with you. I decline no danger where the glory of Great Britain is concerned: and will contribute to empty the largest bowl of punch that shall be rigged out on such an occasion. Adieu, my Lord, and may as many years attend you, as may be happy and honourable.

6. THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH TO POPE.[1]

[1731.]

You must receive my letters with a just impartiality, and give grains of allowance for a gloomy or rainy day; I sink grievously with the weather-glass, and am quite spiritless when oppressed with the thoughts of a birth-day, or a return.

Dutiful affection was bringing me to town, but undutiful laziness, and being much out of order, keep me in the country; however, if alive, I must make my appearance at the birth-day. Where you showed one letter you may show the other; she that never was wanting in any good office in her power, will make a proper excuse, where a sin of omission, I fear, is not reckoned as a venial sin.

I consent you shall call me polemic, or associate me to any sect or corporation, provided you do not join me to the charitable[2] rogues or to the pacific politicians of the present age. I have read over Barclay[3] in vain, and find, after a stroke given on the left, I cannot offer the right cheek for another blow: all I can bring myself to is, to bear mortification from the fair sex with patience.

You seem to think it vexatious that I shall allow you but one woman at a time, either to praise or love. If I dispute with you upon this point, I doubt every jury will

[1] First appeared in the 4to, 1737.

[2] Alluding to the Charitable Corporation, satirised in the Third Moral Essay.

[3] Barclay's Apology for Quakers. —Pope, 1737.

give a verdict against me. So, Sir, with a Mahometan indulgence, I allow you pluralities, the favourite privilege of our church.

I find you do not mend upon correction; again I tell you, you must not think of women in a reasonable way; you know we always make goddesses of those we adore upon earth; and do not all the good men tell us, we must lay aside reason in what relates to the Deity?

It is well the poets are preparing songs of joy: it is well to lay in antidotes of soft rhyme against the rough prose they may chance to meet with at Westminster. I should have been glad of anything of Swift's. Pray, when you write to him next, tell him I expect him with impatience, in a place as odd, and as much out of the way, as himself. Yours.

7. THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH TO POPE.[1]

1732.

I AM under the greatest impatience to see Dr. Swift at Bevis-Mount, and must signify my mind to him by another hand, it not being permitted me to hold correspondence with the said Dean, for no letter of mine can come to his hands.

And whereas it is apparent, in this Protestant land, most especially under the care of Divine Providence, that nothing can succeed or come to a happy issue but by bribery; therefore let me know what he expects to comply with my desires, and it shall be remitted unto him.

For though I would not corrupt any man for the whole world, yet a benevolence may be given without any offence to conscience; every one must confess that gratification and corruption are two distinct terms: nay, at worst, many good men hold that for a good end some very naughty measures may be made use of.

[1] First appeared in the 4to, 1737.

But, sir, I must give you some good news in relation to myself, because I know you wish me well; I am cured of some diseases in my old age, which tormented me very much in my youth.

I was possessed with violent and uneasy passions, such as a peevish concern for truth,[1] and a saucy love for my country.

When a Christian priest preached against the spirit of the Gospel, when an English judge determined against Magna Charta, when the minister acted against common sense, I used to fret.

Now, sir, let what will happen, I keep myself in temper. As I have no flattering hopes, so I banish all useless fears; but as to the things of this world, I find myself in a condition beyond expectation; it being evident from a late parliamentary inquiry,[2] that I have as much ready money, as much in the funds, and as great a personal estate, as Sir Robert S-tt-n.

If the translator of Homer find fault with this unheroic disposition, or (what I more fear) if the Draper of Ireland accuse the Englishman of want of spirit, I silence you both with one line out of your own Horace: *Quid te exempta juvat spinis e pluribus una?* For I take the whole to be so corrupted, that a cure in any part would be of little avail. Your, &c.

8. THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH TO POPE.[3]

[1732.]

WHENEVER you apply as a good papist to your female mediatrix,[4] you are sure of success; but there is not a full assurance of your entire submission to mother church, and

[1] As may be seen from his transactions with Fenwick in the year 1696-7.—WARBURTON.

[2] The parliamentary inquiry was concerning the Charitable Corporation already spoken of; and Sir Robert Sutton was expelled the House in consequence.—BOWLES.

[3] First appeared in the 4to, 1737

[4] Lady Peterborough, a rigid papist.—WARTON.

that abates a little of your authority. However, if you will accept of country letters, she will correspond from the haycock, and I will write to you upon the side of my wheelbarrow: surely such letters might escape examination.

Your idea of the golden age is, that every shepherd might pipe where he pleased. As I have lived longer, I am more moderate in my wishes, and would be content with the liberty of not piping where I am not pleased.

O how I wish, to myself and my friends, a freedom which Fate seldom allows, and which we often refuse ourselves! Why is our Shepherdess[1] in voluntary slavery? why must our Dean submit to the colour of his coat, and live absent from us? and why are you confined to what you cannot relieve?[2]

I seldom venture to give accounts of my journeys beforehand, because I take resolutions of going to London, and keep them no better than quarrelling lovers do theirs. But the devil will drive me thither about the middle of next month, and I will call upon you, to be sprinkled with holy water before I enter the place of corruption. Your, &c.

9. THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH TO POPE.[3]

June the 13th, 1735.

SIR,—I have led myself out of Temptation, and brought myself into the ways of Penance, which the Lady approves of; it has a good Catholic sound.[4] I have left the Mount to get into the bottom, making trial of the Bath waters. Hitherto I can make no judgment; if they prove not too hot, for several of my complaints they are very proper.

Some of my uneasy symptoms are abated, but I am weaker

[1] The Shepherdess was Mrs. Howard, whom Swift, Gay, Pope, &c., used to think, from her connexion with the Court, something like a nightingale among bats and owls.—BOWLES.

[2] *i.e.*, by his mother's condition. Compare letter to Caryll of May 4th, 1732.

[3] From a fac-simile published by Glynn, in Pall Mall.

[4] See Spence, p. 152.

than I was; such long continuance of pains are scarce to be resisted; however, I submit to directions, though sometimes oppressed with too much care and kind persecution.

I writ to you from Mr. St. Andries,[1] but have not heard from you since I left Kensington. Mum agrees with me so well, and, as I am informed, is so proper for our complaints, that I send you a cask of it, as the Lady does her kind wishes.[2] Sir, your most affectionate servant.

[1] St. André, the well-known surgeon.

[2] Compare Dunciad, Book ii., 385. Editor's note.

LETTERS

BETWEEN

POPE AND LORD HARCOURT.

FROM 1722 TO 1725.

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1. LADY HARCOURT TO POPE'S MOTHER.[1]

To Mrs. Pope.

Madam,—I send you a letter your son left for you, the charriot will be with you to morrow about eleven, in which you must remember to bring my friend nurse. I am, Madam, your very humble Servt.

2. LORD HARCOURT TO POPE.[2]

27 *Apr.* 1722. Cockthorp.

Dear Sr,—I have recd your very obliging letter, and can with great truth assure you, that it was with much uneasinesse that we submitted to the appearance of a necessity to leave ye town, without taking leave of Mrs. Pope and yourself, the Badness of ye ways and weather for some time prevented us from giving you that trouble, and ye weather no sooner

[1] Mrs. Pope appears to have been treated with great respect, and always kindly remembered by the Harcourts. The following from the Homer MSS. appears to have been written from Cockthorpe, and sent to Mrs. Pope when, in 1718, she was staying with her son at Stanton Harcourt.

[2] From Homer MSS.

changed than Dr Mead press'd us to get into the Country for the Recovery of my Grandson's cough: He is much better since he came hither, & I hope in a few days will be perfectly well. I have some thoughts of coming to town with my wife about the Middle of August. Whenever any objection throws itself in our way, the pleasing thoughts of waiting on Mrs. Pope, weighs down the scale. If anything should lead you into these parts, you will allways here meet with a most sincere & hearty wellcome. I am, Sr, your most Affectionate & faithfull humble Servt.

Pray assure Nurse I have not forgott her.

3. LORD HARCOURT TO POPE.[1]

December 6 [1722].

I CANNOT but suspect myself of being very unreasonable in begging you once more to review the inclosed. Your friendship draws this trouble on you. I may freely own to you, that my tenderness makes me exceeding hard to be satisfied with any thing which can be said on such an unhappy subject. I caused the Latin epitaph to be as often altered before I could approve it.

When once your epitaph is set up, there can be no alteration of it; it will remain a perpetual monument of your friendship, and, I assure myself, you will so settle it, that it shall be worthy of you. I doubt whether the word *denied*, in the third line, will justly admit of that construction which it ought to bear, viz. renounced, deserted, &c.; *denied* is capable, in my opinion, of having an ill sense put upon it, as too great uneasiness, or more good nature, than a wise man ought to have.[2] I very well remember you told me you could scarce mend

[1] First appeared in 4to, 1737.

[2] The third line of the epitaph is now—

Who ne'er knew joy, but friendship might divide.

those two lines, and therefore I can scarce expect my forgiveness for my desiring you to reconsider them.

Harcourt stands dumb, and Pope is forc'd to speak.[1]

I cannot perfectly, at least without farther discoursing you, reconcile myself to the first part of that line; and the word *forc'd*, (which was my own, and, I persuade myself, for that reason only submitted to by you) seems to carry too doubtful a construction for an epitaph, which, as I apprehend, ought as easily to be understood as read. I shall acknowledge it as a very particular favour, if at your best leisure you will peruse the inclosed and vary it, if you think it capable of being amended, and let me see you any morning next week. I am, &c.

4. POPE TO LORD HARCOURT.[2]

TWITENHAM, *Feb. 20th* [1722-3].

MY LORD,—It is really the height of respect to you that I do not write oftener; for every day since I saw your Lordship I have had much difficulty to refrain from telling you what you need not be told: the warm sense I ever must have of the obligations of every kind you have laid and are daily laying upon me. I could almost forget all respect and distance, and use the phrase to you which I used to Mr. Harcourt [Friendship] and never say [Obligations] more.

The advice your Lordship gave me has not been the single reason of my stay here in the country, for God and Nature have given me another, in my poor mother's illness, which

[1] It was altered in the epitaph to—

If Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak.

Johnson says: "The epitaph is principally remarkable for the artful introduction of the name, which is inserted with a peculiar felicity, to which chance must concur with genius, which no man can hope to attain twice, and which cannot be copied but with servile imitation."

[2] Transcribed by Mr. Peter Cunningham from the original at Nuneham.

has been dangerous, though she now seems to recover. I think my melancholy office of attending her in this last decline of life, is much like that of watching over a taper that is expiring; and even when it burns a little while brighter than ordinary, is but the nearer going out. And such indeed are the very best intervals of life when so nigh its end.

I have lately been struck with a thought upon which, as upon all others, I would be determined by your Lordship's advice. In case I am under any displeasure of my governours', however innocently,[1] I should be uneasy to be obliged, in the affair of Homer, by any who dislike me: neither do I believe you would have me. Your Lordship, I very well know, has defended me to many, with that weight and success which attends whatever defence is made by you. With Lord Carteret I have had myself an opportunity of éclaircissement;[2] but I have a particular inclination (if you judge it not unfitting) to write a word, in the most respectful terms, to my Lord Chancellor,[3] proposing to resign my design on the Odyssey to Tickell,[4] in deference to his judgment, and at the same time take occasion to vindicate myself from being a party-man, to him who is more absolutely a stranger to me than any man (I believe) in the Government. I've drawn up such a letter, which I'll consult you upon, when I've the pleasure to see your Lordship next. It will at least make you smile, if it be good for nothing else. I fancy in general my appearing cool in this matter, and taking upon me a kind of dignity while I am abused and slandered, will have no ill effect in promoting it.

My mother is not so ill but she will always remember her

[1] He refers to the outcry against the Duke of Buckingham's works, which he had edited, and which contained passages showing Jacobite tendencies. See vol. viii. p. 191, note [2].

[2] In his letter of Feb. 16, 1723.

[3] Lord Cowper.

[4] Pope undertook to translate the Odyssey in three years, at the beginning of 1722-3. See Gay's letter to Swift of Jany. 24, 1722. See also letter from Pope to Lord Harley, of Feb. 16, 1723, vol. viii. p. 191.

services to your family. I am ever, my Lord, your most faithful servant.

5. POPE TO LORD HARCOURT.[1]

Monday, 9 a clock [5 *May*, 1723].

MY LORD,—Your Lordship gave me a hint in relation to what I was to say before ye Lords,[2] and to the proper manner of answering, wch I thought would be of great service to me, as well as extremely obliging in your Lordship. I shall certainly, to the best of my memory, observe it. But I have chanc't to drop a paper in which I had sett it down, and where I had entered another memorandum to ask you about, which makes me wish I had found an opportunity this day or early to-morrow, to talk to your Lordship hereon. I resolve to take any opportunity of declaring (even upon oath) how different I am from what a reputed Papist is. I could almost wish I were ask'd if I am not a Papist? Would it be proper in such a case to reply, that I don't perfectly know the import of the word, and would not answer anything that might, for ought I know, be prejudicial to me, during the bill against such, which is depending. But that *if to be a Papist be to profess and hold many such tenets of faith as are ascribed to Papists, I am not a Papist; and if to be a Papist be to hold any that are averse to or destructive of the present Government, King, or Constitution, I am no Papist.*[3] I very much wish I had your Lordship's opinion a little more at large, since probably I may not be called upon this day or to-morrow. I know your humanity and particular kindness to me, and therefore will add no more, but that I am, what it is impossible for me not to be, highly sensible of it, and entirely y^r^ Ldship's most obliged faithful serv^t^.

[1] Transcribed by Mr. Peter Cunningham from the original at Nuneham.

[2] At the trial of Atterbury.

[3] He evidently writes with a vivid recollection of the trouble into which his editorship of the Duke of Buckingham's works had brought him. See his letter, *ante*, of Feb. 20, 1723.

6. POPE TO LORD HARCOURT.

Twitenham, *June 21st*, 1723.[1]

My Lord,—I write this to your Lordship in the zeal and fulness of my heart, which has scarce permitted me to stay till your return from Oxfordshire (of which I had the news but to-day). You have done me many and great favours, and I have a vast deal to thank you for. But I shall now go near to forget all that is past, and perhaps be so ungrateful as never to mention it more; since everything you could hitherto do for me is quite swallowed up and lost in what you have now done for me and for the whole nation, in restoring to us my Lord Bolingbroke. Allow me, my Lord, in a private letter to phrase it thus plainly, and not to seek other terms, to seem to lessen my own particular obligation, in ascribing any great part of it to any other than yourself. Allow me farther to say (with a freedom which your Lordship's constant openness, and may I presume to think friendship? has encouraged me to use with all possible respect to you), that nothing which could have been a mortification to me this year, either as to the loss of any of my fortune[2] or any of my friends, could have been so well recompensed as by this action of our Government. My personal esteem for and obligation to my Lord Bolingbroke are such, that I could hardly complain of any afflictions if I saw him at the end of his. I know no real merit I have, but in a sincere and lasting sense of gratitude to every friend I have found: I can deeply grieve in their grief, and rejoice in their joy. I have had my share, very lately, in one; and it is owing to your Lordship that I shall now have my turn in the other. That I may ever be happy in subjects of congratulation, and never know an occasion of

[1] Transcribed from the original at Nuneham by Mr. Peter Cunningham.

[2] Referring to the Bill for raising £100,000 by a tax on the Roman Catholics over and above the double land-tax which they had to pay.

condolence with your Lordship (after that great one which I shall never forget, on the loss of that friend,[1] to whose recommendation I owe the honour I have to call your Lordship so). This, my Lord, is the sincerest wish of him, who shall ever be, with all truth, your most faithful and obliged servant.

7. POPE TO LORD HARCOURT.[2]

Aug. 22, 1723.

MY LORD,—It is a satisfaction to me to tell your Lordship, that I shall not be any way disappointed of the honour you intend me of filling a place in your library with my picture. I came to town yesterday and got admission to Sir Godfrey Kneller, who assured me the original was done for your Lordship, and that you, and no man but you, should have it. I saw the picture there afterwards, and was told then by his man that you had sent and put a seal upon it; so I am certain this affair is settled. Give me leave, my Lord, with great sincerity, to thank you for so obliging a thought, as thus to make me a sharer in the memory as well as I was in the love of a person who was justly the dearest object to you in the world, and thus to be authorised by you to be called his friend, after both of us shall be dust. I am ever, with all good wishes to your Lordship and your family (in which, too, I must do my mother the justice to join her), my Lord, your most obliged and most faithful servant.

8. POPE TO LORD HARCOURT.

TWICKENHAM, *July 3rd* [1725].[3]

Saturday Night.

MY LORD,—I am in law, and in ye worst law—spiritual law. My Lady Kneller has petitioned the Doctors' Commons to pull down my father's monument.

[1] Lord Harcourt's son.

[2] First published in Newnham Guide, 12mo, 1797 (see Cunningham, Johnson's Lives, iii. 95).

[3] Transcribed from the original at Nuncham by Mr. Peter Cunningham.

I begged her to be easy and I would do for her whatever I could do with decency.

To strengthen this pretence she affirms that I received from Sir Godfrey some pictures on this consideration. The fact of which is that one was given me *above a year before* (though never to this day finished), and sent indeed about that time she mentions. And another was sent by him *before I knew anything of this request of his.* She has annexed this circumstance very falsely.

Your Lordship will wonder how you can in any way be concerned in all this. One of these pictures is that of myself, which hangs in your library, which your Lordship well knows was an exchange of Sir Godfrey's with you for another picture which you had long before from him and not from me, and of which he took ye honour. But I have no proof of this.

Have pity on a man who has half Homer on his shoulders and a law suit.

My Lord Strafford, whose pew butts upon the place, has writ in strong terms to the Proctor to declare it will be dangerous to him to have so large a monument as she proposes fixt in that wall.[1]

[1] Compare Letters to Lord Strafford on this subject.

LETTER

FROM

POPE TO THE EARL OF HALIFAX.

1714.

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1. POPE TO THE EARL OF HALIFAX.[1]

December 1, 1714.

My Lord,—I am obliged to you both for the favours you have done me, and for those you intend me. I distrust neither your will nor your memory, when it is to do good:

[1] First appeared in Letters, 1737, 4to. The original letter is in the British Museum. It will be seen that it is differently dated and rather differently worded:—

Pope to Montagu, Lord Halifax.
[Addit. MSS. British Museum, No. 7121.]
December 3rd, 1714.

My Lord,—While you are doing justice to all the world, I beg you will not forget Homer, if you can spare an hour to attend his cause. I leave him with you in that hope, and return home full of acknowledgments for the Favours your L[d]ship has done me, and for those you are pleased to intend me. I distrust neither your will nor your memory, when it is to do good, and if ever I become troublesome or sollicitous it must not be out of expectation but out of gratitude. Your Lordship may either cause me to live agreeably in the Towne or contentedly in the Country; which is really all the difference I sett between an easy Fortune and a small one. It is indeed a high strain of generosity in you, to think of making me easie all my Life, only because I have been so happy as to divert you an hour or two; but if I may have leave to add, because you think me no enemy to my country, there will appear a better Reason, for I must be of consequence as I sincerely am, My Lord, Your most obliged, most obedient and faithful humble servant.

and if ever I become troublesome or solicitous, it must not be out of expectation, but out of gratitude. Your Lordship may either cause me to live agreeably in the town, or contentedly in the country, which is really all the difference I set between an easy fortune and a small one. It is, indeed, a high strain of generosity in you, to think of making me easy all my life, only because I have been so happy as to divert you some few hours: but if I may have leave to add, it is because you think me no enemy to my native country, there will appear a better reason; for I must of consequence be very much, (as I sincerely am) yours, &c.

LETTER

FROM

POPE TO THE EARL OF BURLINGTON.

1716.

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1. POPE TO THE EARL OF BURLINGTON.[1]

[1716.]

My Lord,—If your mare could speak, she would give an account of what extraordinary company she had on the road; which since she cannot do, I will.

It was the enterprising Mr. Lintot, the redoubtable rival of Mr. Tonson, who, mounted on a stone-horse, (no disagreeable companion to your Lordship's mare,) overtook me in Windsor-forest. He said, he heard I designed for Oxford, the seat of the Muses, and would, as my bookseller, by all means accompany me thither.

I asked him where he got his horse? He answered he got it of his publisher: "For that rogue my printer (said he) disappointed me: I hoped to put him in good humour by a treat at the tavern, of a brown fricassee of rabbits, which cost two shillings, with two quarts of wine, besides my conversation. I thought myself cocksure of his horse, which he readily promised me, but said that Mr. Tonson had just such another design of going to Cambridge, expecting there the copy of a new kind of Horace from Dr. [Bentley], and if Mr. Tonson went, he was pre-engaged to attend him, being to have the printing of the said copy.

"So in short, I borrowed this stone-horse of my publisher,

[1] First appeared in the edition of 1735.

which he had of Mr. Oldmixon[1] for a debt; he lent me too the pretty boy you see after me: he was a smutty dog yesterday, and cost me near two hours to wash the ink off his face; but the devil is a fair-conditioned devil, and very forward in his catechise: if you have any more bags, he shall carry them."

I thought Mr. Lintot's civility not to be neglected, so gave the boy a small bag, containing three shirts and an Elzevir Virgil; and mounting in an instant proceeded on the road, with my man before, my courteous stationer beside, and the aforesaid devil behind.

Mr. Lintot began in this manner: "Now damn them! what if they should put it into the newspaper, how you and I went together to Oxford? what would I care? If I should go down into Sussex, they would say I was gone to the Speaker.[2] But what of that? If my son[3] were but big enough to go on with the business, by G—d I would keep as good company as old Jacob."

Hereupon I inquired of his son. "The lad (says he) has fine parts, but is somewhat sickly, much as you are.—I spare for nothing in his education at Westminster. Pray don't you think Westminster to be the best school in England? most of the late ministry came out of it, so did many of this ministry. I hope the boy will make his fortune."

Don't you design to let him pass a year at Oxford? "To what purpose? (said he) the Universities do but make pedants, and I intend to breed him a man of business."

As Mr. Lintot was talking, I observed he sat uneasy on his saddle, for which I expressed some solicitude; "Nothing, (says he,) I can bear it well enough; but since we have the day before us, methinks it would be very pleasant for you to rest awhile under the woods." When we were alighted:

[1] John Oldmixon, the frequent object of Pope's satire in the Dunciad and elsewhere.

[2] To Sir Spencer Compton's at Eastbourne. Lintot had property at Wadhurst, in Sussex, and his son was high sheriff of the county.

[3] Henry Lintot.

"See here, what a mighty pretty Horace I have in my pocket! what if you amused yourself in turning an ode, till we mount again? Lord! if you pleased, what a clever Miscellany might you make at leisure hours?" Perhaps I may, said I, if we ride on; the motion is an aid to my fancy, a round trot very much awakens my spirits; then jog on apace, and I'll think as hard as I can.

Silence ensued for a full hour; after which Mr. Lintot lugged the reins, stopped short, and broke out, "Well, Sir, how far have you gone?" I answered, Seven miles, "Z——ds, Sir," said Lintot, "I thought you had done seven stanzas. Oldsworth, in a ramble round Wimbleton-hill, would translate a whole ode in half this time. I'll say that for Oldsworth (though I lost by his Timothy's) he translates an ode of Horace the quickest of any man in England.[1] I remember Dr. King[2] would write verses in a tavern three hours after he could not speak:[3] and there is Sir Richard, in that rumbling old chariot of his, between Fleet-ditch and St. Giles's pound, shall make you half a Job."[4]

[1] William Oldisworth, whose translation of Horace was published in 1709. He was the editor of 'The Muses' Mercury,' published in 1707, and author of 'A Dialogue between Timothy and Philatheus, in which the principles and projects of a late whimsical book entitled The Rights of the Christian Church are freely stated and examined in their kind.' By a Layman, 1709. This is the work here referred to. Oldisworth died in 1732.

[2] William King, LL.D., Advocate of Doctors' Commons, author of the Art of Cookery (1709). He died 25 Dec., 1712. His 'Original Works' were collected in three vols. 8vo, 1776.

[3] Noble, in his Continuation of Granger's Biographies, vol. ii., p. 260, says: "If Dr. King misapplied, he cannot be charged with perverting his talents, and writing obscenely or profanely. As he could not write till he was reasonably flushed," it gave rise to these lines by Christopher Pitt:

'Twas from the bottle King derived his wit,
Drank till he could not talk, and then he writ.

[4] Sir Richard Blackmore said in his Preface to 'Prince Arthur,' published in 1695, that the poem was written "by such catches and starts, and in such occasional uncertain hours as his profession afforded, and for the greatest part in coffee-houses, or in passing up and down the streets." Dryden accordingly makes a satirical reference to him in his prologue to the 'Pilgrims' as one who—

Writes to the rumbling of his chariot wheels.

Blackmore's 'Paraphrase on the Book of Job' was published in 1700.

Pray, Mr. Lintot, (said I,) now you talk of translators. what is your method of managing them? "Sir, (replied he,) those are the saddest pack of rogues in the world: in a hungry fit, they'll swear they understand all the languages in the universe. I have known one of them take down a Greek book upon my counter, and cry, Ah, this is Hebrew, I must read it from the latter end. By G—d, I can never be sure in these fellows, for I neither understand Greek, Latin, French, nor Italian myself. But this is my way; I agree with them for ten shillings per sheet, with a proviso, that I will have their doings corrected by whom I please; so by one or other they are led at last to the true sense of an author; my judgment giving the negative to all my translators." But how are you secure those correctors may not impose upon you? "Why I get any civil gentleman (especially any Scotchman) that comes into my shop, to read the original to me in English; by this I know whether my first translator be deficient, and whether my corrector merits his money or not.

"I'll tell you what happened to me last month. I bargained with S*[1] for a new version of Lucretius to publish against Tonson's; agreeing to pay the author so many shillings at his producing so many lines. He made a great progress in a very short time, and I gave it to the corrector to compare with the Latin; but he went directly to Creech's translation and found it the same word for word, all but the first page. Now, what d'ye think I did? I arrested the translator for a cheat; nay, and I stopped the corrector's pay too, upon this proof that he had made use of Creech instead of the original."

Pray tell me next how you deal with the critics? "Sir," said he, "nothing more easy. I can silence the most

[1] Dr. Sewel. In Lintot's Account Book is the following entry:—"10th March, 1714. Pd. Dr. Sewel for translating pt. of Q. Curtius and pt. of Lucretius, and writing observations on ye Tragedy of Jane Shore, £6 19*s.* 9*d.*" Pope has elsewhere and in verse called him *sanguine Sewel.*

formidable of them: the rich ones for a sheet apiece of the blotted manuscript, which cost me nothing; they'll go about with it to their acquaintance, and pretend they had it from the author, who submitted to their correction: this has given some of them such an air, that in time they come to be consulted with, and dedicated to, as the top critics of the town. ——As for the poor critics, I'll give you one instance of my management, by which you may guess the rest: a lean man that looked like a very good scholar, came to me t'other day; he turned over your Homer, shook his head, shrugged up his shoulders, and pished at every line of it: One would wonder (says he) at the strange presumption of some men: Homer is no such easy task, that every stripling, every versifier—he was going on, when my wife called to dinner: Sir, said I, will you please to eat a piece of beef with me? Mr. Lintot, said he, I am sorry you should be at the expense of this great book, I am really concerned on your account—Sir, I am much obliged to you: if you can dine upon a piece of beef, together with a slice of pudding—Mr. Lintot, I do not say but Mr. Pope, if he would condescend to advise with men of learning——Sir, the pudding is upon the table, if you please to go in. My critic complies, he comes to a taste of your poetry, and tells me in the same breath, that the book is commendable, and the pudding excellent."

"Now, sir, (continued Mr. Lintot,) in return to the frankness I have shown, pray tell me, is it the opinion of your friends at Court that my Lord Lansdown will be brought to the bar or not?[1] I told him I heard he would not, and I hoped it, my Lord being one I had particular obligations to. —"That may be," replied Mr. Lintot, "but by G——, if he is not, I shall lose the printing of a very good trial."

These, my Lord, are a few traits by which you discern the

[1] Lord Lansdowne was committed to the Tower 26 Sep., 1715; released, 8 Feb. 1716–17.

genius of Mr. Lintot, which I have chosen for the subject of a letter. I dropped him as soon as I got to Oxford, and paid a visit to my Lord Carleton, at Middleton.[1]

The conversations I enjoy here are not to be prejudiced by my pen, and the pleasures from them only to be equalled when I meet your Lordship. I hope in a few days to cast myself from your horse at your feet. I am, &c.

[1] Henry Boyle, brother to the Earl of Burlington : was Chancellor of the Exchequer 1702–1707 ; created Baron of Carleton, co. York, Oct. 26, 1714 ; Lord President of the Council 1721 ; died March 24, 1724-5.

LETTER

FROM

POPE TO ALEXANDER POPE.

1728.

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1. POPE TO ALEXANDER POPE.[1]

TWICKENHAM, *April* 28, 1728.

SIR,—I received yours, in which I think you pay me more than is due to me for the accidental advantage which it seems my name has brought you. Whatever that name be, it will prove of value and credit when an honest man bears it, and never else; and therefore I will rather imagine your own good conduct has made it fortunate to you. It is certain I think myself obliged to those persons who do you service in my name, and I am always willing to correspond with you when it can be in any way beneficial to you, as you see by my speedy answer to your last. I should think it an impertinence to write my Lady Sutherland, or I would do so to thank her for the great distinction you tell me she showed me, who have no other merit than loving it wherever I find it, be it in persons of quality or peasants. I am not any altered from what you saw me only by some years, which give me less solicitude for myself (as I am going to want nothing ere it be long) than for others who are to live after me in a world which is none of the best. I am, sincerely, your well wisher and affectionate servant.

[1] First appeared in Carruthers' Life, 2nd edit.
The letter is addressed to Mr. Alexander Pope at Thurso, in the County of Caithness, in North Britain.

LETTERS

FROM

COOKE TO POPE.

1728.

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1. COOKE TO POPE.

11 *Aug.*, 1728.

Sir,—Since I have been informed that you have expressed some resentment, on the supposition of my being the author of some scurrilous Pieces, which have been lately printed in the Daily Papers, I think it incumbent on me to make this declaration y[t] I am not: neither am I vain enough to think, if I had the inclination, that I have the power, to invalidate a character so well established, and on so just a foundation, as yours is. I hope you will hence conclude, that nothing but the high opinion I entertain of you could have made me have given you and myself this trouble; I call it a trouble to me, only because I am forced to apologize for what I am not conscious of; and, at the same time, give me leave to assure you there is none to whom I should be prouder to write than

[1] From MSS. obtained by Mr. Croker, and now in possession of Mr. Murray. Thomas Cooke of Braintree, Essex, had introduced Pope into a satire called 'The Battle of the Poets,' and was now evidently in mortal fear of the consequences. For Pope's view of Cooke's letters, see his letters to Lord Oxford of Aug., 1728, Sept. 14, 1728, and Jan. 6, 1728–9; and Lord Oxford's to Pope of Sep. 10, 1728, and Jan. 20, 1728–9. This correspondence shows what a terrible blow the 'Dunciad' must have dealt to the literary hacks of the period. Those who were mentioned in it feared that the publishers would employ them no longer.

to Mr. Pope, if I was satisfyed it would be received with the same pleasure with which it would be sent. I must own I have formerly wrote a poem[1] of which I am now sincerely ashamed, and which, with some other trifling productions, I shall take an occasion to disown, by declaring myself the author of nothing but what is contained in a collection of pieces, of verse and prose, now printing against the winter. That I converse with many who have wrote against you is true; for some of which I have a real respect, and for some as sovereign a contempt as you can have. It is an unhappiness, I doubt not, that yourself has been under to converse with those of whom you have not entertained the most favourable thoughts; and, if I may judge from the foolish freedoms which I know have been took with your name of late, I believe you still lye under the same inconveniency; but this is a subject improper to be any more than hinted in a letter. I shall trouble you no farther, only to beg your acceptance of the mean present[2] I have honoured myself to send you, and believe me studious of approving myself, with an unfeigned regard, sir, your faithful humble servt.

WESTMINSTER, *Aug.* 11, 1728.

2. COOKE TO POPE.

Sept. 16, 1728.

SIR,—I had this day the favour of a letter from you, dated Augt 17, by what accident it was kept so long from me I cannot judge. If Mr. Wesley had left it at my lodgings in Westminster I should not have been two days without it. I am at present in the country,[3] not far from town, where a

[1] 'The Battle of the Poets,' in which Pope was at first introduced in some not particularly uncomplimentary lines.

[2] His Translation of Hesiod.

[3] Lord Oxford in his letter to Pope of Jan. 20, 1728–9, supposes that Cooke is "at hide," and this conjecture seems to have been correct if we may judge from the account which Cooke here gives of his "rustication."

gentleman, who received the letter from Mr. Wesley, was so kind to come purposely to give it me. You seem in your post-script to let your opinion of the sincerity of my professions depend on the readyness of my answer. Assure yourself you should not have wanted that testimony if I had had y^r^ letter sooner; nor shall I be backward in discharging myself as I ought, in relation to your character, and at the same time preserve my honour in what I have professed in the hours of friendship, to other writers. I find you unluckily mistake the persons for whom I profess *a real friendship;* nor are they such as take those methods of writing slander in the dark. Your moral character I never heard attacked by any with whom I converse. Mr. Moore, who greatly shares my esteem, has often, since the Dunciad was published, spoke of you in terms which could come from none but a wellwisher and admirer. What Mr. Dennis has sayed passes as unregarded as the wind. I never reported that he should say he had a letter from you exhorting him to write against Cato, but that he should tell me Mr. Lintot had advised him to it from you. Give me leave here to express some resentment against the person whom I suspect must have told you that; and who at the same time was not sparing of many other calumnys against me; your prudence, I doubt not, will keep you from any want of a guardian in your conduct in your correspondence with any one; but I believe you will not think it amiss to be warned against the follys and insincerity of a person with whom you converse. I am credibly informed that a certain clergy-man, this last summer, was very free with my character, and in a more extensive manner than was either gentlemanlike or pertinent. He went from London, after having received such benefits from me as he wanted, and was able to give, for the continuance of three or four months, with a resolution, I should think from what I have heard, to return them with abuses. One great topic was w^t^ I had wrote five or six years ago; among the idleness and mistakes of which time were some few

verses in commendation of him. Yet this person has since thought fit to print in his own name a translation of a small Greek poem, litterally my own, amidst a folio of his labours; which, without taking any notice of his, I shall print in the Collection of Poems which I mentioned in my last. You commend my design of leaving out that passage about you in the Battel of the Poets; I intend to omit the whole poem, nor would I have it remembered that I was the author of it. Believe me, as I wrote this from my heart, so should I be sincerely proud of waiting on you where you shall appoint.[1] I am, sir, your humble servant.

Direct to me at Mr. Hunter's, an undertaker in John Street, near Story's Passage, Numb. 1, Westminster.

[1] It appears from Pope's letter to Lord Oxford of Jan. 6, that he remained in uncertainty whether to acquit Cooke or not. Eventually he inserted his name in the Dunciad and printed his note about him, while Cooke, on his side, reprinted the 'Battle of the Poets,' making its satire against Pope much more bitter.

LETTER

FROM

POPE TO MOYSER.

1743.

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1. POPE TO JAMES MOYSER, OF BEVERLEY, ESQ.[1]

BATH, *July* 11, 1743.

DEAR SIR,—I am always glad to hear of you, and where I can always inquire of you. But why have you omitted to tell me one word of your own health? The account of our friend's[2] is truly melancholy, added to the circumstance of his being detained (I fear without much hope) in a foreign country, from the comfort of seeing (what a good man most desires and best deserves to see to the last hour) his friends about him. The public news[3] indeed gives every Englishman a reasonable joy, and I truly feel it with you, as a national joy, not a party one: nay, as a general joy to all nations, where bloodshed and misery must have been introduced, had the ambition and perfidy of —— prevailed.

[1] First appeared in Warburton, viii. 251. The gentleman here called "James Moyser, Esq.," was presumably the "Col. M." mentioned in Warburton's Preface, and if so the Col. Moyser mentioned in the letters to Slingsby Bethel. The Moysers were probably known to Pope through the Bethels. There was a James Moyser, Recorder of Beverley, in the reign of James the 2nd, and Musgrave, in his Adversaria (Add. MSS. Brit. Mus.) mentions a portrait of John Moyser of Beverley, 1720.

[2] Mr. Bethel.—WARBURTON.

Bethel was not long detained in a foreign country; see letter to Dr. Oliver, 28 Aug., 1743.

[3] The victory at Dettingen.—WARBURTON.

I come now to answer your friend's question. The whole of what he has heard of my writing the character of the old Duke[1] of Buckingham is untrue. I do not remember ever to have seen it in MS. nor have I ever seen the pedigree he mentions, otherwise than after the Duchess had printed it with the will, and sent one to me, as I suppose she did to all her acquaintance. I do not wonder it should be reported I writ that character, after a story which I will tell you in your ear, and to yourself only. There was another *character written of her Grace* by herself (with what help I know not); but she showed it me in her blots, and pressed me, by all the adjurations of friendship, to give her my sincere opinion of it. I acted honestly and did so. She seemed to take it patiently, and, upon many exceptions which I made, engaged me to take the whole, and to select out of it just as much as I judged might stand, and return her the copy. I did so. Immediately she picked a quarrel with me, and we never saw each other in five or six years. In the mean time, she showed this character (as much as was extracted of it in my hand-writing) as a composition of my own in her praise. And very probably it is *now in the hands of Lord Hervey.*[2] Dear Sir, I sincerely wish you, and your whole family (whose welfare is so closely connected,) the best health and truest happiness; and am (as is also the master[3] of this place) your, &c.

[1] He says *the old Duke*, because he wrote a very fine Epitaph for the son. —WARBURTON.

[2] John, Lord Hervey—the Sporus of Pope's Satires—died 8 August, 1743. His daughter married a grandson of the Duchess of Buckingham.

[3] Ralph Allen.

LETTERS

FROM

POPE TO NASH.

1739.

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1. POPE TO RICHARD NASH.

[*Jany.*, 1739 ?]

SIR,—I have received yours,[1] and thank your partiality in my favour. You say words cannot express the gratitude you feel for the favour of his R. H.,[2] and yet you would have me express what you feel, and in a few words. I own myself unequal to the task; for even granting it possible to express an inexpressible idea, I am the worst person you could have pitched upon for this purpose, who have received so few favours from the great myself, that I am utterly unacquainted with what kind of thanks they like best. Whether the P— most loves

[1] In the year 1738, the Prince of Wales came to Bath, who presented Nash with a large gold enamelled snuff-box; and upon his departure, Nash, as king of Bath, erected an Obelisk in honour of this prince, as he had before done for the Prince of Orange. This handsome memorial in honour of that good-natured prince is erected in Queen Square. It is enclosed with a stone balustrade, and in the middle of every side there are large iron gates. In the centre is the obelisk, seventy feet high, and terminating in a point. The expenses of this were eighty pounds; and Mr. Nash was determined that the inscription should answer the magnificence of the pile. With this view he wrote to Mr. Pope, requesting an inscription. I should have been glad to have given Nash's letter upon this occasion; the reader, however, must be satisfied with Pope's reply. —GOLDSMITH (*Life of Nash*).

[2] Frederick, Prince of Wales.

poetry or prose, I protest I do not know; but this I dare venture to affirm, that you can give him as much satisfaction in either as I can. I am, sir, your affectionate servant.

2. POPE TO RICHARD NASH.

[*Feb.* 1739 ?]

SIR,—I had sooner answered yours, but in the hope of procuring a properer hand than mine; and then in consulting with some whose office about the P— might make them the best judges what sort of inscription to set up. Nothing can be plainer than the inclosed; it is nearly the common sense of the thing, and I do not know how to flourish upon it: but this you would do as well, or better yourself, and I dare say may mend the expression. I am truly, dear sir, your affectionate servant.

I think I need not tell you my name should not be mentioned.[1]

[1] The inscription referred to in this letter was the same which was afterwards engraved on the obelisk, and is as follows:—

"In memory of honours bestowed,
and in gratitude for benefits conferred in
this city,
by his Royal Highness
Frederick, Prince of Wales,
and his Royal Consort,
in the year 1738,
this Obelisk is erected by
Richard Nash, Esq."

I dare venture to say, there was scarce a common councilman in the corporation of Bath but could have done this as well.—GOLDSMITH (*Life of Nash*).

LETTERS

BETWEEN

POPE AND HENRY BROOKE.

1739.

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1. HENRY BROOKE TO POPE.[1]

[1739.]

I WAS much concerned that I had not an opportunity of taking leave of you when I came for Ireland. I earnestly wished to see you, because I feared it was for the last time, and I wanted to thank you, once for all, for much good you have done me, and more particularly for revising and passing your friendly judgment upon some lines of mine that, indeed, were scarcely worth your reading.[2] Keep me from the vanity of thinking you have any cordial regard for me, I should then lose the pleasure of reflecting that I esteem and most heartily love you without an explanation of any return of the like nature, as you have done me many kindnesses without the possibility of a recompense.

I brought over a set of your works, and as I hear you every day in them, I am tempted, perhaps impertinently, to put in my word. I always considered you as a very worthy man, but I really never knew you till now.

[1] From Brookiana, 1804. Henry Brooke, born in Ireland in 1706, was author of 'Universal Beauty,' 'Gustavus Vasa,' and 'The Fool of Quality.' He was patronized by the Prince of Wales and all the Opposition, whose cause he warmly espoused, and was threatened with prosecution by the Government on account of his play 'Gustavus Vasa.' He died in 1783.

[2] His poem, 'Universal Beauty,' published in 1735 and 1736.

I remember Mr. Spence and I had a dispute about you one day in the Park; he asserted that you were the greatest poet that the world ever produced; but I differed from him in that respect. I told him to the purpose that Virgil gave me equal pleasure, Homer equal warmth, Shakespeare greater rapture, and Milton more astonishment, so ungrateful was I to refuse your due praise, when it was not unknown to me that I got friends and reputation by your saying things of me which no one would have thought I merited had not you said them.

But I spoke without book at the time; I had not then entered into the spirit of your works, and I believe there are few who have. Far be it from my intention, and farther be it from the power of any man to compliment you. I only speak the ruder parts of my sincerity, and am little concerned how I fail in point of ceremony, since I shall never fail in my good intentions towards you.

Any one of your original writings is indisputably a more finished and perfect piece than has been wrote by any other man; there is one great and consistent genius evident through the whole of your works; but that genius seems smaller by being divided, by being looked upon only in parts, and that deception makes greatly against you. You are truly but one man through many volumes, and yet the eye can attend you but in one single view. Each distinct performance is as the performance of a separate author, and no one being large enough to contain you in your full dimensions, though perfectly drawn you appear too much in miniature. Your genius is like your sense: one is too crowded for a common eye, and the other for a common reader. Shall I dare to say that I am heartily angry at it, and that I wish all the profits of Homer were sunk in the sea, provided you had never improved him, but spent your time in excelling him in his own way? Is it yet too late?

I should not have presumed to express myself thus far, if it had not come in my way, as I was going to speak to you

upon a matter that is much nearer and dearer to me than even your fame. I have often heard it insinuated that you had too much wit to be a man of religion, and too refined a taste to be that trifling thing called a Christian. Those who spoke this, perhaps intended it to your praise, but to me it was a cloud that intercepted the brightness of your character. I am amazed whence this could proceed, and I now feel that they little knew you. I had not read your Messiah, your Ode of a Dying Christian to his Soul, and your letters to that great and good man the Bishop of Rochester, till very lately, and that at a time when sickness indisposing me for light thoughts gave me a true and affecting relish for them, and I am sure it is as impossible for any other than a Christian to write them as it is for the best Christian to read and not be made better by them.

I wish you had wrote more upon divine subjects, or that you would go on to make your ethics perfect, as I am confident you would rather improve a single man to his advantage than entertain thousands to your own fame.

I have had a tedious illness since I saw you last, but I think I am growing better with change of air and exercise. I have now better health, and much more leisure than usual, and it would be no compliment to tell you in my present disposition that I would rather enjoy your friendship than all that crowds or courts could give me, for barely to say that I care for neither is to speak as charitably as I can.

May you live long, sir, to give profit to the world and pleasure to your friends, to be the shelter of such shrubs as I am, and to know that every sentiment I have is full of love and respect to you, and that I am with all truth, your grateful and affectionate.

2. POPE TO HENRY BROOKE.[1]

BATH, *Dec.* 1, 1739.

DEAR SIR,—Yours came to me no more than two days since, having been at Bath for some time on account of ill health. It is impossible I should answer your letter any farther than by a sincere avowal that I do not deserve the tenth part of what you say of me as a writer; but as a man I will not—nay, I ought not, in gratitude to him to whom I owe whatever I am and whatever I can confess to his glory, I will not say I deny that you think no better of me than I deserve. I sincerely worship God, believe in his revelations, resign to his dispensations, love all his creatures, am in charity with all denominations of Christians, however violently they treat each other, and detest none so much as that profligate race who would loosen the bands of morality, either under the pretence of religion or freethinking. I hate no man as a man, but I hate vice in any man; I hate no sect, but I hate uncharitableness in any sect; this much I say, merely in compliance with your desire that I should say something of myself.

I am truly glad of every opportunity to assist a man of your disposition, whose morals go hand in hand with their talents, and whose modesty is not spoiled by the applause that is justly given to their merit. Esteem such men I must, it is no obligation on them, but on me when I can serve them, and let me add that the esteem I bear them is inseparable from so much affection as must make me a sincere friend to you, in whom I discover as many good qualities of the heart as the head, and from my heart I wish you health and prosperity in everything you undertake, as I am convinced your ends will always be honourable.

Your accidental mention of the ill-use some infidels would be glad to make of my writings makes me send you a book just published by a person utterly a stranger to me, though

[1] From Brookiana, 1804.

not to my meaning, in which he has perfectly explained me in a vindication of the *Essay on Man* from the aspersions and mistakes of Mr. Crousaz. It shall come to you by post in one or two parcels, franked, and I believe will be some satisfaction to you and others upon that head. Yours in truth and affection.

3. HENRY BROOKE TO POPE.[1]

[1739.]

DEAR SIR,—Your letter and packet gave me the greatest pleasure. I have read the notes on your Essay with attention, and think the author in doing you bare justice has worthily served the cause of virtue and abated the triumph of those infidels who would fondly have hailed you as their patron.

Upon reading this treatise your system appears so connected and evident as by no means to want an explanation; and yet to assert that I saw thus much before I read it would be to boast an understanding of which I am not master. The world could not make your poem any other than it is in itself; if it had not been just and clear at first it would never appear so afterwards, and yet toward your readers these annotations have all possible merit. Their author not only removes those shades and mists that envy and ill designs had interposed, but is also the Newton of your system, which he illustrates by sharpening and assisting our sight. He serves you only by enlarging our minds; he leads us on in a farther progression of thought, and not suffering us to dwell upon particular beauties, gives us the comprehension and higher relish for that beauty which results from the whole.

I own myself, among thousands, obliged to this ingenious writer, and no longer offended with Mr. Crousaz, from whose darkness such light has been educed. Indeed, through your

[1] From Brookiana, 1804.

whole life you have been particularly happy in your enemies. You shine brighter through the fire of a continued malice than you could possibly have done from all the additional splendours of eulogium and panegyric.

If heaven has given me those talents you mention, I am truly humble in the indifferent use I have hitherto made of them. The more my reason improves and expands itself, it gives the greatest light to see my own weakness, to see the vanity of those things with which such an idle creature is still but too much embarrassed. Such as I am, be assured you hold the warmest place in my heart, and are entitled to see all its furniture, its wealth, and also its lumber: at once it loves and detests, pursues and avoids, approves and despises the same succession of follies, empty honours, traitorous riches, unpleasing pomp, and unsatisfying pleasures, and now is grieved and now is glad to find that its only business in this world is to learn to leave it.

I heartily thank you for that paragraph in your letter which contains the generous assertion of your faith and principles. I sincerely wish you every acquisition that is necessary to your happiness, or possible to your fame, and only want you to know that I am, more than ever, perhaps more than any man, your very affectionate servant.

LETTER

FROM

POPE TO HOLDSWORTH.

1737.

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1. POPE TO HOLDSWORTH.[1]

TWITENHAM, *Dec.* 1737.

SIR,—As I am not so happy (though I have long desired it) to be known to you otherwise than in my poetical capacity, so you will see, it is in the merit of that only that I take the liberty of applying to you, in what I think the cause of poetry. I understand that the poetry-professorship in Oxford will be vacant, and that Mr. Harte,[2] of St. Mary Hall, is willing to succeed in it. I think it a condescension in one who practises the art of poetry so well, to stoop to be a critic, and hope the University will do itself the credit to accept of him. Your interest is what I would beg for him as a favour to myself.

[1] First appeared in Warton's edition. Edward Holdsworth was well known in his day as author of an extremely elegant Latin poem called 'Muscipula,' written in imitation of Virgil. He was educated at Winchester, and was elected to a demyship at Magdalen College, Oxford, of which College he afterwards became a tutor. In 1715 he resigned his demyship, as he would not take the oaths to the House of Hanover. He was employed till his death, which happened in 1747, as a travelling tutor to noblemen and gentlemen. Holdsworth seems to have been a general favourite.

[2] Harte, author of the 'Essay on Reason,' and Vicar of Goafield, Essex.

You who have used the Muses so ill as to cast them off when they were so kind to you, ought some way to atone, by promoting such good and faithful servants to them in your stead. But if Mr. Harte were not as virtuous and as blameless, as he is capable and learned, I should recommend him with an ill grace to one whose morals only have hindered his fortune, and whose modesty only prevented his fame. If ever you visit these seats of corruption in and about London, I hope you would favour me with a day or two's retirement hither, where I might try to show you, with what regard I truly am, sir, your, &c.

LETTERS

FROM

POPE TO JAMES ECKERSHALL.

1720.

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1. POPE TO JAMES ECKERSHALL.[1]

TWITENHAM, *March 2nd.*
Wednesday Morning [1720].

DEAR SIR,—I give you this second trouble (though I am ashamed of the first) to desire, if you have not actually disposed of your lottery orders, to let me have them sent before eleven or twelve to-morrow morning, to Mr. Jervas's (yours and all, if you please), for I believe I can sell 'em, or do what is equivalent. I'll add no more, but that my mother and I join in our good wishes for Mrs. Eckershall's and your welfare. I am always, dear sir, your most obliged and most faithful servant.

2. POPE TO JAMES ECKERSHALL.[2]

Sunday 21 [*March*, 1720].

DEAR SIR,—I daily hear such reports of advantages to be gain'd by one project or other in ye Stocks, that my spirit is

[1] Carr., 1st edit. 343; "from Mr. Rogers's Collection."

James Eckershall was Clerk of the Kitchen and Gentleman Usher to Queen Anne. He had a country house at Drayton, where he died in 1753, aged 74. Swift speaks of him as "honest Jemmy Eckershall."

[2] From the original in the possession of Henry Bicknell, Esq., Tulse Hill. Addressed, 'To James Eckersall, Esq., Pres^t.'

up with double zeal, in the desires of our trying to enrich ourselves, I assure y^{u} my own keeping a coach-and-six is not more in my head than ye pleasure I shall take in seeing Mrs. Eckersall in her equipage. To be serious, I hope you have sold the lottery orders, that ye want of ready money may be no longer an impediment to our buying in ye Stock, which was very unlucky at that time. I hear ye S. Sea fell since, and should be glad we were in. I also hear there is considerably to be got by subscribing to ye new African Stock. Pray let us do something or other, which you judge the fairest prospect, I am equal as to what Stock, so you but like it. Let but Fortune favour us, and ye world will sure to admire our prudence. If we fail, let's e'en keep the mishap to ourselves. But 'tis ignominious (in this age of hope and golden mountains) not to venture. I am very truly y^{r} Lady's and, sir, your most obliged humble servant.

LETTER

FROM

ROLLINSON TO POPE.[1]

1714.

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1. ROLLINSON TO POPE.[2]

To Mr. Pope. These.

Fryday Morning [1714].

Dear Sir,—The Venison came last night, a day sooner than I expected it, and the hot weather has proved so unlucky for carriage that I fear the Haunch will hardly keep sweet beyond this day, whereupon I could fret myself [most] heartily, and offer you an apology, if either were to the purpose, but you must know I have found vexation to be a great breeder of maggotts.

If you'l contrive to let me know what day you set forwards, I'l be at Oxford the same night. I have long sett my heart upon being merry with you there, and as I am well acquainted with the place, I can help you to all the diversion it affords. Dear sir, your most affectionate.

[1] William Rollinson was a London merchant, who having made his fortune, retired to live in Oxfordshire. Pope left him £5 in his will, "to be laid out in a ring or any other memorial."

[2] From the Homer MSS., i. 253.

LETTER

FROM

POPE TO JOHN VANDER BEMPDEN.

1715.

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1. POPE TO VANDER BEMPDEN.[1]

Thursday [1715].

SIR,—Upon what you told me when I was last to wait on you, I deferred treating further for the rent-charge, till you could be more certain what summe you could conveniently raise in present toward the purchase. [My father since tells me you mentioned 650li only, with security] on the rent-charge; [for ye rest, our design is to lay out near the whole sum on one fund; and I have a friend] who will lend you 1000li on the same security you offer us, [so that unless you please there need be no further delay.] If you have any

If there were only three or 400 *wanting,*

we would take yr bond, for as to a mortgage[2]

*my father is not qualified to take it, for by an Act of Parl*t [*he can sell*] *he cannot buy land, tho' he may sell. However,*

if you desire to make the purchase 1000li, *I* [believe I] *have a friend*

[1] From the Homer MSS.

Mr. Hunter supposes, with great probability (Trusts, pp. 37, 38), that this letter relates to the proposed sale of the "rent-charge" arising out of Ruston, mentioned in the father's will, which one of the Vander Bempden family of Yorkshire were in treaty for.

[2] The italics represent the alterations made in the original draught by Pope.

me *but*
other scruple, you'll please to tell it fairly, if [it be your desire
this *be convenient to you* *of treating with no other*
to] purchase [of us] we shall think [no farther] and be ready
think
upon y^r^ answer, since I [believe] what I here propose, entirely accommodates all ye difficulty you seemed to be at. I am, Sir, y^r^ most humble servant.

To John Vand^r^ Bempden, Esq. present.

LETTERS

BETWEEN

POPE AND MRS. CÆSAR.

1723.

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1. MRS. CÆSAR[1] TO POPE.[2]

To MR. POPE *at* TWICKNAM.

BENNINGTON, *Sept.* 10, 1723.

S[r],—I should not have the vanity to send this Beautifull description of Bennington, had I not a farther view than even to Please you with this Lady's Lines, who has so beautifully described this Place, that Mr. Cæsar and I cant but hope it will tempt Mr. Pope to Honor our Roof with his presence. S[r], your most Obledged Homble Servant.

I bedg you to make my complaments to Mrs. Pope, and send me twelve Acquittances.

[1] Wife of Mr. Cæsar, Treasurer of the Navy in Queen Anne's reign.

"Lord Keeper and his son, and their two ladies and I, dined to-day with Mr. Cæsar, Treasurer of the Navy, at his house in the city, where he keeps his office. We happened to talk of Brutus, and I said something in his praise, when it struck me immediately I had made a blunder in doing so; and therefore I recollected myself and said, Mr. Cæsar, I beg your pardon, so we laughed, &c."—*Swift's Journal to Stella*, Jan. 13, 1713.

They were, perhaps, the husband and wife of whom Lord Orrery writes to Swift in July, 1741:—"Mr. Cæsar died about two months ago. Mrs. Cæsar is still all tears and lamentations, although she certainly may be numbered *inter felices, sua si bona norint.*"

[2] From the Homer MSS.

2. POPE TO MRS. CÆSAR.[1]

MADAM,—If this paper could blush, it ought for its master's seeming indolence. But the truth is, my mother's continued incertainty of health for six months past kept me almost in daily attendance, and obliged me (whenever I went to town) to dispatch my business in a few hours and return. Your behaviour toward me is charming, and equal to any virtue in the most heroic romance. Your forgiveness extends to every point but one; you still remember the drawing on the back of a certain letter, which, after all, was but joyning together the two things my heart was most full of, my friend and my garden.

I expect you all with joy next week, or Wednesday or Thursday, which you shall agree to. On Tuesday I'll send the waterman. My faithful services attend Mr. Cæsar, and the young gentleman and lady.[2] I am with ancient zeal (though with modern practice), madam, your most obliged and obedient servant.

July 10*th.*

[1] Transcribed by Mr. Croker from the original, which is addressed 'To Mrs. Cæsar, in Poland Street, near Golden Square, London.'

[2] Probably young Mr. Cæsar, who married Miss Long in Oct. 1729. See verses on that event — 'The Royston Bargain.' Additions, vol. i. p. 135.—CROKER.

LETTER

FROM

POPE TO CHESELDEN.

1739 OR 1740.

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1. POPE TO MR. CHESELDEN.[1]

BATH, 21 *Nov.* [1739 *or* 1740].

DEAR SIR,—You know my laconic style. I never forget you. Are you well? I am so. How does Mrs. Cheselden? Had it not been for her, you had been here. Here are three cataracts ripened for you (Mr. Pierce assures me).[2] Adieu. I do not intend to go to London. Good night, but answer me. Yours.

P.S.—Show this to Mr. Richardson, and let him take it to himself, and to his son. He has no wife.

[1] First appeared in Roscoe's Pope, i. 375, ed. 1847. From the original in Mr. Upcott's possession. William Cheselden, born 1688, died 1752. Rose, in his Biographies, says: "In surgery Cheselden made great improvements, having introduced simplicity into the practice of it, and laid aside the operose and hurtful French instruments which had been formerly in use. Guided by consummate skill, perfectly master of his hand, fruitful in resources, he was prepared for all events, and in the performance of every operation was cool and self-collected. He was also distinguished for acute sensibility, and for his tenderness to his patients."

[2] Cheselden was his oculist. Compare Imitation of Horace, Epistle i., Book I.:

I'll do what Mead and Cheselden advise
To keep these limbs and to preserve these eyes.

In 1728 Cheselden greatly added to his reputation by couching a boy of fourteen years of age, who was either born blind, or had lost his sight so early that he had no remembrance of colours.

LETTERS

BETWEEN

POPE AND NATHANIEL COLE.

TO 1737 FROM 1741.

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1. POPE TO COLE.[1]

SIR,—I am with Mr. Murray, who advises me to file a bill against James Watson, printer, near Doctors' Commons (Mr. Knapton may, I believe, tell where he lives), who hath pirated an edition of my letters in octavo, entitled the Works of Alexander Pope, Volume 5th and 6th, consisting of letters, &c., printed in the name of T. Johnson. This Watson hath employed Jacob Robinson, bookseller in the Strand, to transact for the whole impression with Lawton Gilliver, and since the said Gilliver on the 15th of this month did personally meet the said Robinson and Watson, when Watson proposed to deliver

[1] This and the next letter are from papers in the possession of Messrs. Jansen & Co., of Basinghall Street, the successors of Mr. Cole, who, at the time the letter was written, was solicitor to the Stationers' Company. The account we have received from one of the gentlemen, who, by the favour of Messrs. Jansen, disinterred them, is that the correspondence relates to a Bill in Chancery—Dodsley as assignee of Pope against James Watson and Jacob Robinson, for pirating the letters published in 1737. The plaintiffs asked leave to amend their Bill; and our informant observed some minute differences, not, he thought, without significance. Thus, in the original Bill, Pope declares that, "having written and being the author and compiler of several letters;" whereas, in the amended Bill, he says—"Having composed several writings, purporting to be letters."—DILKE.

up the said impression, being about 1,500 books, to the said Gilliver on payment of about 60 pounds, being ninepence farthing a book.

And the said Jacob Robinson did tell Robert Dodsley he could help him to the said impression on certain conditions, and therefore Mr. Murray thinks that Robinson should be made a defendant to the bill.

The copyright was by me assigned to Robert Dodsley, a bookseller in Pall Mall, before my first publication entered, and the nine books delivered. This, Mr. Murray says, was a sufficient entry and assignment, which is ready to produce. You are desired to produce a draught of this bill, and to wait on Mr. Murray with it as soon as possible; the speed in which will be taken for a particular obligation to your affectionate and most humble servant.

18 *Nov.* 1737.

A fit of the headache hindered my writing this in my own hand. If you want further instructions, I am at my Lord Cornbury's by Oxford Chappel.

2. COLE TO POPE.[1]

SIR,—I last night received the draught of your Bill settled by Mr. Murray. There are two blanks which should be supplied; the first is for the date of your assignment to Dodsley. In the copy which I have, the date is 24 March, 1737; but this I take to be a mistake, the year not commencing till 25 March, so that I suppose the year is 1736. The other blank is for day of publication of the letters, which should be some time after the nine books were left at Stationers' Hall. I am, &c., &c.

[1] The letter was returned to Cole with Pope's marginal comments. Only one was thought worth transcribing—"As to the day of publication I can't be certain, only that it was after delivery of the books in May, 1737. I sent several books (I find by a memorandum) on the 18th, so it was then published."—DILKE.

3. POPE TO COLE.[1]

Wensday [1741].

D^R^ SIR,—I would be glad to know wh^t^ you did or wh^t^ passed with Corbet? I believe he will not proceed, having rec^d^ a letter from him of recantation, so that I believe you need not file a bill; however, I'm glad you spoke to him. If he plays cunning I shall have him watch'd and inform you farther. I hope soon to see you at Bachelor's Hall. Dr Sir, your affect. serv.

To Mr. Cole in Basinghall Street.

[1] From advertisement of an autograph collection sold at Puttick & Simpson's, 29th April, 1859. Compare letter to Bathurst, p. 531.

LETTER

FROM

POPE TO CONDUITT.[1]

1727.

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1. POPE TO CONDUITT.

TWICKENHAM, *Nov. 10th*, 1727.[2]

SIR,—I make use of the liberty you gave me, of a free criticism, in the enclosed; without any formalities, or asking an excuse from you in my turn. I think nothing can be more proper than the first part of your dedication, which relates to the author of the work. Whatever thoughts flow from *that*, or take rise from *that*, render your compliment to the Queen (in my opinion) the more graceful as well as the more just (and proper for you as a relation, and entrusted with so valuable a depositum). As to what depends not on *that*, I would only wish you avoided, as much as possible, the common topics of dedications and addresses. Your real subject (I mean both Sir Isaac Newton and her Majesty) will shine of themselves, and a shortness, a dignity, and plainness will become them. For instance, I cannot but think, that after you have said that

[1] Mr. Conduitt, of Cranbury, Hants. He married Mrs. Barton, the niece of Sir Isaac Newton, and succeeded him as Master of the Mint.

[2] From Brewster's Life of Newton, ii. 521.

Sir Isaac carried arts and sciences in a few years farther than all others had in whole ages; it flatters, if not contradicts it, to add afterwards that *in the present reign they may be advanced to a much greater height.* I would omit that paragraph which I have marked between two ×. It takes very much from the praise of Sir I. N., and I fear unjustly, to imagine that any prince's reign can *make* Newtons, however it might *encourage* or *admire* them.

I mean in general only that I would shorten those parts which are mere panegyric, independent on the occasion the book and author give you; the character of sincerity which you so rightly touch upon in the King, I would keep exactly as it is, and anything in short that is characteristical. I prefer (since your commands are that I should choose what I like), the column on the right hand; only in one place I think what you say of the Queen's encouragement of arts, is almost a repetition of the same thing elsewhere. I have marked it by enclosing that passage with a line and two × ×. The rest, I believe, may stand.

Upon the whole, I really approve it, and you ought to pardon my freedom, since you caused it. If I am ever so much in the wrong, it will be at least an instance of my good intention. I am ashamed to be so particular in things of so little importance as my objections, which are indeed so very slight. But the apprehension that you might soon want the papers, and the consciousness that I could not be serviceable enough to you to excuse a longer delay, made me write this, rather than wait for an opportunity of talking with you. Methinks you should end the dedication with returning once more to Sir Isaac Newton. What little I've added is only a hint to that effect. I am sincerely of opinion that your dedication is very just, and decent, and well judged. I could wish it were enlarged with some memoirs and character of him as a private man. I doubt not his life and manners would make a great discovery of virtue and goodness and rectitude of heart, as his works have

done of penetration and the utmost stretch of human knowledge. I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant.[1]

[1] Sir David Brewster says, in a note :—

"The following are the additions referred to in the letter, and written upon a separate leaf:—

"Your Majesty does not think these instructions and entertaining pursuits below your exalted station ; and yourself a proof that the abstruser parts of them are not beyond the reach of your sex," &c.

"Formed by such models ?

"That liberty and *knowledge* (as this glorious prospect gives us reason to hope) may be equally and jointly perpetrated ; and that the bright example set in this reign by the Royal patrons of both, may be transmitted with the sceptre, to those of the same great line ; to the end that this age may be as illustrious, and this nation as distinguished, for every other felicity and glory; as it is, and ever must be, for having been honoured with such a man as Sir Isaac Newton, is the most sincere prayer of, Madam, may it please your Majesty, &c."

LETTERS

FROM

POPE TO DR. OLIVER.

FROM 1740 TO 1743.

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1. POPE TO DR. OLIVER.[1]

Feb. 25 [1740].

DEAR SIR,—I am obliged to you present and absent. Your inquiries after me are as kind as your offices towards me, and your constant memory of everything that can please me, leaves me nothing to wish, but an opportunity of showing the same attention to anything that might be serviceable to you.

Be pleased to tell the lady whose love-letter you enclosed that I am sorry she has placed her affections so unfortunately. The person who is the object of them was (as you know) in a very languid state at Bath. It's true, as Mr. Pierce[2] informed you, that he got alive to Town and shewed there the first week some new signs of life and symptoms of a resuscitation. But he relapsed immediately, became comatose, and a sudden paralytic took away, first his verse, and after his prose side. In short between seven and eight on Friday evening he be-

[1] First appeared in 'European Magazine,' Dec., 1791. Dr. William Oliver, a well-known physician at Bath, distinguished, like many of his profession at that time, for the excellence of his library.

[2] His surgeon at Bath, as appears from his letter to Cheselden, p. 235.

came deaf to the voice of the charmer, and a few hours after upon the application of a lady's warm hand it appeared that the torpor was general. In a word he died, and some people who have read the case in Dr. Cheyne affirm he did it on the purpose.

Since his burial (at Twitnam) he has been seen sometimes in mines and caverns and been very troublesome to those who dig marbles and minerals. If ever he has walked above ground he has been (like the Vampires in Germany) such a terror to all sober and innocent people that many wish a stake were drove through him to keep him quiet in his grave. The lady may therefore be assured he is no longer a subject for anything but an epitaph. I am, dear sir, with all respect, your faithful, obed[t] serv[t].

2. POPE TO DR. OLIVER.[1]

TWITNAM, *May 27th.*

DEAR SIR,—Without any compliment every occasion I can have of assuring you of my memory and regard is, and will be gladly embraced by me. But if I could forget you, I should meet with you in your friends, and feel your obligations through them; they are so ready, and punctual in serving me. Mr. Cooper's cargo arrived safely, but I think there is less beauty and variety in those marbles than in those of Bristol. Mr. Borlase's[2] present is extremely valuable to me, and his manner of obliging me with the solicitude he shows in his letters to have my work a perfect one, contributing (contrary to any practice now left in the world) not only his best advices but his finest discoveries and richest treasures, is such as I cannot take wholly upon myself to acknowledge, but beg you to do it first, as well and warmly as you can; that is as well and warmly as you or he serve a friend. And then, and

[1] From the 'European Magazine' for Jan., 1792.

[2] Dr. William Borlase, the antiquarian and natural philosopher. He went to Bath in 1730, to be under the care of Dr. Oliver.

not before (for I am too much obliged to be able singly to repay him), I will thank him as much again. In taking his advice I do not make him the poorer; but I fear that in taking more of his collections I may, and therefore shall hardly have the conscience to trouble him for another cargo how much soever I am unprovided. If he will engage his word not to send me any that he intended to keep I would ask him for some of the metallic kind that are most common. So they do but *shine* and *glitter* it is enough, and the vulgar spectator will of course think them noble. Few philosophers come here; but if ever fortune, fate, or providence bring Dr. Oliver, Mr. Borlase and Mr. Allen hither, I shall not envy the Queen's hermitage either its natural or moral philosophers.

I have unawares scribbled out my paper. Impute the warmth of it to my heart, the nonsense of it to my haste, rather than to my head; and you will prove yourself one way more a friend to, dear sir, your affectionate faithful servant.

3. POPE TO DR. OLIVER.[1]

Monday, Aug. 28, 1743.

Dear Sir,—I ought to give you some account of two people you showed yourself so much interested about, as Mr. Arbuthnot[2] and myself. But to me, and my welfare, you have a double title, as it employed the greater part of your care and concern. The medicine you gave me cannot relieve my breast and stomach more, than the *medicina animæ*, administered in your conversation, did my spirits. It cannot displease you to hear, that is what I now want most; for I found myself mend upon travelling. The air and exercise about Bristol certainly did me good, and I had no sooner put myself into the post-chaise, than I felt an increase of spirit that carried me quite to Reading the first day; and I found no ill consequence of lying

[1] First appeared in Roscoe, i. 425. [2] George Arbuthnot.

four or five nights in London, from whence I am but now got home. It was a very melancholy call to that place which hastened me so much, the last sight (I fear) of a most valuable dying friend, Mr. Bethel,[1] who is now gone to Scarborough, I do not see with what hope, but to lie down among his friends in Yorkshire. I wish you and Dr. Hartley would let Mr. Allen know the impracticability of my calling upon him the only half afternoon that I was at Bath (after my first intention of coming two days later was altered, which you know to be true, and which I had reason not to doubt Mr. Pyne had told him of). Pray make my compliments to Dr. Hartley, as I shall yours to Dr. Mead. I have had such obligations to the best of your faculty, during my whole life, that I wish all others, both my friends and my enemies, were their patients; in which I show that I wish well to my friends and not ill to my enemies. That every physical and moral evil may be far from you, is the philosophical prayer of, dear sir, your very obliged and very affectionate servant.

To Dr. Oliver, at Bath.

[1] Bethel must have returned somewhat unexpectedly from the Continent. See Pope's letter to Moyser, 11th July, 1743.

LETTER

FROM

POPE TO WESLEY.

1735.

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1. POPE TO MR. SAMUEL WESLEY.[1]

TWITENHAM, *Oct.* 21 [1735].

DEAR SIR,—Your letter had not been so long unanswered, but that I was not returned from a journey of some weeks when it arrived at this place. You may depend upon the money for the Earl of Peterborow, Mr. Bethel, Dr. Swift and Mr. Eckershall, which I will pay beforehand to any one you shall direct; and I think you may set down Dr. Delany, whom I will write to. I desired my Lord Oxford, some months since to tell you this: it was just upon my going to take a last leave of Lord Peterborow, in so much hurry that I had not time to write; and my Lord Oxford undertook to tell it you from me. I agree with you in the opinion of Savage's strange performance,[2] which does not deserve the benefit of the clergy. Mrs. Wesley has my sincere thanks for her good wishes in favour of this wretched tabernacle my body; the soul that is so unhappy to inhabit it deserves her regard something better, because it really harbours much goodwill for her husband and herself, no man being more truly, dear sir, your affectionate and faithful servant.

[1] From 'Notes and Queries,' 2nd Series, ii. 363. Samuel Wesley, the elder brother of John, was an usher at Westminster School. This letter seems to have reference to some book which was to be brought out by subscription.

[2] No doubt 'The Progress of a Divine.' See Johnson's Life of Savage.

LETTERS[1]

FROM

POPE TO MORLEY.

FROM 1722 TO 1725-6.

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1. POPE TO MORLEY.[2]

TWITENHAM, *Decr.* 13, 1722.

DEAR SIR,—I owe you two Letters to acknowledge the receipt of Two very kind Presents from you of Oysters and Eringo-roots. I don't know what you design by repeating them so soon, unless you have some young woman in your Eye, whom you would marry me to, and therefore send me (what, indeed, I need very much, as to marriage) Provocatives of all sorts. You know Papists cannot, with any encouragement in these days, purchase lands, and I have none to sell: So 'twill not be easy for me to make any Settlements that may be satisfactory to the Lady, and my Personalitys I fear will not

[1] From the Harley Papers. Transcribed by Mr. Dilke.

[2] This was John Morley, the "soft Morley," the "mild Morley" of Prior's 'Down Hall;' the "rascally butcher and grandjobber" of Swift, 8th Aug., 1738. He was a sort of agent for Ed. Lord Oxford, and, Swift says, ruined him. He negotiated the marriage between him and the daughter of the Duke of Newcastle, and is said to have received £10,000 for his services in the affair. It is said that, far from endeavouring to conceal the nature of his early profession, he used annually to kill a hog in the market-place of Halsted, for the fee of a groat. He became the largest land-jobber in England, and died in 1732. He was doubly related to Sir George Brown (Sir Plume). Brown's first wife was Morley's sister, and Morley's wife Brown's sister, and he was probably the "hearty Morley" of Gay's 'Welcome.'

please her much, tho' I should add Body and Moveables into the bargain. Therefore, good Mr. Morley, none of your Provocatives, but as much of your good will as you please: here's enough for the present. I shall always be glad to hear from you, tho' without these attendant Bribes, for I am always yours faithfully.

My mother thanks you for her Feast of Oisters, and is much your servant.[1]

2. POPE TO MORLEY.[2]

About 1723.

DEAR SIR,—I am in a great hurry, but would not defer performing my promise, in sending you the enclosed.

I heartily thank you for the Oysters, which I am grown very fond of. My mother and myself are your very affectionate servants.

3. POPE TO MORLEY.[3]

Jan. 19, 1725–26.

IT was a great pleasure to me to leave you so well recovered, and, as I may say, upon your legs again. A man that is so apt to run about to serve his friends ought never, sure, to be laid up as you have been. It must however have taught you to be more cautious for the future how you venture at a great stake, and to walk warily, with many other moral and political lessons, when you who know that ground better than any man in England have been thus mistaken. If my Lord and Lady Oxford's letters, which you used as daily plaisters to your wound, had not healed it up already, I might hope this which I send would have some effect. Theirs I appre-

[1] Addressed to Mr. Morley, at Halsted, in Essex.

[2] Addressed to Morley, at his house in Halsted, in Essex.

[3] From a copy in the Oxford papers.

hend gave you vanity, and therefore increased your proud flesh; mine may humble you, and take it down. I am eating the oysters you sent (pickled). St. Peter never tasted so good, though he was a fisherman all his life. I would not advise you to use such diet, nor yet to eat eringo roots, their near neighbours at Colchester. These things would put your body into some disorder at this time, when you lie so much upon your back. Besides, Dr. Cotesworth says your flesh is young, like a fellow's of five-and-twenty.

Pray write something to satisfy posterity in the account of your life that Down-Hall was the ancient name of the place, and that it did not receive that appellation from throwing you down, in which case it may come hereafter to be called Down-Morley. After all I fancy you lay in so long only to receive visits, and letters, and homages, and messages in the greater state; to hear the condolements of Countesses and Duchesses; and to see the diamonds of beauties sparkle at your bedside. You are so little accustomed to take your rest, or to be still, that now you come to find the sweets of it. I wish you do not do like the Indian King, who when first he got into a soft bed resolved he would never get up again. If so we will all come to your couchée, and the wits of the time shall be set at work to make your epitaph, without one word of a resurrection. But if your natural and usual impatience to serve others, and that impetuosity, so peculiar to yourself, prevail over your present habit of repose, the next journey you take to buy land for a poet I promise to accompany you, be you as active as you will. And upon all other journies and projects whatsoever of yours I will at least accompany you with my best wishes for your success. I am, dear sir, your very affectionate and hearty humble servant.

LETTER

FROM

POPE TO BIRD.

1727.

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1. POPE TO BIRD.[1]

[1727.]

Mr. Bird,—Pray forward ye Monument, as above drawn, as soon as possible. Let it be entirely White Marble, and take a particular care that ye Letters of the Inscription be rang'd just as they are here, with ye Space of two Lines left void in ye middle, & ye Space of one line at ye End, in which Spaces there are future Insertions to be made. Your Care and Speed herein will very much oblige, S^r^, y^r^ most hum^ble^ Servt.

[1] First appeared in the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' Feb., 1783. Francis Bird was a statuary, who was employed on the monument of Craggs set up in Westminster Abbey. See letter to Mrs. Newsham, October 30th [1727], vol. ix. p. 442. He died in 1731.

LETTER

FROM

BEDINGFELD TO POPE.

1712.

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1. BEDINGFELD TO POPE.[1]

GRAY INN, *May 26th*, 1712.

S^r^,—Last night I had ye favour of y^rs^ of ye eleventh Instant, and according to y^r^ directions therein, I have enclosed the Copy^es^[2] for Ld Petre and for Mrs. Belle Fermor—she is out of Towne, and therefore all I can do is to leave her pacquet at her lodging—ye Gout has seised 2 fingers of my right hand, wch as it putts me on the necessity of concluding abruptly, will oblige you to pardon it in S^r^, yr very Hum^ble^ Servt.

[1] From the Homer MSS. Edward Bedingfield, of Gray's Inn, was third son of Sir H. Bedingfield, Bart.

[2] Of the 'Rape of the Lock.'

LETTER

FROM

POPE TO MRS. FERMOR.[1]

1714.

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1. POPE TO MRS. ARABELLA FERMOR.

ON HER MARRIAGE.[2]

[1714.]

YOU are by this time satisfied how much the tenderness of one man of merit is to be preferred to the addresses of a thousand. And by this time the gentleman you have made choice of is sensible how great is the joy of having all those charms and good qualities, which have pleased so many, now applied to please one only. It was but just, that the same virtues which gave you reputation, should give you happiness; and I can wish you no greater, than that you may receive it in as high a degree yourself, as so much good humour must infallibly give it to your husband.

It may be expected, perhaps, that one who has the title of poet should say something more polite on this occasion: but I am really more a well-wisher to your felicity than a celebrater of your beauty. Besides, you are now a married woman, and in a way to be a great many better things than a fine lady;

[1] Prefixed to the edition, 1714, of 'Rape of the Lock,' and published with the consent of the lady. See letter to Caryll, Jan. 9, 1713-14.

[2] First appeared in the edition of 1735, Letters, 1737, 4to, p. 145. Arabella Fermor was married to Francis Perkins of Upton Court.

such as an excellent wife, a faithful friend, a tender parent, and at last, as the consequence of them all, a saint in heaven. You ought now to hear nothing but that, which was all you ever desired to hear, (whatever others may have spoken to you,) I mean truth: and it is with the utmost that I assure you, no friend you have can more rejoice in any good that befals you, is more sincerely delighted with the prospect of your future happiness, or more unfeignedly desires a long continuance of it.

I hope you will think it but just, that a man who will certainly be spoken of as your admirer, after he is dead, may have the happiness to be esteemed, while he is living, your, &c.

LETTER

FROM

MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT TO MRS. PRICE.

1740.

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1. MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT TO MRS. PRICE.[1]

Sept. 8, 1740.

DEAR MADAM,—Considering how long I have been without writing to you, you will think I have no fair pretence to take ill your not writing to me: but the case is very different. You could give me great pleasure in telling me you had a good journey, that the waters did you good, &c., this is the chief: I could add, you do and can write agreeable letters; you know I cannot: I can only repeat what I have often told you, in a very dull but very sincere way, that nobody has more regard for you, nor is more interested in all that concerns your health and happiness, and wish you both with all my heart. I am told you do not come back this winter, which I grieve at, till you convince me it is for your advantage. I am also told Mrs. Pitt has left you much better in health, and that your liking and opinion of each other is just what I foretold. I hope my dear Miss Greville is in good health; pray assure her of my affectionate services. I have been ten days at Richmond, and confined ever since I came with a violent cold. I rejoice at Lord Cornbury's good health,

[1] Communicated to Bowles by Uvedale Price, and given here because Pope's letter either closed or accompanied it.

and am his very faithful servant. The princess lies in the beginning of December. Lady Charlotte Edwine is gone to Bristol, I fear far gone in a consumption. Mrs. Greville[1] was extremely kind and obliging to me when I was last at the Grove: I think all that country excessively fine. Miss Longs were there all the time: we played at quadrille; and every thing was so agreeable, that instead of staying as I proposed, a week, I stayed five.

I was just going to give you and Lord Cornbury an account of Mr. Pope; but he is come to see me, and will do it himself. I have also desired him to say something for me; for I can say so little for myself, that by all I can say, you will not believe me half so much as I sincerely am, my dear Mrs. Price, your most faithful and affectionate humble servant.

I cannot quite forgive your writing to all your acquaintance, some of which, I think, deserved that favour less than I did, before you gave me that pleasure.

They have given over talking of the Duchess of B[caufort]. I do not hear her named now: I was sensible of the grief that affair gave you. Adieu. I hope your son is well.

[1] Mrs. Greville was sister to Mrs. Price, grandmother to Uvedale Price, Esq., and I believe she was the

Greville, whose eyes have power to make
A Pope of every swain.

They were daughters of Lord Arthur Somerset, and of course interested in the divorce of the Duchess of Beaufort, who is mentioned in the latter postscript, and who, after her divorce, was married to Colonel Fitzroy, and had by him the present Duchess of Norfolk.—BOWLES.

LETTER

FROM

POPE TO MRS. PRICE.

1740.

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1. POPE TO MRS. PRICE.

[1740.]

PRAY, Madam, tell my Lord Cornbury, I am not worse than he left me, though I have endured some uneasiness since, besides that which his indisposition, when I parted, gave me. I am amply rewarded by his very kind letter, and the good news it brought me of his amendment. I have had a correspondence with my Lord Clarendon, who has in the most obliging manner imputed his journey to Spa to the encouragement I gave him to travel, and to the experience that he was abler to do so than he imagined himself. I earnestly wish his return, but not till he can bring himself whole to us, who want honest and able men too much to part from him: I hope, therefore, to see him this sessions in full health and spirit. Madam, as to yourself, it would be some compliment in me to put any lady in the same line with him; but as I know he likes your company, and as I know you deserve he should, I make no apology either to you or to him. *Sint tales animæ concordes!* (as you very well understand) is the best wish I can form for you both: and I leave it to his lordship to translate, if you pretend you cannot. Sure I am you have already translated it into your life and manners, if not

into your language. I desired Mrs. Blount to write this sentence to you, and with it her service to Lord Cornbury, but she would not trust herself with so much Latin: I know some ladies that would. If you do not come home, it imports you to be extremely the better for being abroad, for we shall be extremely the worse for it: so pray mend as fast you can, the only way you can be mended. I am, madam, your most faithful humble servant.

LETTERS

BETWEEN

POPE AND ANONYMOUS CORRESPONDENTS.

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1. POPE TO MRS. * * *.[1]

March 1, 1705.

MADAM,—I send you the book of rudiments of Drawing, which you were pleased to command, and think myself obliged to inform you at the same time of one of the many excellences you possess without knowing of them. You are but too good a painter already; and no picture of Raphael's was ever so beautiful, as that which you have formed in a certain heart of my acquaintance. Indeed it was but just that the finest lines in nature should be drawn upon the most durable ground, and none could ever be met with, that would so readily receive, or so faithfully retain them, as this heart. I may boldly say of it, that you will not find its fellow in all the parts of the body in this book. But I must complain to you of my hand, which is an arrant traitor to my heart; for having been copying your picture from thence and from Kneller these three days, it has done all possible injury to the finest face that ever was made, and to the liveliest image that ever was drawn. I have imagination enough in your absence, to trace some resemblance of you; but I have been so long used to lose my judgment at the sight of you that it is past my power to correct it by the

[1] First appeared in edit. 1735. Not in 4to, but in Cooper, 1737.

life. Your picture seems least like when placed before your eyes; and, contrary to all other pictures, receives a manifest disadvantage by being set on the fairest light in the world. The painters are a very vain generation, and have a long time pretended to rival nature; but to own the truth to you, she made such a finished piece about three and twenty years ago (I beg your pardon, Madam; I protest, I meant but two and twenty,) that it is in vain for them any longer to contend with her. I know you indeed made one something like it, betwixt five and six years past: it was a little girl, done with abundance of spirit and life, and wants nothing but time to be an admirable piece: but, not to flatter your work, I do not think it will ever come up to what your father made. However, I would not discourage you; it is certain you have a strange happiness, of making fine things of a sudden and at a stroke, with incredible ease and pleasure. I am, &c.

2. POPE TO MRS. * * *.[1]

MADAM,—It is with infinite satisfaction I am made acquainted that your brother will at last prove your relation, and has entertained such sentiments as become him in your concern. I have been prepared for this by degrees, having several times receiv'd from Mrs. —— that which is one of the greatest pleasures, the knowledge that others enter'd into my own sentiments concerning you. I ever was of opinion that you wanted no more to be vindicated than to be known, and like truth could appear no where but you must conquer. As I have often condoled with you in your adversities, so I have a right which but few can pretend to, of congratulating on the prospect of your better fortunes, and I hope for the future to

[1] First in edit. 1735, then in 4to with "Madam" added, and many passages omitted. We therefore print from edit. 1735. This may possibly be the letter "in the lofty style," addressed to Mrs. Weston. See note to Caryll, 28 May, 1712.

have the concern I have felt for you overpaid in your felicities. Though you modestly say the world has left you, yet I verily believe it is coming to you again as fast as it can: for to give the world its due, it is always very fond of merit when 'tis past its power to oppose it. Therefore if you should take it into favour again upon its repentance, and continue in it, you would be so far from leading what is commonly called an unsettled life (and what you with too much unjust severity call a vagabond life) that the wise could only look upon you as a prince in [a] progress, who travels to gain the affections he has not, or to fix those he already has, which he effectually does wherever he shows himself. But if you are resolved in revenge to rob the world of so much example as you may afford it, I believe your design will be in vain; for even in a monastery your devotions cannot carry you so far toward the next world, as to make this lose the sight of you, but you'll be like a star, that while it is fix'd to heaven, shines over all the earth.

Wheresoever Providence shall dispose of the most valuable thing I know, I shall ever follow you with my sincerest wishes, and my best thoughts will be perpetually waiting upon you, when you never hear of me or them. Your own guardian angels cannot be more constant, nor more silent. I beg you will never cease to think me your friend, that you may not be guilty of that which you never yet knew to commit, an injustice. As I have hitherto been so in spite of the world, so hereafter, if it be possible you should ever be more opposed, and more deserted, I should only be so much the more your faithful, &c.

3. POPE TO * * *.[1]

You have put me into so much gaiety of temper, that there will not be a serious word in this day's letter. No more, you will say, there would, if I told you the whole serious business of the town. All last night I continued with you, though your unreasonable regularity drove me out of your doors at three o'clock. I dreamed all over the evening's conversation, and saw the little bed in spite of you. In the morning I waked, very angry at your phantom for leaving me so abruptly.——I know you delight in my mortification. I dined with an old beauty, she appeared at the table like a Death's head enamelled. The Egyptians, you know, had such things at their entertainments; but do you think they painted and patched them? However, the last of these objections was soon removed; for the lady had so violent an appetite for a salmon, that she quickly ate all the patches off her face. She divided the fish into three parts; not equal, God knows; for she helped Gay to the head, me to the middle, and making the rest much the largest part, took it herself, and cried very naïvely, I'll be content with my own tail.

My supper was as singular as my dinner. It was with a great poet[2] and ode-maker (that is, a great poet out of his wits, or out of his way). He came to me very hungry; not for want of a dinner (for that I should make no jest of), but having forgot to dine. He fell most furiously on the broiled relics of a shoulder of mutton, commonly called a blade bone: he professed he never tasted so exquisite a thing; begged me to tell him what joint it was; wondered he had never heard the name of this joint, or seen it at other tables; and desired

[1] First appeared in Cooper, 1737, among 'Letters to Ladies.'

[2] It is said he meant Dr. Young; and that he laughed at his frequent absence of mind: to which, but not with affectation, he was subject.—WARTON.

Young's 'Busiris' was produced in 1717, and his 'Revenge' in 1721.

to know how he might direct his butcher to cut out the same for the future. And yet this man, so ignorant in modern butchery, has cut up half a hundred heroes, and quartered five or six miserable lovers in every tragedy he has written. I have nothing more to tell you to-day.

4. IN THE STYLE OF A LADY.[1]

PRAY what is your opinion of *Fate?* For I must confess I am one of those that believe in fate and predestination.—No, I cannot go so far as that, but I own I am of opinion one's stars may incline, though not compel one; and that is a sort of free-will; for we may be able to resist inclination, but not compulsion.

Do not you think they have got into the most preposterous fashion this winter that ever was, of flouncing the petticoat so very deep, that it looks like an entire coat of lutestring?

It is a little cool indeed for this time of year, but then, my dear, you will allow it has an extreme clean, pretty look.

Ay, so has my muslin apron; but I would not choose to make it a winter suit of clothes.

Well now I will swear, child, you have put me in mind of a very pretty dress; let me die if I do not think a muslin flounce, made very full, would give one a very agreeable *Flirtation*-air.

Well, I swear it would be charming! and I should like it of all things—Do you think there are any such things as *Spirits?*

Do you believe there is any such place as the Elysian Fields? O Gad, that would be charming! I wish I were to go to the Elysian Fields when I die, and then I should not care

[1] First published in Cooper, 1737.

In the style of a lady? Read Lady M. Montagu's Letters, and confess how little this nonsense is like.—BOWLES.

Did Mr. Bowles conceive that Pope ever intended it to be like? any more than a song by a person of quality was intended to be a serious composition?—ROSCOE.

if I were to leave the world to-morrow: but is one to meet there with what one has loved most in this world?

Now you must tell me this positively. To be sure you can, or what do I correspond with you for, if you will not tell me all? You know I abominate reserve.

5. THE ANSWER.[1]

You should have my day too, sir, but indeed I slept it out, and so I will give you all that was left, my last night's entertainment. You know the company. I went in late, in order to be better received; but unluckily came in, as Deuce-ace was flinging (Lord H. would say I came in the nick). The lady coloured, and the men took the name of the Lord in vain: nobody spoke to me, and I sat down disappointed; then affecting a careless air, gaped, and cried seven or eight times, *D'ye win or lose?* I could safely say at that moment I had no temptation to any one of the seven lively sins; and in the innocent way I was, happy had it been for me, if I had died! Moralizing sat I by the hazard table; I looked upon the uncertainty of riches, the decay of beauty, and the crash of worlds, with as much contempt as ever Plato did. But ah! the frailty of human nature! some ridiculous thought came into my head, wakened my passions, which burst forth into a violent laughter: I rose from my seat, and not considering the just resentments of the losing gamesters, hurled a ball of paper across the table, which stopped the dice, and turned up seven instead of five. Cursed on all sides, and not knowing where to fly, I threw myself into a chair, which I demolished, and never spoke a word after. We went to supper, and a lady said, *Miss G. looks prodigiously like a Tree.* Every body agreed to it, and I had not curiosity to ask the meaning of

[1] First appeared in Cooper, 1737, and described as 'The Answer' to last letter.

that sprightly fancy: find it out, and let me know. Adieu, it is time to dress, and begin the business of the day.

6. POPE TO * * *.[1]

I WILL not describe Blenheim in particular, not to forestal your expectations before you see it: only take a short account, which I will hazard my little credit, is no unjust one. I never saw so great a thing with so much littleness in it. I think the architect built it entirely in complaisance to the taste of its owners; for it is the most inhospitable thing imaginable, and the most selfish: it has, like their own hearts, no room for strangers, and no reception for any person of superior quality to themselves. There are but just two apartments, for the master and mistress, below; and but two apartments above (very much inferior to them) in the whole house. When you look upon the outside, you would think it large enough for a prince; when you see the inside, it is too little for a subject, and has not conveniency to lodge a common family. It is a house of entries and passages; among which there are three vistas through the whole, very uselessly handsome. There is what might have been a fine gallery, but spoiled by two arches towards the end of it, which take away the sight of several of the windows. There are two ordinary staircases instead of one great one. The best things within the house are the hall, which is indeed noble and well proportioned; and the cellars and offices under ground, which are the most commodious, and the best contrived of the whole. At the top of the building are several cupolas and little turrets, that have but an ill effect, and make the building look at once finical and heavy. What seems of the best taste, is

[1] This letter appeared in edit. 1735, but was not reproduced in the *4to*, nor in *Cooper*, 1737, nor in any other edition before Warton. Roscoe addresses it 'To Mrs. Martha Blount,' but it has not been found among the Mapledurham MSS., and there is no evidence to show that it was addressed to either of the Misses Blount.

that front towards the gardens, which is not yet loaded with these turrets. The two sides of the building are entirely spoiled by two monstrous bow windows, which stand just in the middle, instead of doors: and, as if it were fatal, that some trifling littleness should everywhere destroy the grandeur, there are in the chief front two semicircles of a lower structure than the rest, that cut off the angles, and look as if they were purposely designed to hide a loftier and nobler piece of building, the top of which appears above them. In a word, the whole is a most expensive absurdity; and the Duke of Shrewsbury gave a true character of it, when he said it was a great quarry of stones above ground.

We paid a visit to the spring where Rosamond bathed herself; on a hill, where remains only a piece of a wall of the old palace of Henry II. We toasted her shade in the cold water, not without a thought or two, scarce so cold as the liquor we drank it in. I dare not tell you what they were, and so hasten to conclude, your, &c.

7. POPE TO MRS. * * *.[1]

ALL the pleasure or use of familiar letters, is to give us the assurance of a friend's welfare; at least it is all I know, who am a mortal enemy and despiser of what they call fine letters. In this view, I promise you, it will always be a satisfaction to me to write letters and to receive them from you; because I unfeignedly have your good at my heart, and am that thing, which many people make only a subject to display their fine sentiments upon, a Friend: which is a character that admits of little to be said, till something may be done. Now let me fairly tell you, I do not like your style: it is very pretty, therefore I do not like it; and if you writ as

[1] First appeared in 4to, 1737, addressed 'To the Honourable Mrs. ——,' which was omitted in Cooper, 1737.

well as Voiture, I would not give a farthing for such letters unless I were to sell them to be printed. Methinks I have lost the Mrs. L * * I formerly knew, who writ and talked like other people (and sometimes better). You must allow me to say, you have not said a sensible word in all your letter, except where you speak of showing kindness and expecting it in return: but the addition you make about your being but two and twenty, is again in the style of wit and abomination. To show you how very unsatisfactorily you write, in all your letters you have never told me how you do. Indeed I see it was absolutely necessary for me to write to you, before you continued to take more notice of me, for I ought to tell you what you are to expect; that is to say, kindness, which I never failed (I hope) to return; and not Wit, which if I want I am not much concerned, because Judgment is a better thing; and if I had, I would make use of it rather to play upon those I despised, than to trifle with those I loved. You see, in short, after what manner you may most agreeably write to me: tell me you are my friend, and you can be no more at a loss about that article. As I have opened my mind upon this to you, it may also serve for Mr. H——, who will see by it what manner of letters he must expect if he corresponds with me. As I am too seriously yours and his servant to put turns upon you instead of good wishes, so in return I would have nothing but honest plain Howd'ye's and Pray remember me's; which not being fit to be shown to any body for wit, may be a proof we correspond only for ourselves, in mere friendliness; as doth, God is my witness, your, &c.

8. —— TO POPE.[1]

LONDON, *Thursday.*

DEAR SIR,—I was out of town when your letter came, but I am glad the contents were obey'd by my Maid's opening of it. I am as glad you are turned such a Bon vivant, but you have so good a ham over against you, I wonder you want any other. This is the manner of your conversation with Lady Mary, for which you are so often reprimanded & never reformed; may I take the freedom to give her Lap my most humble respects, & to tell you freely when I go to Twitenham it is to pay my respects to her Lap, & not to see you; for you never stay a moment with me. I was busy all last week, & shall be this too, but next I hope to have the vision, tho' I will not putt a profane Epithet to it. Your Waterman, unknown to me or my Servant, went to Mr. Guerney's, & has taken about 30 shillings more of Spaa waters than either I or my man know off, pray inquire about this matter.

9. POPE TO * * *.[2]

DEAR SIR,—Your endeavours that I may forget my misfortunes are truly noble. It would be to deserve them to fly from Resolution. They shall not depress me, but I must help to bear what you tell me lies so heavy upon my friends. I preserve a mean which is the excellence, justice, and fitness of all things in the moral system,

> Virtue's a mean, and vice is an excess,
> In doing more than's fit, or doing less.

To poetize, my friend, is no mark of a depressed fancy or excessive sorrow, but a sort of a comical way of treating things serious, not after the subtle fashions of those you speak of that

[1] From Homer MSS.

[2] First appeared in Cooper, 1735. Never reproduced.

would magnify Nature by depressing the Deity; who, setting forth their necessary agreement, make unnecessary strife. With reverence do I mention these things, and know:

> How the great love of Nature fills thy mind,
> And universal kindness to thy kind.

I am, while thus juvenile, an advocate for, and not a railer against extremes. These symptoms strongly bode a second youth that vapours with a feeble and defective flame. It is the enervated arm of Priam impotently raised against the thundering rage of youthful Pyrrhus.

However this epistle, my dear friend, shall not become more tawdry by its not being of a piece, for I will conclude with answering your last serious question, with another scrap of poetry.

> Whate'er the soul of Nature has designed
> And wrought on matter is the effect of mind;
> The form of substance is the former's art,
> Hence beauty and design that strike the Heart.
> There's nought in simple matter to delight,
> 'Tis the fair workmanship that takes the sight.
> The beautiful effect of mind alone
> Is comely, and in all things comely shown.
> Where mind is not there Horror needs must be,
> For Matter formless is deformity.

PROSE WORKS.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

EXTRAORDINARY LIFE, WORKS, AND DISCOVERIES

OF

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

PREFACE.

Mr. Pope, Dr. Arbuthnot, and Dr. Swift, in conjunction, formed the project of a satire on the abuses of human learning; and to make it the better received, proposed to execute it in the manner of Cervantes (the original author of this species of satire) under a continued narrative of feigned adventures. They had observed that those abuses still kept their ground against all that the ablest and gravest authors could say to discredit them; they concluded therefore, the force of ridicule was wanting to quicken their disgrace; and ridicule was here in its place, when the abuses had been already detected by sober reasoning; and truth in no danger to suffer by the premature use of so powerful an instrument. But the separation of our author and his friends, which soon after happened, with the death of one and the infirmities of the other, put a final period to their design, when they had only drawn out an imperfect essay towards it, under the title of The First Book of the Memoirs of Scriblerus.

Moral satire never lost more than in the defeat of this project; in the execution of which, each of this illustrious triumvirate would have found exercise for his own peculiar talent; besides constant employment for those they all had in common. Dr. Arbuthnot was skilled in everything which related to science; Mr. Pope was a master in the fine arts; and Dr. Swift excelled in the knowledge of the world. Wit they had all in equal measure, and in a measure so large, that no age perhaps ever produced three men, to whom Nature had more bountifully bestowed it, or in whom Art had brought it to higher perfection.—Warburton.

The design of this work, as stated by Pope himself, is to ridicule all the false tastes in learning under the character of a man of capacity enough, that had dipped into every art and science, but injudiciously in each. It was begun by a club of some of the greatest wits of the age—Lord Oxford, the Bishop of Rochester, Pope, Congreve, Swift, Arbuthnot, and others. Gay often held the pen; and Addison liked it very well, and was not disinclined to come into it. The Deipnosophy consisted of disputes on ridiculous tenets of all sorts; and the Adventure of the Shield was designed against Dr. Woodward and the Antiquarians. It was Anthony Henley who wrote the Life of his Music Master, Tom Durfey; a chapter by way of episode. It was from a part of these Memoirs that Swift took his first hints for Gulliver. There were pigmies in Schreiber's Travels, and the projects for Laputa. The design was carried on much further than has appeared in print, and was stopped by some of the gentlemen being stopped, or otherwise engaged.—Spence, *Anecdotes*.

If any one of the causes mentioned by Warburton prevented the continuation of these Memoirs, it must have been the dispersal of the Scriblerus Club in 1714 alone. Arbuthnot did not die, nor did Swift's faculties begin to fail till many years later. All the evidence, internal and external, seems to point to the fact that the Memoirs were composed during the sittings of the Club, and that when the first book was completed it was put aside—perhaps because it was not thought worth while to publish them till Pope included them in the octavo edition of his Works, published by Dodsley in 1742.

INTRODUCTION.

In the reign of Queen Anne (which, notwithstanding those happy times which succeeded, every Englishman may remember), thou may'st possibly, gentle reader, have seen a certain venerable person who frequented the outside of the palace of St. James's, and who, by the gravity of his deportment and habit, was generally taken for a decayed gentleman of Spain. His stature was tall, his visage long, his complexion olive, his brows were black and even, his eyes hollow yet piercing, his nose inclined to aquiline, his beard neglected and mixed with grey: all this contributed to spread a solemn melancholy over his countenance. Pythagoras was not more silent, Pyrrho more motionless, nor Zeno more austere. His wig was black and smooth as the plumes of a raven, and hung as straight as the hair of a river god rising from the water. His cloak so completely covered his whole person, that whether or no he had any other clothes (much less any linen) under it, I shall not say; but his sword appeared a full yard behind him, and his manner of wearing it was so stiff, that it seemed grown to his thigh. His whole figure was so utterly unlike anything of this world, that it was not natural for any man to ask him a question without blessing himself first. Those who never saw a Jesuit, took him for one, and others believed him some high priest of the Jews.

But under this macerated form was concealed a mind replete with science, burning with a zeal of benefiting his fellow-creatures, and filled with an honest conscious pride, mixed with a scorn of doing or suffering the least thing beneath the

dignity of a philosopher. Accordingly he had a soul that would not let him accept of any offers of charity, at the same time that his body seemed but too much to require it. His lodging was in a small chamber up four pair of stairs, where he regularly paid for what he had when he eat or drank; and he was often observed wholly to abstain from both. He declined speaking to any one, except the Queen or her first Minister, to whom he attempted to make some applications; but his real business or intentions were utterly unknown to all men. Thus much is certain, that he was obnoxious to the Queen's Ministry; who, either out of jealousy or envy, had him spirited away, and carried abroad as a dangerous person, without any regard to the known laws of the kingdom.

One day, as this gentleman was walking about dinner-time alone in the Mall, it happened that a manuscript dropt from under his cloak, which my servant picked up and brought to me. It was written in the Latin tongue, and contained many most profound secrets, in an unusual turn of reasoning and style. The first leaf was inscribed with these words, *Codicillus, seu Liber Memorialis, Martini Scribleri.* The book was of so wonderful a nature, that it is incredible what a desire I conceived that moment to be acquainted with the author, who I clearly perceived was some great philosopher in disguise. I several times endeavoured to speak to him, which he as often industriously avoided. At length I found an opportunity (as he stood under the piazza by the dancing-room in St. James's) to acquaint him in the Latin tongue, that his manuscript was fallen into my hands; and saying this, I presented it to him, with great encomiums on the learned author. Hereupon he took me aside, surveyed me over with a fixt attention, and opening the clasps of the parchment cover, spoke (to my great surprise) in English, as follows:

"Courteous stranger, whoever thou art, I embrace thee as "my best friend; for either the stars and my art are deceitful,

"or the destined time is come which is to manifest Martinus "Scriblerus to the world, and thou the person chosen by fate "for this task. What thou seest in me is a body exhausted "by the labours of the mind. I have found in Dame Nature "not indeed an unkind, but a very coy mistress: watchful "nights, anxious days, slender meals, and endless labours, "must be the lot of all who pursue her through her laby- "rinths and meanders. My first vital air I drew in this "island (a soil fruitful of philosophers), but my complexion "is become adust, and my body arid, by visiting lands (as the "poet has it) *alio sub sole calentes*. I have, through my "whole life, passed under several disguises and unknown "names, to screen myself from the envy and malice which "mankind express against those who are possessed of the "*Arcanum Magnum*. But at present I am forced to take "sanctuary in the British Court, to avoid the revenge "of a cruel Spaniard, who has pursued me almost through "the whole terraqueous globe. Being about four years ago "in the city of Madrid in quest of natural knowledge, I was "informed of a lady who was marked with a pomegranate "upon the inside of her right thigh, which blossomed, and, "as it were, seemed to ripen in the due season. Forthwith "was I possessed with an insatiable curiosity to view this "wonderful phenomenon. I felt the ardour of my passion "increase as the season advanced, till, in the month of July, "I could no longer contain. I brib'd her duenna, was "admitted to the bath, saw her undress'd, and the wonder "display'd. This was soon after discovered by the husband, "who finding some letters I had written to the duenna, con- "taining expressions of a doubtful meaning, suspected me of "a crime most alien from the purity of my thoughts. Incon- "tinently I left Madrid by the advice of friends, have been "pursued, dogged, and waylaid through several nations, and "even now scarce think myself secure within the sacred walls "of this palace. It has been my good fortune to have seen

"all the grand phenomena of nature, excepting an earthquake, "which I waited for in Naples three years in vain; and "now by means of some British ship (whose colours no "Spaniard dare approach[1]) I impatiently expect a safe pas- "sage to Jamaica, for that benefit. To thee, my friend, whom "fate has marked for my historiographer, I leave these my "Commentaries, and others of my works. No more—be "faithful and impartial."

He soon after performed his promise, and left me the Commentaries, giving me also further lights by many conferences; when he was unfortunately snatched away (as I before related) by the jealousy of the Queen's Ministry.

Though I was thus to my eternal grief deprived of his conversation, he for some years continued his correspondence, and communicated to me many of his projects for the benefit of mankind. He sent me some of his writings, and recommended to my care the recovery of others, straggling about the world, and assumed by other men. The last time I heard from him was on occasion of his Strictures on the Dunciad: since when, several years being elapsed, I have reason to believe this excellent person is either dead, or carried by his vehement thirst of knowledge into some remote, or perhaps undiscovered region of the world. In either case, I think it a debt no longer to be delayed, to reveal what I know of this prodigy of science, and to give the history of his life, and of his extensive merits to mankind; in which I dare promise the reader, that whenever he begins to think any one chapter dull, the style will be immediately changed in the next.

[1] This marks the time when the Introduction was written.

MEMOIRS

OF

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

OF THE PARENTAGE AND FAMILY OF SCRIBLERUS, HOW HE WAS BEGOT, WHAT CARE WAS TAKEN OF HIM BEFORE HE WAS BORN, AND WHAT PRODIGIES ATTENDED HIS BIRTH.

In the city of Munster in Germany, lived a grave and learned gentleman, by profession an antiquary; who, among all his invaluable curiosities, esteemed none more highly than a skin of the true Pergamenian parchment, which hung at the upper end of his hall. On this was curiously traced the ancient pedigree of the Scribleri, with all their alliances and collateral relations (among which were reckoned Albertus Magnus, Paracelsus Bombastus, and the famous Scaligers, in old times Princes of Verona), and deduced even from the times of the elder Pliny to Cornelius Scriblerus: for such was the name of this venerable personage; whose glory it was, that, by the singular virtue of the women, not one had a head of a different cast from his family.

His wife was a lady of singular beauty, whom not for that

reason only he espoused, but because she was undoubted daughter either of the great Scriverius, or of Gasper Barthius. It happened on a time, the said Gaspar made a visit to Scriverius at Harlem, taking with him a comely lady of his acquaintance, who was skilful in the Greek tongue, of whom the learned Scriverius became so enamoured, as to inebriate his friend and be familiar with his mistress. I am not ignorant of what Columesius[1] affirms, that the learned Barthius was not so overtaken, but he perceived it; and in revenge suffered this unfortunate gentlewoman to be drowned in the Rhine at her return. But Mrs. Scriblerus (the issue of that amour) was a living proof of the falsehood of this report. Dr. Cornelius was farther induced to his marriage, from the certain information that the aforesaid lady, the mother of his wife, was related to Cardan on the father's side, and to Aldrovandus on the mother's: besides which, her ancestors had been professors of physick, astrology, or chemistry, in German universities, from generation to generation.

With this fair gentlewoman had our Doctor lived in a comfortable union for about ten years: but this our sober and orderly pair, without any natural infirmity, and with a constant and frequent compliance to the chief duty of conjugal life, were yet unhappy, in that Heaven had not blessed them with any issue. This was the utmost grief to the good man; especially considering what exact precautions and methods he had used to procure that blessing; for he never had cohabitation with his spouse, but he pondered on the rules of the ancients, for the generation of children of wit. He ordered his diet according to the prescription of Galen, confining himself and his wife for almost the whole first year to goat's[2] milk and honey. It unfortunately befel her, when she was about four months gone with child, to long for somewhat, which that author inveighs against as prejudicial to the

[1] Columesius relates this from Isaac Vossius, in his Opuscul. p. 102. —Pope.

[2] Galen, Lib. de Cibis boni et mali succi, cap. 3.—Pope.

understanding of the infant. This her husband thought fit to deny her, affirming it was better to be childless, than to become the parent of a fool. His wife miscarried; but as the abortion proved only a female fœtus, he comforted himself that had it arrived to perfection, it would not have answered his account; his heart being wholly fixed upon the learned sex. However he disdained not to treasure up the embryo in a vial, among the curiosities of his family.

Having discovered that Galen's prescription could not determine the sex, he forthwith betook himself to Aristotle. Accordingly he withheld the nuptial embrace when the wind was in any point of the south; this author[1] asserting that the grossness and moisture of the southerly winds occasion the procreation of females, and not of males. But he redoubled his diligence when the wind was at west, a wind on which that great philosopher bestowed the encomiums of Fatner of the Earth, Breath of the Elysian Fields, and other glorious elogies. For our learned man was clearly of opinion, that the semina out of which animals are produced, are animalcula ready formed, and received in with the air.[2]

Under these regulations, his wife, to his unexpressible joy, grew pregnant a second time; and (what was no small addition to his happiness) he just then came to the possession of a considerable estate by the death of her uncle, a wealthy Jew who resided at London. This made it necessary for him to take a journey to England; nor would the care of his posterity let him suffer his wife to remain behind him. During the voyage, he was perpetually taken up on the one hand, how to employ his great riches, and on the other, how to educate his child. He had already determined to set apart several annual sums for the recovery of manuscripts, the effossion of coins, the procuring of mummies; and for all those curious discoveries by which he hoped to become (as

[1] Arist. xiv. Sect. Prob. 5.—POPE.

[2] Religion of Nature, Sect. v. Parag. 15.—POPE.

himself was wont to say) a second Peireskius. He had already chalked out all possible schemes for the improvement of a male child, yet was so far prepared for the worst that could happen, that before the nine months were expired, he had composed two treatises of education; the one he called, *A Daughter's Mirrour*, and the other *A Son's Monitor*.

This is all we can find relating to Martinus, while he was in his mother's womb, excepting that he was entertained there with a concert of musick once in twenty-four hours, according to the custom of the Magi: and that on a particular day,[1] he was observed to leap and kick exceedingly, which was on the first of April, the birth-day of the great Basilius Valentinus.

The truth of this, and every preceding fact, may be depended upon, being taken literally from the Memoirs. But I must be so ingenious as to own, that the accounts are not so certain of the exact time and place of his birth. As to the first, he had the common frailty of old men, to conceal his age: as to the second, I only remember to have heard him say, that he first saw the light in St. Giles's parish. But in the investigation of this point, fortune hath favoured our diligence. For one day as I was passing by the Seven Dials, I overheard a dispute concerning the place of nativity of a great astrologer, which each man alleged to have been in his own street. The circumstances of the time, and the descrip-

[1] Ramsay's Cyrus.—POPE. It was with judgment, that the authors rather chose to ridicule the modern relator of this ridiculous practice, than the ancients, from whence he took it. As it is a sure instance of folly, when amongst the many excellent things which may be learned from antiquity, we find a modern writer only picking out their absurdities.—WARBURTON.

Ramsay took this circumstance from the seventeenth book of Strabo: "Other men begin not the education of their children till after they are born; but the Magi seemed to do it before. While their wives were with child, they took care to keep them always in tranquillity and perpetual cheerfulness, by sweet and innocent amusements, to the end, that from the mother's womb the fruit might receive no impressions but what were pleasing, peaceful, and agreeable, to order."—Travels of Cyrus, v. i. p. 80.—WARTON.

tion of the person, made me imagine it might be that universal genius whose life I am writing. I returned home, and having maturely considered their several arguments, which I found to be of equal weight, I quieted my curiosity with this natural conclusion, that he was born in some point common to all the seven streets; which must be that on which the column is now erected. And it is with infinite pleasure that I since find my conjecture confirmed, by the following passage in the codicil to Mr. Neale's will:

I appoint my Executors to engrave the following inscription on the column in the centre of the seven streets which I erected.

LOC. NAT. INCLVT. PHILOS. MAR. SCR.

But Mr. Neale's order was never performed, because the Executors durst not administer.

Nor was the birth of this great man unattended with prodigies: he himself has often told me, that on the night before he was born, Mrs. Scriblerus dreamed she was brought to bed of a huge ink-horn, out of which issued several large streams of ink, as it had been a fountain. This dream was by her husband thought to signify that the child should prove a very voluminous writer. Likewise a crab-tree[1] that had been hitherto barren, appeared on a sudden laden with a vast quantity of crabs: this sign also the old gentleman imagined to be a prognostic of the acuteness of his wit. A great swarm of wasps[2] played round his cradle without hurting him, but were very troublesome to all in the room besides: this seemed a certain presage of the effects of his satire. A dunghill was seen within the space of one night to be covered all over with mushrooms: this some interpreted to promise the infant great fertility of fancy, but no long duration to his works; but the father was of another opinion.

[1] Virgil's Laurel. Donat.—POPE.

[2] Plato, Lucan, &c.—POPE.

But what was of all most wonderful, was a thing that seemed a monstrous fowl, which just then dropt through the skylight, near his wife's apartment. It had a large body, two little disproportioned wings, a prodigious tail, but no head. As its colour was white, he took it at first sight for a swan, and was concluding his son would be a poet: but on a nearer view he perceived it to be speckled with black, in the form of letters; and that it was indeed a paper kite which had broke its leash by the impetuosity of the wind. His back was armed with the art military, his belly was filled with physick, his wings were the wings of Quarles and Withers, the several nodes of his voluminous tail were diversified with several branches of science; where the doctor beheld with great joy a knot of logic, a knot of metaphysick, a knot of casuistry, a knot of polemical divinity, and a knot of common law, with a lanthorn of Jacob Behmen.[1]

There went a report in the family, that, as soon as he was born, he uttered the voice of nine several animals; he cried like a calf, bleated like a sheep, chattered like a magpye, grunted like a hog, neighed like a foal, croaked like a raven, mewed like a cat, gabbled like a goose, and brayed like an ass. And the next morning he was found playing in his bed with two owls, which came down the chimney. His father greatly rejoiced at all these signs, which betokened the variety of his eloquence, and the extent of his learning; but he was more particularly pleased with the last, as it nearly resembled what happened at the birth of Homer.[2]

[1] The enthusiastic founder of the German and English Methodists, Muggletonians, Hernhuters, and the illuminated Devotees on the Continent. He was called the German Theosophist. He was a Taylor at Gorlitz.

[2] Vid. Eustath. in Odyss. l. xii. ex Alex. Paphia, et Leo. Allat. de patr. Hom. p. 45.—Pope.

CHAPTER II.[1]

THE SPEECH OF CORNELIUS OVER HIS SON AT THE HOUR OF HIS BIRTH.

No sooner was the cry of the infant heard, but the old gentleman rushed into the room, and snatching it in his arms, examined every limb with attention. He was infinitely pleased to find, that the child had the wart of Cicero, the wry neck of Alexander, knots upon his legs like Marius, and one of them shorter than the other like Agesilaus. The good Cornelius also hoped he would come to stammer like Demosthenes, in order to be as eloquent; and in time arrive at many other defects of famous men. He held the child so long, that the midwife, grown out of all patience, snatched it from his arms, in order to swaddle it. "Swaddle "him!" (quoth he,) "far be it from me to submit to such a per- "nicious custom! Is not my son a man? and is not man the "lord of the universe? Is it thus you use this monarch at his "first arrival in his dominions, to manacle and shackle him "hand and foot? Is this what you call to be free-born? If "you have no regard to his natural liberty, at least have some "to his natural faculties. Behold with what agility he "spreadeth his toes, and moveth them with as great variety as "his fingers! a power, which in the small circle of a year may "be totally abolished, by the enormous confinement of shoes "and stockings. His ears (which other animals turn with "great advantage towards the sonorous object) may, by the

[1] This chapter supplied the hint to Sterne for the opening of 'Tristram Shandy.'

"ministry of some accursed nurse, for ever lie flat and im-
"moveable. Not so the ancients, they could move them at
"pleasure, and accordingly are often described *arrectis auribus*."
"What a devil!" (quoth the midwife) "would you have your
"son move his ears like a drill?" "Yes, fool," (said he,) "why
"should he not have the perfection of a drill, or of any other
"animal?" Mrs. Scriblerus, who lay all this while fretting at her husband's discourse, at last broke out to this purpose: "My dear, I have had many disputes with you upon this "subject before I was a month gone. We have but one child, "and cannot afford to throw him away upon experiments. I'll "have my boy bred up like other gentlemen, at home, and "always under my own eye." All the gossips with one voice cried, "Ay, ay," but Cornelius broke out in this manner. "What, bred at home! Have I taken all this pains for a "creature that is to lead the inglorious life of a cabbage, to "suck the nutritious juices from the spot where he was first "planted? No, to perambulate this terraqueous globe is too "small a range; were it permitted, he should at least make "the tour of the whole system of the sun. Let other mortals "pore upon maps, and swallow the legends of lying travellers; "the son of Cornelius shall make his own legs his compasses; "with those he shall measure continents, islands, capes, "bays, straits, and isthmus's: he shall himself take the alti-
"tude of the highest mountains, from the peak of Derby to the "peak of Teneriffe; when he has visited the top of Taurus, "Imaus, Caucasus, and the famous Ararat, where Noah's Ark "first moored, he may take a slight view of the snowy "Riphaeans; nor would I have him neglect Athos and Olympus, "renowned for poetical fictions. Those that vomit fire will "deserve a more particular attention: I will therefore have "him observe with great care Vesuvius, Etna, the burning "mountain of Java, but chiefly Hecla, the greatest rarity in "the northern regions. Then he may likewise contemplate the "wonders of the Memphitic cave. When he has dived into the

" bowels of the earth, and surveyed the works of nature under-
" ground, and instructed himself fully in the nature of volcanoes,
" earthquakes, thunders, tempests, and hurricanes, I hope he
" will bless the world with a more exact survey of the deserts
" of Arabia and Tartary, than as yet we are able to obtain:
" then will I have him cross the seven gulfs, measure the
" currents in the fifteen famous straits, and search for those
" fountains of fresh water that are at the bottom of the ocean."
—At these last words, Mrs. Scriblerus fell into a trembling: the description of this terrible scene made too violent an impression upon a woman in her condition, and threw her into a strong hysteric fit which might have proved dangerous, if Cornelius had not been pushed out of the room by the united force of the women.

CHAPTER III.

SHOWING WHAT BEFEL THE DOCTOR'S SON AND HIS SHIELD, ON THE DAY OF THE CHRISTENING.

THE day of the christening being come, and the house filled with gossips, the levity of whose conversation suited but ill with the gravity of Dr. Cornelius, he cast about how to pass this day more agreeably to his character; that is to say, not without some profitable conference, nor wholly without observance of some ancient custom.

He remembered to have read in Theocritus,[1] that the cradle of Hercules was a shield; and being possessed of an antique buckler which he held as a most inestimable relick, he determined to have the infant laid therein, and in that manner brought into the study, and to be shown to certain learned men of his acquaintance.

The regard he had for this shield, had caused him formerly to compile a dissertation concerning it,[2] proving from the several properties, and particularly the colour of the rust, the exact chronology thereof.

With this treatise, and a moderate supper, he proposed to entertain his guests; though he had also another design, to have their assistance in the calculation of his son's nativity.

He therefore took the buckler out of a case (in which he always kept it, lest it might contract any modern rust), and entrusted it to his housemaid, with orders, that when the

[1] Theocritus, Idyll.

[2] See the Dissertation on Dr. Woodward's Shield.—WARBURTON.

I suppose Pope had a copy of this among his papers, which Warburton had seen, but his advice to readers generally to refer to it sounds rather like mockery; at any rate it does not exist in the British Museum.

company was come she should lay the child carefully in it, covered with a mantle of blue satin.

The guests were no sooner seated, but they entered into a warm debate about the *triclinium* and the manner of *decubitus* of the ancients, which Cornelius broke off in this manner:

"This day, my friends, I propose to exhibit my son before "you; a child not wholly unworthy of inspection, as he is de- "scended from a race of virtuosi. Let the physiognomists "examine his features; let the chirographists behold his palm, "but above all let us consult for the calculation of his nativity. "To this end, as the child is not vulgar, I will not present him "unto you in a vulgar manner. He shall be cradled in my "ancient shield, so famous through the universities of Europe. "You all know how I have purchased that invaluable piece of "antiquity at the great (though indeed inadequate) expense of "all the plate of our family, how happily I carried it off, "and how triumphantly I transported it hither to the inex- "pressible grief of all Germany. Happy in every circum- "stance, but that it broke the heart of the great Melchior "Insipidus!"

Here he stopped his speech, upon sight of the maid, who entered the room with the child. He took it in his arms and proceeded:

"Behold then my child, but first behold the shield: "Behold this rust,—or rather let me call it this precious crugo, "—behold this beautiful varnish of time,—this venerable "verdure of so many ages——"[1]

In speaking these words, he slowly lifted up the mantle which covered it, inch by inch; but at every inch he uncovered, his cheeks grew paler, his hand trembled, his nerves failed, till on sight of the whole, the tremour became universal. The shield and the infant both dropped to the ground, and he had

[1] Compare Epistle to Addison, v. 37:

"With sharpened sight pale antiquaries pore,
The inscription value, but the rust adore.
This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years!"

only strength enough to cry out, "Oh God! my shield, my "shield!"

The truth was, the maid (extremely concerned for the reputation of her own cleanliness, and her young master's honour) had scoured it as clean as her hand-irons. [1]

Cornelius sunk back on a chair, the guests stood astonished, the infant squalled, the maid ran in, snatched it up again in her arms, flew into her mistress's room, and told what had happened. Down stairs in an instant hurried all the gossips, where they found the doctor in a trance. Hungary water, hartshorn, and the confused noise of shrill voices, at length awakened him, when opening his eyes, he saw the shield in the hands of the housemaid: "Oh woman! woman!" he cried (and snatched it violently from her), "was it to thy "ignorance that this relick owes its ruin? Where, where is "the beautiful crust that covered thee so long? where those "traces of time, and fingers as it were of antiquity! Where "all those beautiful obscurities, the cause of much delightful "disputation, where doubt and curiosity went hand in hand, "and eternally exercised the speculations of the learned? All "this the rude touch of an ignorant woman hath done away! "The curious prominence at the belly of that figure, which "some taking for the cuspis of a sword, denominated a Roman "soldier; others accounting the *insignia virilia*, pronounced to "be one of the *Dii Termini*; behold she hath cleaned it in "like shameful sort, and shewn to be the head of a nail. O "my shield! my shield! well may I say with Horace, *non bene* "*relicta parmula.*"

The gossips, not at all enquiring into the cause of his sorrow, only asked if the child had no hurt? and cried, "Come, come, "all is well; what has the woman done but her duty? a tight "cleanly wench I warrant her; what a stir a man makes about "a bason, that an hour ago, before this labour was bestowed

[1] Compare Epistle to Addison, v. 41:

"Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,
Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scour'd."

"upon it, a country barber would not have hung at his shop "door." "A bason!" (cried another) "no such matter, 'tis "nothing but a paultry old sconce, with the nozzle broke off."[1] The learned gentlemen, who till now had stood speechless, hereupon looking narrowly upon the shield, declared their assent to this latter opinion; and desired Cornelius to be comforted, assuring him it was a sconce and no other. But this, instead of comforting, threw the doctor into such a violent fit of passion, that he was carried off groaning and speechless to bed; where, being quite spent, he fell into a kind of slumber.

[1] This seems to have been the opinion of the more sceptical of Dr. Woodward's contemporaries about his shield. In the 'Censor,' No. 5, Wednesday, April 20, 1715, the following notice is given: "I therefore profess that altho' I entertain a just veneration for the collections of *Celsus*, the Naturalist, I will no more suffer his Back of an old ill-fashioned *sconce* to pass under the name of a Roman shield. If notwithstanding my admonition he persists in the cheat, I shall publish certificates under the hand of the Broker who sold it and the Brazier who furbished it up to its present dignity."

CHAPTER IV.

OF THE SUCTION AND NUTRITION OF THE GREAT SCRIBLERUS IN HIS INFANCY, AND OF THE FIRST RUDIMENTS OF HIS LEARNING.

As soon as Cornelius awaked, he raised himself on his elbow, and casting his eye on Mrs. Scriblerus, spoke as follows: "Wisely was it said by Homer, that in the cellar of Jupiter "are two barrels, the one of good, the other of evil, which he "never bestows on mortals separately, but constantly mingles "them together. Thus at the same time hath Heaven blessed "me with the birth of a son, and afflicted me with the scouring "of my shield. Yet let us not repine at his dispensations, who "gives, and who takes away; but rather join in prayer, that "the rust of antiquity which he hath been pleased to take from "my shield, may be added to my son; and that so much of it, "as it is my purpose he shall contract in his education, may "never be destroyed by any modern polishing."

He could no longer bear the sight of the shield, but ordered it should be removed for ever from his eyes. It was not long after purchased by Dr. Woodward, who, by the assistance of Mr. Kemp, incrusted it with a new rust, and is the same whereof a cut hath been engraved, and exhibited to the great contentation of the learned.

Cornelius now began to regulate the suction of his child. Seldom did there pass a day without disputes between him and the mother, or the nurse, concerning the nature of aliment. The poor woman never dined but he denied her some dish or other, which he judged prejudicial to her milk. One day she

had a longing desire to a piece of beef, and as she stretched her hand towards it, the old gentleman drew it away, and spoke to this effect: "Had'st thou read the ancients, O nurse, "thou would'st prefer the welfare of the infant which thou "nourishest, to the indulging of an irregular and voracious "appetite. Beef, it is true, may confer a robustness on the "limbs of my son, but will hebetate and clog his intel- "lectuals." While he spoke this, the nurse looked upon him with much anger, and now and then cast a wishful eye upon the beef.—"Passion (continued the Doctor, still holding "the dish) throws the mind into too violent a fermentation; "it is a kind of fever of the soul, or, as Horace expresses "it, a short madness. Consider, woman, that this day's "suction of my son may cause him to imbibe many ungovern- "able passions, and in a manner spoil him for the temper of "a philosopher. Romulus, by sucking a wolf, became of a "fierce and savage disposition; and were I to breed some "Ottoman emperor, or founder of a military commonwealth, "perhaps I might indulge thee in this carnivorous appetite." —What, interrupted the nurse, beef spoil the understanding? that's fine, indeed—how then could our parson preach as he does upon beef, and pudding too, if you go to that? Don't tell me of your ancients, had not you almost killed the poor babe with a dish of demonial black broth?—"Lacedemonian "black broth, thou would'st say, (replied Cornelius) but I "cannot allow the surfeit to have been occasioned by that "diet, since it was recommended by the divine Lycurgus. "No, nurse, thou must certainly have eaten some meats of "ill digestion the day before, and that was the real cause of "his disorder. Consider, woman, the different temperaments "of different nations: what makes the English phlegmatick "and melancholy, but beef? what renders the Welch so hot "and cholerick, but cheese and leeks? the French derive "their levity from their soups, frogs, and mushrooms: I "would not let my son dine like an Italian, lest like an

"Italian he should be jealous and revengeful: the warm and "solid diet of Spain may be more beneficial, as it might endue "with a profound gravity, but at the same time he might suck "in with their food their intolerable vice of pride. Therefore, "nurse, in short, I hold it requisite to deny you at present, not "only beef, but likewise whatsoever any of those nations eat." During this speech the nurse remained pouting and marking her plate with the knife, nor would she touch a bit during the whole dinner. This the old gentleman observing, ordered that the child, to avoid the risque of imbibing ill humours, should be kept from her breast all that day, and be fed with butter, mixed with honey, according to a prescription he had met with somewhere in Eustathius upon Homer. This indeed gave the child a great looseness, but he was not concerned at it, in the opinion that whatever harm it might do his body, would be amply recompenced by the improvements of his understanding. But from thenceforth he insisted every day upon a particular diet to be observed by the nurse; under which, having been long uneasy, she at last parted from the family, on his ordering her for dinner the paps of a sow with pig; taking it as the highest indignity, and a direct insult upon her sex and calling.

Four years of young Martin's life passed away in squabbles of this nature. Mrs. Scriblerus considered it was now time to instruct him in the fundamentals of religion, and to that end took no small pains in teaching him his catechism. But Cornelius looked upon this as a tedious way of instruction, and therefore employed his head to find out more pleasing methods, the better to induce him to be fond of learning. He would frequently carry him to the puppet-show of the creation of the world, where the child with exceeding delight gained a notion of the history of the Bible. His first rudiments in prophane history were acquired by seeing of raree-shows, where he was brought acquainted with all the princes of Europe. In short, the old gentleman so contrived it, to

make everything contribute to the improvement of his knowledge, even to his very dress. He invented for him a geographical suit of clothes, which might give him some hints of that science, and likewise some knowledge of the commerce of different nations. He had a French hat with an African feather, Holland shirts and Flanders lace, English cloth lined with Indian silk, his gloves were Italian, and his shoes were Spanish: he was made to observe this, and daily catechis'd thereupon, which his father was wont to call "travelling at home." He never gave him a fig or an orange but he obliged him to give an account from what country it came. In natural history he was much assisted by his curiosity in sign-posts, insomuch that he hath often confessed he owed to them the knowledge of many creatures which he never found since in any author, such as white lions, golden dragons, &c. He once thought the same of green men, but had since found them mentioned by Kercherus, and verified in the history of William of Newbury.[1]

His disposition to the mathematicks was discovered very early, by his drawing parallel lines[2] on his bread and butter, and intersecting them at equal angles, so as to form the whole superficies into squares. But in the midst of all these improvements, a stop was put to his learning the alphabet, nor would he let him proceed to letter D, till he could truly and distinctly pronounce C in the ancient manner, at which the child unhappily boggled for near three months. He was also obliged to delay his learning to write, having turned away the writing-master because he knew nothing of Fabius's waxen tables.

Cornelius having read and seriously weighed the methods

[1] Gul. Neubrig. Book i. ch. 27.—POPE.

[2] Pascal's Life.—Locke of Educ. &c.—POPE. There are some extravagant lies told of the excellent Pascal's amazing genius for mathematics in his early youth; and some trifling directions given for the introduction to knowledge in Mr. Locke's book of Education.—WARBURTON.

by which the famous Montaigne was educated,[1] and resolving in some degree to exceed them, resolved he should speak and learn nothing but the learned languages, and especially the Greek; in which he constantly eat and drank, according to Homer. But what most conduced to his easy attainment of this language, was his love of ginger-bread; which his father observing, caused it to be stampt with the letters of the Greek alphabet; and the child the very first day eat as far as iota. By his particular application to this language above the rest, he attained so great a proficiency therein, that Gronovius ingeniously confesses he durst not confer with this child in Greek at eight years old,[2] and at fourteen he composed a tragedy in the same language, as the younger Pliny[3] had done before him.

He learned the Oriental languages of Erpenius, who resided some time with his father for that purpose. He had so early relish for the Eastern way of writing, that even at this time he composed (in imitation of it) the Thousand and One Arabian Tales, and also the Persian Tales, which have been since translated into several languages, and lately into our own with particular elegance, by Mr. Ambrose Philips. In this work of his childhood, he was not a little assisted by the historical traditions of his nurse.

[1] Who was taught Latin in his nurse's arms, and not suffered to hear a word of his mother-tongue till he could speak the other perfectly.—WARBURTON.

[2] So Montaigne says of his Latin—George Buchanan et Mark Antoine Muret, mes precepteurs domestiques, m'ont dit souvent que j'avois ce langage en mon enfance si prest et si à mains qu'ils craignoient à m'accoster.—Somme, nous nous latinizames tant, qu'il en regorgea jusqu'à nos villages tout autour, où il y a encore, et ont pris pied par l'usage, plusieurs appellations latines d'artisans et d'outils.—WARBURTON.

[3] Plin. Epist. lib. 7.—POPE.

CHAPTER V.[1]

A DISSERTATION UPON PLAY-THINGS.

HERE follow the instructions of Cornelius Scriblerus concerning the plays and play-things to be used by his son Martin.

"Play was invented by the Lydians as a remedy against "hunger. Sophocles says of Palamedes, that he invented dice "to serve sometimes instead of a dinner. It is therefore wisely "contrived by nature, that children, as they have the keenest "appetites, are most addicted to plays. From the same "cause, and from the unprejudiced and incorrupt simplicity "of their minds, it proceeds, that the plays of the ancient "children are preserved more entire than any other of their "customs.[2] In this matter I would recommend to all who "have any concern in my son's education, that they deviate "not in the least from the primitive and simple antiquity.

"To speak first of the whistle, as it is the first of all play-"things. I will have it exactly to correspond with the

[1] Whatever may be determined of other parts of these Memoirs, yet this chapter, the sixth, seventh, eighth, and tenth, and twelfth chapters, appear to be the production of Arbuthnot, as they contain allusions to many remote and uncommon parts of learning and science, with which we cannot imagine Pope to have been much acquainted, and which lay out of the reach and course of his reading.—WARTON.

It may be so. But it is to be observed that several of the strokes in this chapter and the next are borrowed from Dr. King's 'Useful Transactions,' which has two chapters 'On the Plays of Greek Boys,' and 'On the Greek Dances.'

[2] Dr. Arbuthnot used to say, that notwithstanding all the boasts of the safe conveyance of tradition; it was no where preserved pure and uncorrupt but amongst schoolboys; whose games and plays are delivered down invariably the same, from one generation to another.—WARTON.

"ancient fistula, and accordingly to be composed *septem* "*paribus disjuncta cicutis.*

"I heartily wish a diligent search may be made after the "true crepitaculum or rattle of the ancients, for that (as "Archytas Tarentinus was of opinion) kept the children from "breaking earthen ware. The china cups in these days are "not at all the safer for the modern rattles; which is an "evident proof how far their crepitacula exceeded ours.

"I would not have Martin as yet to scourge a top, till I "am better informed whether the trochus which was recom- "mended by Cato be really our present top, or rather the "hoop which the boys drive with a stick. Neither cross and "pile, nor ducks and drakes, are quite so ancient as handy- "dandy, though Macrobius and St. Augustine take notice "of the first, and Minutius Fœlix describes the latter; but "handy-dandy is mentioned by Aristotle, Plato, and Aristo- "phanes.

"The play which the Italians call cinque, and the French "mourre, is extremely ancient; it was played at by Hymen "and Cupid at the marriage of Psyché, and termed by the "Latins, *digitis micare.*

"Julius Pollux describes the omilla, or chuck-farthing; "though some will have our modern chuck-farthing to be "nearer the aphetinda of the ancients. He also mentions "the basilinda, or king I am; and myinda, or hoopers- "hide.

"But the chytrindra described by the same author is cer- "tainly not our hot-cockle; for that was by pinching and not "by striking; though there are good authors who affirm the "rathapygismus to be yet nearer the modern hot-cockles. "My son Martin may use either of them indifferently, they "being equally antique.

"Building of houses, and riding upon sticks have been "used by children in all ages; *aedificare casas, equitare in* "*arundine longa.* Yet I much doubt whether the riding

"upon sticks did not come into use after the age of the "Centaurs.

"There is one play which shews the gravity of education, "called the acinetinda, in which children contended who "could longest stand still. This we have suffered to perish "entirely; and, if I might be allowed to guess, it was certainly "first lost among the French.

"I will permit my son to play at apodiascinda, which can "be no other than our puss in a corner.

"Julius Pollux in his ninth book speaks of the melolonthe "or the kite; but I question whether the kite of antiquity was "the same with ours: and though the Ορτυγοκοπία or quail- "fighting is what is most taken notice of, they had doubtless "cock-matches also, as is evident from certain ancient gems "and relievo's.

"In a word, let my son Martin disport himself at any "game truly antique, except one, which was invented by a "people among the Thracians, who hung up one of their "companions in a rope, and gave him a knife to cut himself "down; which if he failed in, he was suffered to hang till "he was dead; and this was only reckoned a sort of joke. "I am utterly against this, as barbarous and cruel.

"I cannot conclude, without taking notice of the beauty "of the Greek names, whose etymologies acquaint us "with the nature of the sports; and how infinitely, both in "sense and sound, they excel our barbarous names of plays."

Notwithstanding the foregoing injunctions of Dr. Cornelius, he yet condescended to allow the child the use of some few modern play-things; such as might prove of any benefit to his mind, by instilling an early notion of the sciences. For example, he found that marbles taught him percussion and the laws of motion; nut-crackers the use of the lever; swinging on the ends of a board, the balance; bottle-screws the vice; whirligigs the axis in peritrochia; bird-cages the pulley; and tops the centrifugal motion.

Others of his sports were carried further to improve his tender soul even in virtue and morality. We shall only instance one of the most useful and instructive, bob-cherry, which teaches at once two noble virtues, patience and constancy; the first in adhering to the pursuit of one end, the latter in bearing a disappointment.

Besides all these, he taught him as a diversion, an odd and secret manner of stealing, according to the custom of the Lacedemonians; wherein he succeeded so well, that he practised it to the day of his death.

CHAPTER VI.

OF THE GYMNASTICS, IN WHAT EXERCISES MARTINUS WAS EDUCATED; SOMETHING CONCERNING MUSICK, AND WHAT SORT OF A MAN HIS UNCLE WAS.

Nor was Cornelius less careful in adhering to the rules of the purest antiquity, in relation to the exercises of his son. He was stript, powdered and anointed, but not constantly bathed, which occasioned many heavy complaints of the laundress about dirtying his linen. When he played at quoits, he was allowed his breeches and stockings; because the Discoboli (as Cornelius well knew) were naked to the middle only. The mother often contended for modern sports, and common customs; but this was his constant reply, "Let a "daughter be the care of her mother, but the education of "a son should be the delight of his father."

It was about this time he heard, to his exceeding content, that the harpastus of the ancients was yet in use in Cornwall, and known there by the name of hurling. He was sensible the common football was a very imperfect imitation of that exercise; and thought it necessary to send Martin into the west, to be initiated in that truly ancient and manly part of the gymnasticks. The poor boy was so unfortunate as to return with a broken leg. This Cornelius looked upon but as a slight ailment, and promised his mother he would instantly cure it: he slit a green reed, and cast the knife upward, then tying the two parts of the reed to the disjointed place, pronounced these words,[1] "*Daries, daries, astataries, dissunapiter;*

[1] Plin. Hist. Nat. lib. xvii. in fine. *Carmen contra luxata membra, cujus verba inscrere non equidem serio ausim, quanquam a Catone prodita.* Vid. *Caton. de re rust.* c. 160.—Pope.

huat, hanat, huat, ista, pista, fista, domi abo, damnaustra." But finding, to his no small astonishment, that this had no effect, in five days he condescended to have it set by a modern surgeon.

Mrs. Scriblerus, to prevent him from exposing her son to the like dangerous exercises for the future, proposed to send for a dancing-master, and to have him taught the minuet and rigadoon. "Dancing (quoth Cornelius) I much approve, "for Socrates said the best dancers were the best warriors; "but not those species of dancing which you mention: they "are certainly corruptions of the comic and satiric dance, "which were utterly disliked by the sounder ancients. "Martin shall learn the tragic dance only, and I will send "all over Europe, till I find an antiquary able to instruct him "in the *saltatio Pyrrhica.* Scaliger,[1] from whom my son is "lineally descended, boasts to have performed this warlike "dance in the presence of the Emperor, to the great admi- "ration of all Germany. What would he say, could he look "down and see one of his posterity so ignorant, as not to "know the least step of that noble kind of saltation?"

The poor lady was at last enured to bear all these things with a laudable patience, till one day her husband was seized with a new thought. He had met with a saying, that "spleen, garter, and girdle, are the three impediments to the "cursus." Therefore Pliny (lib. xi. cap. 37) says, that such as excel in that exercise have their spleen cauterized. "My "son (quoth Cornelius) runs but heavily; therefore I will "have this operation performed upon him immediately. "Moreover it will cure that immoderate laughter to which I "perceive he is addicted: for laughter (as the same author "hath it, *ibid.*) is caused by the bigness of the spleen." This

[1] Scalig. Poetic. l. i. c. 9. *Hanc saltationem Pyrrhicam, nos saepe et diu, jussu Bonifacii patrui, coram Divo Maximiliano, non sine stupore totius Germaniae, repraesentavimus. Quo tempore vox illa Imperatoris, Hic puer aut thoracem pro pelle aut pro cunis habuit.*—POPE.

design was no sooner hinted to Mrs. Scriblerus, but she burst into tears, wrung her hands, and instantly sent for his brother Albertus, begging him for the love of God to make haste to her husband.

Albertus was a discreet man, sober in his opinions, clear of pedantry, and knowing enough both in books and in the world, to preserve a due regard for whatever was useful or excellent, whether ancient or modern: if he had not always the authority, he had at least the art, to divert Cornelius from many extravagancies. It was well he came speedily, or Martin could not have boasted the entire quota of his viscera. "What does it signify (quoth Albertus) whether "my nephew excels in the cursus or not? Speed is often a "symptom of cowardice, witness hares and deer."—"Do "not forget Achilles (quoth Cornelius). I know that running "has been condemned by the proud Spartans, as useless in "war; and yet Demosthenes could say, Ἀνηρ ὁ φεὺγων καὶ "πάλιν μαχήσεται; a thought which the English Hudibras "has well rendered,

> For he that runs may fight again,
> Which he can never do that's slain.

"That's true (quoth Albertus) but pray consider on the other "side that animals[1] spleen'd grow extremely salacious, an "experiment well known in dogs." Cornelius was struck with this, and replied gravely; "If it be so, I will defer "the operation, for I will not encrease the powers of my "son's body at the expense of those of his mind. I am "indeed disappointed in most of my projects, and fear I "must sit down at last contented with such methods of "education as modern barbarity affords. Happy had it been "for us all, had we lived in the age of Augustus! Then "my son might have heard the philosophers dispute in "the porticoes of the Palaestra, and at the same time formed

[1] Blackmore's Essay on the Spleen.—POPE.

"his body and his understanding." "It is true (replied "Albertus) we have no *exedra* for the philosophers, adjoining "to our tennis-courts; but there are ale-houses where he will "hear very notable argumentations: though we come not up "to the ancients in the tragic-dance, we excel them in the "κυβιστικὴ, or the art of tumbling. The ancients would have "beat us at quoits, but not so much at the *jaculum* or pitch-"ing the bar. The *pugilatus*[1] is in great perfection in "England as in old Rome, and the Cornish hug in the "*luctus*[2] is equal to the *volutatoria* of the ancients." "You "could not (answered Cornelius) have produced a more "unlucky instance of modern folly and barbarity, than what "you say of the *jaculum*. The Cretans[3] wisely forbid "their servants gymnastics, as well as arms; and yet your "modern footmen exercise themselves daily in the *jaculum* "at the corner of Hyde Park, whilst their enervated lords "are lolling in their chariots (a species of vectitation seldom "used among the ancients, except by old men)." "You say "well (quoth Albertus) and we have several other kinds of "vectitation unknown to the ancients; particularly flying "chariots, where the people may have the benefit of this "exercise at the small expence of a farthing. But suppose "(which I readily grant) that the ancients excelled us almost "in every thing, yet why this singularity? your son must "take up with such matters as the present age affords; "we have dancing-masters, writing-masters, and musick-"masters."

The bare mention of musick threw Cornelius into a pas-sion. "How can you dignify (quoth he) this modern fidling "with the name of musick? Will any of your best hautboys "encounter a wolf now-a-days with no other arms but their "instruments, as did that ancient piper Pythocaris? Have

[1] Fisty-cuffs.—POPE.
[2] Wrestling.—POPE.
[3] Aristot. Politic. lib. ii. cap. 3.—POPE.

"ever wild boars, elephants, deer, dolphins, whales, or tur-
"bots, shewed the least emotion at the most elaborate strains
"of your modern scrapers, all which have been, as it were,
"tamed and humanized by ancient musicians? Does not
"Aelian[1] tell us how the Lybian mares were excited to
"horsing by musick? (which ought in truth to be a caution
"to modest women against frequenting operas; and consider,
"brother, you are brought to this dilemma, either to give up
"the virtue of the ladies, or the power of your musick.
"Whence proceeds the degeneracy of our morals? Is it
"not from the loss of ancient musick, by which (says
"Aristotle) they taught all the virtues? Else might we
"turn Newgate into a college of Dorian musicians, who
"should teach moral virtues to those people. Whence
"comes it that our present diseases are so stubborn? whence
"is it that I daily deplore my sciatical pains? Alas! be-
"cause we have lost their true cure by the melody of the
"pipe! All this was well known to the ancients, as
"Theophrastus[2] assures us (whence Caelius[3] calls it *loca*
"*dolentia decantare*), only indeed some small remains of this
"skill are preserved in the cure of the tarantula. Did not
"Pythagoras[4] stop a company of drunken bullies from storm-
"ing a civil house, by changing the strain of the pipe to the
"sober spondaeus? And yet your modern musicians want
"art to defend their windows from common nickers. It is
"well known, that when the Lacedemonian mob were up, they
"commonly[5] sent for a Lesbian musician to appease them,
"and they immediately grew calm, as soon as they heard
"Terpander sing: yet I don't believe that the Pope's whole
"band of musick, though the best of this age, could keep his
"Holiness's image from being burnt on a fifth of November."
"Nor would Terpander himself (replied Albertus) at Billings-

[1] Aelian, Hist. Animal. lib. xi. cap. 18, and lib. xii. cap. 44.—POPE.
[2] Athenaeus, lib. xiv.—POPE.
[3] Lib. de sanitate tuenda, cap. 2.—POPE.
[4] Quintilian, lib. i. cap. 10.—POPE.
[5] Suidas in Timotheo.—POPE.

"gate, nor Timotheus at Hockley in the Hole, have any "manner of effect, nor both of them together bring Horneck[1] "to common civility." "That's a gross mistake," (said Cornelius very warmly) "and to prove it so, I have here a "small lyra of my own, framed, strung, and tuned after the "ancient manner. I can play some fragments of Lesbian "tunes, and I wish I were to try them upon the most pas- "sionate creatures alive."—"You never had a better oppor- "tunity" (says Albertus;) "for yonder are two apple-women "scolding, and just ready to uncoif one another." With that Cornelius, undressed as he was, jumps out into his balcony, his lyra in hand, in his slippers, with his breeches hanging down to his ankles, a stocking upon his head, and waistcoat of murrey-coloured satin upon his body: he touched his lyra with a very unusual sort of an harpegiatura, nor were his hopes frustrated. The odd equipage, the uncouth instrument, the strangeness of the man and of the musick, drew the ears and the eyes of the whole mob that were got about the two female champions, and at last of the combatants themselves. They all approached the balcony, in as close attention as Orpheus's first audience of cattle, or that of an Italian Opera, when some favourite air is just awakened. This sudden effect of his musick encouraged him mightily, and it was observed he never touched his lyre in such a truly chromatick and enharmonick manner as upon that occasion. The mob laughed, sung, jumped, danced, and used many odd gestures, all which he judged to be caused by the various strains and modulations. "Mark" (quoth he) "in this, the power "of the Ionian; in that, you see the effect of the Aeolian." But in a little time they began to grow riotous, and threw stones: Cornelius then withdrew, but with the greatest air of triumph in the world. "Brother," (said he) "do you

[1] The author of a scurrilous paper called 'The High German Doctor.' Compare Dunciad, iii. v. 152:

Horneck's fierce eye and Roome's funereal frown.

" observe I have mixed unawares too much of the Phrygian;
" I might change it to the Lydian, and soften their riotous
" tempers: but it is enough: learn from this sample to speak
" with veneration of ancient musick. If this lyre in my
" unskilful hands can perform such wonders, what must it not
" have done in those of a Timotheus or a Terpander?" Having said this, he retired with the utmost exultation in himself, and contempt of his brother; and, it is said, behaved that night with such unusual haughtiness to his family, that they all had reason to wish for some ancient Tibicen to calm his temper.

CHAPTER VII.

RHETORICK, LOGICK, METAPHYSICKS.

CORNELIUS having (as hath been said) many ways been disappointed in his attempts of improving the bodily forces of his son, thought it now high time to apply to the culture of his internal faculties. He judged it proper in the first place to instruct him in rhetorick. But herein we shall not need to give the reader any account of his wonderful progress, since it is already known to the learned world by his treatise on this subject: I mean the admirable discourse Περὶ Βάθους, which he wrote at this time, but concealed from his father, knowing his extreme partiality for the ancients. It lay by him concealed, and perhaps forgot among the great multiplicity of other writings, till, about the year 1727, he sent it us to be printed, with many additional examples, drawn from the excellent live poets of this present age. We proceed therefore to logick and metaphysicks.

The wise Cornelius was convinced, that these being polemical arts, could no more be learned alone, than fencing or cudgel-playing. He thought it therefore necessary to look out for some youth of pregnant parts, to be a sort of humble companion to his son in those studies. His good fortune directed him to one of the most singular endowments, whose name was Conradus Crambe, who by the father's side was related to the Crouches of Cambridge, and his mother was cousin to Mr. Swan, Gamester and Punster of the City of London. So that from both parents he drew a natural disposition to sport himself with words, which as they are said to be the counters of wise men, and ready money of fools, Crambe had great store of

cash of the latter sort. Happy Martin in such a parent, and such a companion! What might not he atchieve in arts and sciences!

Here I must premise a general observation of great benefit to mankind. That there are many people who have the use only of one operation of the intellect, though, like short-sighted men, they can hardly discover it themselves: they can form single apprehensions,[1] but have neither of the other two faculties, the *judicium* or *discursus*. Now as it is wisely ordered, that people deprived of one sense, have the others in more perfection, such people will form single ideas with a great deal of vivacity; and happy were it indeed if they would confine themselves to such, without forming *judicia* much less argumentations.

Cornelius quickly discovered, that these two last operations of the intellect were very weak in Martin, and almost totally extinguished in Crambe; however he used to say, that rules of logick are spectacles to a purblind understanding, and therefore he resolved to proceed with his two pupils.

Martin's understanding was so totally immersed in sensible objects, that he demanded examples from material things of the abstracted ideas of logick: as for Crambe, he contented himself with the words, and when he could but form some conceit upon them, was fully satisfied. Thus Crambe would tell his instructor, that all men were not singular; that individuality could hardly be predicated of any man, for it was commonly said that a man is not the same he was, that madmen are beside themselves, and drunken men come to themselves; which shews, that few men have that most valuable logical endowment, individuality.[2] Cornelius told Martin that

[1] When Dr. Mead once urged to our author the authority of Patrick the dictionary-maker, against the latinity of the expression, *amor publicus*, which he had used in an inscription, he replied, "that he would allow a dictionary-maker to understand a single word, but not two words put together."—WARTON.

[2] "But if it be possible for the "same man to have distinct incom- "municable consciousness at differ-

a shoulder of mutton was an individual, which Crambe denied, for he had seen it cut into commons: That's true (quoth the tutor); but you never saw it cut into shoulders of mutton: If it could (quoth Crambe) it would be the most lovely individual of the university. When he was told a substance was that which was subject to accidents; then soldiers (quoth Crambe) are the most substantial people in the world. Neither would he allow it to be a good definition of accident, that it could be present or absent without the destruction of the subject; since there are a great many accidents that destroy the subject, as burning does a house, and death a man. But as to that, Cornelius informed him, that there was a natural death, and a logical death; that though a man after his natural death was not capable of the least parish-office, yet he might still keep his stall among the logical predicaments.

Cornelius was forced to give Martin sensible images; thus calling up the coachman, he asked him what he had seen in the bear-garden? the man answered he saw two men fight a prize; one was a fair man, a serjeant in the Guards; the other black, a butcher; the serjeant had red breeches, the butcher blue; they fought upon a stage about four o'clock, and the serjeant wounded the butcher in the leg. "Mark" (quoth Cornelius) "how the fellow runs through the pre-"dicaments.[1] Men, *substantia;* two, *quantitas;* fair and "black, *qualitas;* serjeant and butcher, *relatio;* wounded the "other, *actio & passio;* fighting, *situs;* stage, *ubi;* two a "clock, *quando;* blue and red breeches, *habitus.*" At the same time he warned Martin, that what he now learned as a

"ent times, it is without doubt the "same man would at different times "make different persons. Which we "see is the sense of mankind in not "punishing the mad man for the "sober man's actions, nor the sober "man for what the mad man did, "thereby making them two persons; "which is somewhat explained by "our way of speaking in English, "when they say such an one *is not* "*himself*, or *is besides himself.*"—*Locke's Essay on Human Understanding*, B. ii. c. 27.—WARBURTON.

logician, he must forget as a natural philosopher; that though he now taught them that accidents inhered in the subject, they would find in time there was no such thing; and that colour, taste, smell, heat, and cold, were not in the things, but only phantasms of our brains. He was forced to let them into this secret, for Martin could not conceive how a habit of dancing inhered in a dancing-master, when he did not dance; nay, he would demand the characteristicks of relations: Crambe used to help him out by telling him, a cuckold, a losing gamester, a man that had not dined, a young heir that was kept short by his father, might be all known by their countenance; that, in this last case, the paternity and filiation leave very sensible impressions in the *relatum* and *correlatum*. The greatest difficulty was when they came to the tenth predicament: Crambe affirmed, that his *habitus* was more a substance than he was; for his clothes could better subsist without him, than he without his clothes.

Martin supposed an universal man to be like a knight of the shire, or a burgess of a corporation, that represented a great many individuals. His father asked him, if he could not frame the idea of an universal Lord Mayor? Martin told him, that, never having seen but one Lord Mayor, the idea of that Lord Mayor always returned to his mind; that he had great difficulty to abstract a Lord Mayor from his fur gown, and gold chain; nay, that the horse he saw the Lord Mayor ride upon, not a little disturbed his imagination. On the other hand Crambe, to shew himself of a more penetrating genius, swore that he could frame a conception of a Lord Mayor, not only without his horse, gown, and gold chain, but even without stature, feature, colour, hands, head, feet, or any body; which he supposed was the abstract of a Lord Mayor.[1] Cornelius told him, that he was a lying rascal; that an universale was not the object of imagination, and that

[1] This is not a fair representation of what is said in the *Essay on Human Understanding*, concerning *general and abstract ideas*. But serious

there was no such thing in reality, or *a parte Rei*. But I can prove (quoth Crambe) that there are clysters *a parte Rei*, but clysters are universales; *ergo*. Thus I prove my minor. *Quod aptum est inesse multis*, is an universale by definition: but every clyster before it is administered has that quality; therefore every clyster is an universale.

He also found fault with the advertisements, that they were not strict logical definitions: in an advertisement of a dog stolen or strayed, he said it ought to begin thus, An irrational animal of the *genus caninum*, &c. Cornelius told them, that though those advertisements were not framed according to the exact rules of logical definitions, being only descriptions of things *numero differentibus*, yet they contained a faint image of the *praedicabilia*, and were highly subservient to the common purposes of life; often discovering things that were lost, both animate and inanimate. An Italian greyhound, of a mouse-colour, a white speck in the neck, lame of one leg, belongs to such a lady. Greyhound, *genus;* mouse-coloured, &c. *differentia;* lame of one leg, *accidens;* belongs to such a lady, *proprium*.

Though I am afraid I have transgressed upon my reader's patience already, I cannot help taking notice of one thing, more extraordinary than any yet mentioned; which was Crambe's *Treatise of Syllogisms*. He supposed, that a philosopher's brain was like a great forest, where ideas ranged like animals of several kinds; that those ideas copulated, and engendered conclusions; that when those of different species copulate, they bring forth monsters or absurdities; that the major is the male, the minor the female, which copulate by the middle term, and engender the conclusion. Hence they are called the *praemissa*, or predecessors of the

writers have done that philosopher the same injustice with these wanton wits, who employed this ridicule in compliment to the sentiments of Lord Bolingbroke, who in his Metaphysics, or *first Philosophy*, borrows the reasoning of those serious writers against *general and abstract ideas*.—WARBURTON.

conclusion; and it is properly said by the logicians, *quod pariant scientiam, opinionem*, they beget science, opinion, &c. Universal propositions are persons of quality; and therefore in logick they are said to be of the first figure. Singular propositions are private persons, and therefore placed in the third or last figure, or rank. From those principles all the rules of syllogisms naturally follow.

I. That there are only three terms, neither more nor less; for to a child there can be only one father and one mother.

II. From universal premisses there follows an universal conclusion, as if one should say, that persons of quality always beget persons of quality.

III. From the singular premisses follows only a singular conclusion; that is, if the parents be only private people, the issue must be so likewise.

IV. From particular propositions nothing can be concluded, because the *individua vaga* are (like whoremasters and common strumpets) barren.

V. There cannot be more in the conclusion than was in the premisses, that is, children can only inherit from their parents.

VI. The conclusion follows the weaker part, that is, children inherit the diseases of their parents.

VII. From two negatives nothing can be concluded, for from divorce or separation there can come no issue.

VIII. The medium cannot enter the conclusion, that being logical incest.

IX. An hypothetical proposition is only a contract, or a promise of marriage; from such therefore there can spring no real issue.

X. When the premisses or parents are necessarily joined, (or in lawful wedlock) they beget lawful issue; but contingently joined, they beget bastards.

So much for the affirmative propositions; the negative must be deferred to another occasion.

Crambe used to value himself upon this system, from whence he said one might see the propriety of the expression, *such a one has a barren imagination;* and how common it is for such people to adopt conclusions that are not the issue of their premisses? therefore as an absurdity is a monster, a falsity is a bastard; and a true conclusion that followeth not from the premisses, may properly be said to be adopted. But then what is an enthymem? (quoth Cornelius). Why, an enthymem (replied Crambe) is when the major is indeed married to the minor, but the marriage kept secret.

METAPHYSICKS were a large field in which to exercise the weapons logick had put into their hands. Here Martin and Crambe used to engage like any prize-fighters, before their father and his other learned companions of the symposiacks. And as prize-fighters will agree to lay aside a buckler, or some such defensive weapon, so would Crambe promise not to use *simpliciter et secundum quid*, provided Martin would part with *materialiter et formaliter:* but it was found, that without the help of the defensive armour of those distinctions, the arguments cut so deep, that they fetched blood at every stroke. Their theses were picked out of Suarez, Thomas Aquinas, and other learned writers on those subjects. I shall give the reader a taste of some of them.

I. If the innate desire of the knowledge of metaphysicks was the cause of the fall of Adam; and the *Arbor Porphyriana*, the tree of knowledge of good and evil? *affirmed.*

II. If transcendental goodness could be truly predicated of the devil? *affirmed.*

III. Whether one or many be first? or if one doth not suppose the notion of many? *Suarez.*

IV. If the desire of news in mankind be *appetitus innatus*, not *elicitus*? *affirmed.*

V. Whether there is in human understandings potential falsities? *affirmed.*

VI. Whether God loves a possible angel better than an actually-existent flye! *denied.*

VII. If angels pass from one extreme to another without going through the middle? *Aquinas.*

VIII. If angels know things more clearly in a morning? *Aquinas.*[3]

IX. Whether every angel hears what one angel says to another? *denied. Aquinas.*

X. If temptation be *proprium quarto modo* of the devil? *denied. Aquinas.*

XI. Whether one devil can illuminate another? *Aquinas.*

XII. If there would have been any females born in the state of innocence? *Aquinas.*

XIII. If the Creation was finished in six days, because six is the most perfect number; or if six be the most perfect number, because the Creation was finished in six days? *Aquinas.*

There were several others, of which in the course of the life of this learned person we may have occasion to treat; and one particularly that remains undecided to this day; it was taken from the learned Suarez.

XIV. *An praeter* esse reale *actualis essentia sit aliud* esse necessarium *quo res actualiter existat?* In English thus. Whether besides the real being of actual being, there be any other being necessary to cause a thing to be?

This brings into my mind a project to banish metaphysicks out of Spain, which it was supposed might be effectuated by this method: that nobody should use any compound or decompound of the substantial verbs, but as they are read in the

common conjugations: for everybody will allow, that if you debar a metaphysician from *ens*, *essentia*, *substantia*, etc. there is an end of him.

Crambe regretted extremely, that substantial forms, a race of harmless beings, which had lasted for many years, and afforded a comfortable subsistence to many poor philosophers, should now be hunted down like so many wolves, without the possibility of a retreat. He considered that it had gone much harder with them than with essences, which had retired from the schools into the apothecaries shops, where some of them had been advanced into the degree of quintessences. He thought there should be a retreat for poor substantial forms amongst the gentlemen-ushers at court; and that there were indeed substantial forms, such as forms of prayer, and forms of government, without which the things themselves could never long subsist. He also used to wonder that there was not a reward for such as could find out a fourth figure in logick, as well as for those who should discover the longitude.

CHAPTER VIII.[1]

ANATOMY.

CORNELIUS, it is certain, had a most superstitious veneration for the ancients; and if they contradicted each other, his reason was so pliant and ductile, that he was always of the opinion of the last he read. But he reckoned it a point of honour never to be vanquished in a dispute: from which quality he acquired the title of the Invincible Doctor. While the Professor of Anatomy was demonstrating to his son the several kinds of intestines, Cornelius affirmed that there were only two, the colon and the aichos, according to Hippocrates, who it was impossible could ever be mistaken. It was in vain to assure him this error proceeded from want of accuracy in dividing the whole canal of the guts: say what you please (he replied), this is both mine and Hippocrates's opinion. You may with equal reason (answered the Professor) affirm, that a man's liver hath five lobes, and deny the circulation of the blood. Ocular demonstration (said Cornelius) seems to be on your side, yet I shall not give it up. Show me any viscus of the human body, and I will bring you a monster that differs from the common rule in the structure of it. If nature shews such variety in the same age, why may she not have extended further in several ages? Produce me a man now of the age of an antediluvian; of the strength of Samson, or the size of the giants. If in the whole, why not in the parts of the body, may it not be

[1] There can be no doubt that this whole chapter is by Dr. Arbuthnot, whose science was equal to his humour, and much heightened by it.

possible the present generation of men may differ from the ancients? The moderns have perhaps lengthened the channel of the guts by gluttony, and diminished the liver by hard drinking. Though it shall be demonstrated that modern blood circulates, yet I will believe with Hippocrates, that the blood of the ancients had a flux and reflux from the heart, like a tide. Consider how luxury hath introduced new diseases, and with them not improbably altered the whole course of the fluids. Consider how the current of mighty rivers, nay the very channels of the ocean are changed from what they were in ancient days; and can we be so vain to imagine, that the microcosm of the human body alone is exempted from the fate of all things? I question not but plausible conjectures may be made even as to the time when the blood first began to circulate.—Such disputes as these frequently perplexed the Professor to that degree that he would now and then in a passion leave him in the middle of a lecture, as he did at this time.

There unfortunately happened soon after, an unusual accident, which retarded the prosecution of the studies of Martin. Having purchased the body of a malefactor, he hired a room for its dissection near the pest-fields in St. Giles's, at a little distance from Tyburn-Road. Crambe (to whose care this body was committed) carried it thither about twelve a clock at night in a hackney-coach, few house-keepers being very willing to let their lodgings to such kind of operators. As he was softly stalking up stairs in the dark, with the dead man in his arms, his burthen had like to have slipped from him, which he (to save from falling) grasped so hard about the belly, that it forced the wind through the anus, with a noise exactly like the crepitus of a living man. Crambe (who did not comprehend how this part of the animal economy could remain in a dead man) was so terrified that he threw down the body, ran up to his master, and had scarce breath to tell him what had happened. Martin, with all his philosophy,

could not prevail upon him to return to his post.—You may say what you please (quoth Crambe), no man alive ever broke wind more naturally; nay, he seemed to be mightily relieved by it.—The rolling of the corpse down stairs made such a noise that it awaked the whole house. The maid shrieked, the landlady cried out Thieves! but the landlord, in his shirt as he was, taking a candle in one hand, and a drawn sword in the other, ventured out of the room. The maid, with only a single petticoat, ran up stairs, but spurning at the dead body, fell upon it in a swoon. Now the landlord stood still and listened, then he looked behind him, and ventured down in this manner one stair after another, till he came where lay his maid, as dead, upon another corpse unknown. The wife ran into the street, and cried out Murder! the watch ran in, while Martin and Crambe, hearing all this uproar, were coming down stairs. The watch imagining they were making their escape, seized them immediately, and carried them to a neighbouring Justice; where, upon searching them, several kind of knives and dreadful weapons were found upon them. The Justice first examined Crambe—What is your name? says the Justice. I have acquired (quoth Crambe) no great name as yet; they call me Crambe or Crambo, no matter which, as to myself; though it may be some dispute to posterity.—What is yours and your master's profession? "It is "our business to imbrue our hands in blood; we cut off the "heads, and pull out the hearts of those that never injured us; "we rip up big-bellied women, and tear children limb from "limb." Martin endeavoured to interrupt him; but the Justice, being strangely astonished with the frankness of Crambe's confession, ordered him to proceed; upon which he made the following speech:

"May it please your worship, as touching the body of this "man, I can answer each head that my accusers allege "against me, to a hair. They have hitherto talked like num-

" skulls without brains; but if your worship will not only " give ear, but regard me with a favourable eye, I will not " be brow-beaten by the supercilious looks of my adversaries, " who now stand cheek by jowl by your worship. I will " prove to their faces, that their foul mouths have not opened " their lips without a falsity; though they have showed their " teeth as if they would bite off my nose. Now, sir, that I " may fairly slip my neck out of the collar, I beg this matter " may not be slightly skinned over. Though I have no man " here to back me, I will unbosom myself, since truth is on " my side, and shall give them their bellies full, though they " think they have me upon the hip. Whereas they say I " came into their lodgings, with arms, and murdered this " man without their privity, I declare I had not the least " finger in it; and since I am to stand upon my own legs, " nothing of this matter shall be left till I set it upon a right " foot. In the vein I am in, I cannot for my heart's blood " and guts bear this usage: I shall not spare my lungs to " defend my good name: I was ever reckoned a good liver; " and I think I have the bowels of compassion. I ask but " justice, and from the crown of my head to the sole of my " foot, I shall ever acknowledge myself, your worship's humble " servant."

The Justice stared, the landlord and landlady lifted up their eyes, and Martin fretted, while Crambe talked in this rambling incoherent manner; till at length Martin begged to be heard. It was with great difficulty that the Justice was convinced, till they sent for the finisher of human laws, of whom the corpse had been purchased; who looking near the left ear, knew his own work, and gave oath accordingly.

No sooner was Martin got home, but he fell into a passion at Crambe. " What demon," he cried, " hath possessed thee, " that thou wilt never forsake that impertinent custom of " punning? Neither my counsel nor my example have thus

"misled thee; thou governest thyself by most erroneous "maxims." Far from it (answers Crambe); my life is as orderly as my dictionary, for by my dictionary I order my life. I have made a kalendar of radical words for all the seasons, months, and days of the year: every day I am under the dominion of a certain word: but this day in particular I cannot be misled, for I am governed by one that rules all sexes, ages, conditions, nay all animals rational and irrational. Who is not governed by the word *led?* Our noblemen and drunkards are pimp-led, physicians and pulses fee-led, their patients and oranges pil-led, a new-married man and an ass are bride-led, an old-married man and a pack-horse sad-led, cats and dice are rat-led, swine and nobility are sty-led, a coquet and a tinder-box are spark-led, a lover and a blunderer are grove-led. And that I may not be tedious—Which thou art (replied Martin, stamping with his foot), which thou art, I say, beyond all human toleration. Such an unnatural, unaccountable, uncoherent, unintelligible, unprofitable—There it is now! (interrupted Crambe); this is your day for *uns*. Martin could bear no longer—however, composing his countenance, Come hither, he cried, there are five pounds seventeen shillings and ninepence: thou hast been with me eight months, three weeks, two days, and four hours. Poor Crambe upon the receipt of his salary fell into tears, flung the money upon the ground, and burst forth in these words:—O Cicero, Cicero![1] if to pun be a crime, 'tis a crime I have learned from thee: O bias, bias! if to pun be a crime, by thy example was I bias'd.—Whereupon Martin (considering that one of the greatest of orators, and even a sage of Greece, had punned) hesitated, relented, and reinstated Crambe in his service.

[1] Who irritated Augustus by his pun on the word *tollendus*, applied to that usurper. Cicero it is well known had too much levity in his witty sarcasms.—WARBURTON.

CHAPTER IX.

HOW MARTINUS BECAME A GREAT CRITIC.

It was a most peculiar talent in Martinus, to convert every trifle into a serious thing, either in the way of life, or in learning. This can no way be better exemplified, than in the effect which the puns of Crambe had on the mind and studies of Martinus. He conceived, that somewhat of a like talent to this of Crambe, of assembling parallel sounds, either syllables or words, might conduce to the emendation and correction of ancient authors,[1] if applied to their works, with the same diligence, and the same liberty. He resolved to try first upon Virgil, Horace and Terence; concluding, that, if the most correct authors could be so served with any reputation to the critic, the amendment and alteration of all the rest would easily follow; whereby a new, a vast, nay boundless field of glory would be opened to the true and absolute critic.

The specimen on Virgil he has given us, in the addenda to his notes on the Dunciad. His Terence and Horace are

[1] Jortin has more than once animadverted on our author's sarcasms on critics and grammarians; and, in the Life of Erasmus, says, "I remember to have met with a passage in a certain writer, which is not at all favourable to the grammarians. 'My friendship I bestow upon philosophers;—as to sophists, little grammarians, and such sort of scoundrels, and cacodæmons, I neither have, or ever will have, any regard for them.' The man abhors grammarians and grammar, I suppose. But who is the author of this bit of Greek, thus literally translated? An extraordinary person, I assure you; a projector, a visionaire, a linguist by inspiration, a crack, a conjurer; in short, Apollonius Tyanensis. He is the man; and the grammarians account it no disgrace to be vilified by a mountebank."—WARBURTON.

in every body's hands, under the names of Richard B—ley, and Francis H—re.[1] And we have convincing proofs that the late edition of Milton published in the name of the former of these, was in truth the work of no other than our Scriblerus.

[1] Sir Isaac Newton, it is said, spoke with much contempt (but surely without just grounds) of those two accomplished scholars and critics, for squabbling, as he expressed it, about an old play-book. Whiston mentions this in his Memoirs of Dr. Clarke, p. 113.—WARTON.

The scholars alluded to are of course Bentley and Hare.

CHAPTER X.

OF MARTINUS'S UNCOMMON PRACTICE OF PHYSIC, AND HOW HE APPLIED HIMSELF TO THE DISEASES OF THE MIND.

But it is high time to return to the history of the progress of Martinus in the studies of physick, and to enumerate some at least of the many discoveries and experiments he made therein.

One of the first was his method of investigating latent distempers, by the sagacious quality of setting-dogs and pointers. The success, and the adventures that befel him, when he walked with these animals, to smell them out in the parks and public places about London, are what we would willingly relate; but that his own account, together with a list of those gentlemen and ladies at whom they made a full set, will be published in time convenient. There will also be added the representation, which, on occasion of one distemper which was become almost epidemical, he thought himself obliged to lay before both Houses of Parliament, intitled, A Proposal for a General Flux, to exterminate at one blow the P—x out of this Kingdom.

But being wearied of all practice on fœtid bodies; from a certain niceness of constitution (especially when he attended Dr. Woodward through a twelve-month's course of vomition) he determined to leave it off entirely, and to apply himself only to diseases of the mind. He attempted to find out specificks for all the passions; and as other physicians throw their patients into sweats, vomits, purgations, &c,, he cast them into love, hatred, hope, fear, joy, grief, &c. And indeed the great irregularity of the passions in the English nation, was the

chief motive that induced him to apply his whole studies, while he continued among us, to the diseases of the mind.

To this purpose he directed, in the first place, his late acquired skill in anatomy. He considered virtues and vices as certain habits which proceed from the natural formation and structure of particular parts of the body. A bird flies because it has wings, a duck swims because it is web-footed: and there can be no question but the aduncity of the pounces and beaks of the hawks, as well as the length of the fangs, the sharpness of the teeth, and the strength of the crural and masseter-muscles[1] in lions and tygers, are the cause of the great and habitual immorality of those animals.

1st. He observed, that the soul and body mutually operate upon each other, and therefore if you deprive the mind of the outward instruments whereby she usually expresseth that passion, you will in time abate the passion itself, in like manner as castration abates lust.

2ndly. That the soul in mankind expresseth every passion by the motion of some particular muscles.

3dly. That all muscles grow stronger and thicker by being much used; therefore the habitual passions may be discerned in particular persons by the strength and bigness of the muscles used in the expression of that passion.

4thly. That a muscle may be strengthened or weakened by weakening or strengthening the force of its antagonist. These things premised, he took notice, that complaisance, humility, assent, approbation, and civility, were expressed by nodding the head and bowing the body forward: on the contrary, dissent, dislike, refusal, pride, and arrogance, were marked by tossing the head, and bending the body backwards: which two passions of assent and dissent the Latins rightly expressed by the words *adnuere* and *abnuere*. Now he observed, that complaisant and civil people had the flexors of the head very strong; but in the

[1] Μασσητῆρες μῦες.—WARBURTON.

proud and insolent there was a great over-balance of strength in the extensors of the neck and the muscles of the back, from whence they perform with great facility the motion of tossing, but with great difficulty that of bowing, and therefore have justly acquired the title of stiff-necked: in order to reduce such persons to a just balance, he judged that the pair of muscles called *recti interni*, the mastoidal, with other flexors of the head, neck, and body, must be strengthened; their antagonists, the *splenii complexi*, and the extensors of the spine weakened: for which purpose Nature herself seems to have directed mankind to correct this muscular immorality by tying such fellows neck and heels.

Contrary to this, is the pernicious custom of mothers, who abolish the natural signature of modesty in their daughters, by teaching them tossing and bridling, rather than the bashful posture of stooping and hanging down the head. Martinus charged all husbands to take notice of the posture of the head of such as they courted to matrimony, as that upon which their future happiness did much depend.

Flatterers, who have the flexor muscles so strong, that they are always bowing and cringing, he supposed might in some measure be corrected by being tied down upon a tree by the back, like the children of the Indians; which doctrine was strongly confirmed by his observing the strength of the *levatores scapulæ:* this muscle is called the muscle of patience, because in that affection of mind people shrug and raise up the shoulder to the tip of the ear. This muscle also he observed to be exceedingly strong and large in henpecked husbands, in Italians, and in English ministers.

In pursuance of his theory, he supposed the constrictors of the eye-lids must be strengthened in the supercilious, the abductors in drunkards and contemplative men, who have the same steady and grave motion of the eye. That the buccinators or blowers up of the cheeks, and the dilators of the nose, were too strong in cholerick people; and therefore nature here again

directed us to a remedy, which was to correct such extraordinary dilatation by pulling by the nose.

The rolling amorous eye, in the passion of love, might be corrected by frequently looking through glasses. Impertinent fellows that jump upon tables, and cut capers, might be cured by relaxing medicines applied to the calves of their legs, which in such people are too strong.

But there were two cases which he reckoned extremely difficult. First, affectation, in which there were so many muscles of the bum, thighs, belly, neck, back, and the whole body, all in a false tone, that it required an impracticable multiplicity of applications.

The second case was immoderate laughter:[1] when any of that risible species were brought to the doctor, and when he considered what an infinity of muscles these laughing rascals threw into a convulsive motion at the same time: whether we regard the spasms of the diaphragm and all the muscles of respiration, the horrible *rictus* of the mouth, the distortion of the lower jaw, the crisping of the nose, twinkling of the eyes, or spherical convexity of the cheeks, with the tremulous succussion of the whole human body: when he considered, I say, all this, he used to cry out, *Casus plane deplorabilis!* and give such patients over.

[1] Lord Chesterfield has been justly ridiculed for his formal and affected censure of laughter, as a part of behaviour unsuited to a person of quality. Congreve gives the same sentiment to Lord Froth.—WARTON.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CASE OF A YOUNG NOBLEMAN AT COURT, WITH THE DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION FOR THE SAME.

An eminent instance of Martin's sagacity in discovering the distempers of the mind, appeared in the case of a young nobleman at Court, who was observed to grow extremely affected in his speech, and whimsical in all his behaviour. He began to ask odd questions, talking verse to himself, shut himself up from his friends, and be accessible to none but flatterers, poets, and pick-pockets; till his relations and old acquaintance judged him to be so far gone as to be a fit patient for the doctor.

As soon as he had heard and examined all the symptoms, he pronounced his distemper to be love.

His friends assured him, that they had with great care observed all his motions, and were perfectly satisfied there was no woman in the case. Scriblerus was as positive that he was desperately in love with some person or other. "How can "that be?" (said his aunt, who came to ask the advice) "when "he converses almost with none but himself?" Say you so, he replied; why then he is in love with himself, one of the most common cases in the world. I am astonished people do not enough attend this disease, which has the same causes and symptoms, and admits of the same cure with the other: especially since here the case of the patient is the more helpless and deplorable of the two, as this unfortunate passion is more blind than the other. There are people, who discover from their very youth a most amorous inclination to themselves;

which is unhappily nursed by such mothers, as with their good will, would never suffer their children to be crossed in love. Ease, luxury, and idleness, blow up this flame as well as the other: constant opportunities of conversation with the person beloved (the greatest of incentives) are here impossible to be prevented. Bawds and pimps in the other love, will be perpetually doing kind offices, speaking a good word for the party, and carry about billet-doux. Therefore I ask you, madam, if this gentleman has not been much frequented by flatterers, and a sort of people who bring him dedications and verses? "O lord! sir," (quoth the aunt) "the house is "haunted with them."—There it is (replied Scriblerus), those are the bawds and pimps that go between a man and himself. Are there no civil ladies, that tell him he dresses well, has a gentlemanly air, and the like? "Why, truly, sir, my nephew "is not aukward."—Look you, madam, this is a misfortune to him: in former days these sort of lovers were happy in one respect, that they never had any rivals, but of late they have all the ladies so—be pleased to answer a few questions more. Whom does he generally talk of? Himself, quoth the aunt. —Whose wit and breeding does he most commend? His own (quoth the aunt).—Whom does he write letters to? Himself. —Whom does he dream of? All the dreams I ever heard were of himself.—Whom is he ogling yonder? Himself in his looking-glass.—Why does he throw back his head in that languishing posture? Only to be blessed with a smile of himself as he passes by.—Does he ever steal a kiss from himself, by biting his lips? Oh continually, till they are perfect vermillion.—Have you observed him to use familiarities with any body? "With none but himself: he often embraces "himself with folded arms, he claps his hand upon his hip, "nay sometimes thrusts it into his breast."

Madam, said the doctor, all these are strong symptoms, but there remain a few more. Has this amorous gentleman presented himself with any love toys; such as gold snuff-

boxes, repeating watches, or tweezer-cases? those are things that in time will soften the most obdurate heart. "Not only "so (said the aunt) but he bought the other day a very fine "brilliant diamond ring for his own wearing."—Nay, if he has accepted of this ring, the intrigue is very forward indeed, and it is high time for friends to interpose.—Pray, madam, a word or two more: is he jealous that his acquaintance do not behave themselves with respect enough? will he bear jokes and innocent freedoms? "By no means; a familiar "appellation makes him angry; if you shake him a little "roughly by the hand, he is in a rage; but if you chuck him "under the chin, he will return you a box on the ear."—Then the case is plain: he has the true pathognomick sign of love, jealousy; for no body will suffer his mistress to be treated at that rate. Madam, upon the whole, this case is extremely dangerous. There are some people who are far gone in this passion of self-love; but then they keep a very secret intrigue with themselves, and hide it from all the world besides. But this patient has not the least care of the reputation of his beloved, he is downright scandalous in his behaviour with himself; he is enchanted, bewitched, and almost past cure. However, let the following methods be tried upon him.

First, let him *** *hiatus*. *** Secondly, let him wear a bob-wig. Thirdly, shun the company of flatterers, nay of ceremonious people, and of all Frenchmen in general. It would not be amiss if he travelled over England in a stage-coach, and made the tour of Holland in a track-scoute. Let him return the snuff-boxes, tweezer-cases (and particularly the diamond ring) which he has received from himself. Let some knowing friend represent to him the many vile qualities of this mistress of his: let him be shewn, that her extravagance, pride, and prodigality, will infallibly bring him to a morsel of bread: let it be proved that he has been false to himself: and if treachery is not a sufficient cause to discard a mistress, what is? In short, let him be made to see that no morta

besides himself either loves or can suffer this creature. Let all looking-glasses, polished toys, and even clean plates be removed from him, for fear of bringing back the admired object. Let him be taught to put off all those tender airs, affected smiles, languishing looks, wanton tosses of the head, coy motions of the body, that mincing gait, soft tone of voice, and all that enchanting woman-like behaviour, that has made him the charm of his own eyes, and the object of his own adoration. Let him surprise the beauty he adores at a disadvantage, survey himself naked, divested of artificial charms, and he will find himself a forked, straddling animal, with bandy legs, a short neck, a dun hide, and a pot-belly. It would be yet better, if he took a strong purge once a week in order to contemplate himself in that condition: at which time it will be convenient to make use of the letters, dedications, etc. abovesaid. Something like this has been observed by Lucretius and others to be a powerful remedy in the case of women. If all this will not do, I must e'en leave the poor man to his destiny. Let him marry himself, and when he is condemned eternally to himself, perhaps he may run to the next pond to get rid of himself, the fate of most violent self-lovers.

CHAPTER XII.

HOW MARTINUS ENDEAVOURED TO FIND OUT THE SEAT OF THE SOUL, AND OF HIS CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE FREE-THINKERS.

In this design of Martin to investigate the diseases of the mind, he thought nothing so necessary as an enquiry after the seat of the soul; in which at first he laboured under great uncertainties. Sometimes he was of opinion that it lodged in the brain, sometimes in the stomach, and sometimes in the heart. Afterwards he thought it absurd to confine that sovereign lady to one apartment, which made him infer that she shifted it according to the several functions of life:[1] the brain was her study, the heart her state-room, and the stomach her kitchen. But as he saw several offices of life went on at the same time, he was forced to give up this hypothesis also. He now conjectured it was more for the dignity of the soul to perform several operations by her little ministers, the animal spirits, from whence it was natural to

[1] Enquiries into the seat of the soul are finely ridiculed in the first canto of Prior's Alma; an original work, and perhaps the very best of all his compositions, which abounds equally in wit, pleasantry, humour, and good sense, and is a perfect pattern of facility of versification. When Prior asked Pope how he liked his Solomon, he answered, "Your Alma is a masterpiece." The other replied, "What do you tell me of my Alma—a loose and hasty scribble, to relieve the hours of my imprisonment." This judgment of Pope occasioned two satirical lines in a poem, written afterwards, called The Impertinent:

"Indeed poor Solomon in rhime,
Was much too grave to be sublime."

For it was his Solomon on which Prior chiefly valued himself. In some manuscripts of Prior, which I once read by the favour of the late Duchess Dowager of Portland, he says he took the idea of his Alma from a Spanish writer, who describes the progress of the soul from the toes to the head.—WARTON.

conclude, that she resides in different parts according to different inclinations, sexes, ages, and professions. Thus in epicures he seated her in the mouth of the stomach, philosophers have her in the brain, soldiers in their heart, women in their tongues, fidlers in their fingers, and rope-dancers in their toes. At length he grew fond of the *glandula pinealis*, dissecting many subjects to find out the different figure of this gland, from whence he might discover the cause of the different tempers of mankind. He supposed that in factious and restless-spirited people he should find it sharp and pointed, allowing no room for the soul to repose herself; that in quiet tempers it was flat, smooth and soft, affording to the soul as it were an easy cushion. He was confirmed in this by observing, that calves and philosophers, tygers and statesmen, foxes and sharpers, peacocks and fops, cock-sparrows and coquets, monkeys and players, courtiers and spaniels, moles and misers, exactly resemble one another in the conformation of the pineal gland. He did not doubt likewise to find the same resemblance in highwaymen and conquerors: in order to satisfy himself in which, it was, that he purchased the body of one of the first species (as hath been before related) at Tyburn, hoping in time to have the happiness of one of the latter too, under his anatomical knife.

We must not omit taking notice here, that these enquiries into the seat of the soul gave occasion to his first correspondence with the Society of Free Thinkers, who were then in their infancy in England, and so much taken with the promising endowments of Martin, that they ordered their Secretary to write him the following letter:

TO THE LEARNED INQUISITOR INTO NATURE, MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS: THE SOCIETY OF FREE THINKERS GREETING.

GRECIAN COFFEE-HOUSE, *May* 7.

IT is with unspeakable joy we have heard of your inquisitive genius, and we think it a great pity that it should not be better employed, than in looking after that theological non-entity commonly called the soul: since after all your enquiries, it will appear you have lost your labour in seeking the residence of such a chimera, that never had being but in the brains of some dreaming philosophers. Is it not demonstration to a person of your sense, that, since you cannot find it, there is no such thing? In order to set so hopeful a genius right in this matter, we have sent you an answer to the ill-grounded sophisms of those crack-brained fellows, and likewise an easy mechanical explication of perception or thinking.

'One of their chief arguments is, that self-consciousness cannot inhere in any system of matter, because all matter is made up of several distinct beings, which never can make up one individual thinking being.

This is easily answered by a familiar instance. In every jack there is a meat-roasting quality, which neither resides in the fly, nor in the weight, nor in any particular wheel of the jack, but is the result of the whole composition: so in an animal the self-consciousness is not a real quality inherent in one being (any more than meat-roasting in a jack) but the result of several modes or qualities in the same subject. As the fly, the wheels, the chain, the weight, the cords, etc. make one jack, so the several parts of the body make one animal. As perception, or consciousness, is said to be inherent in this animal, so is meat-roasting said to be inherent in the jack.

[1] This whole chapter is an inimitable ridicule on Collins's arguments against Clarke, to prove the soul to be only a quality.—WARTON.

As sensation, reasoning, volition, memory, etc. are the several modes of thinking; so roasting of beef, roasting of mutton, roasting of pullets, geese, turkeys, etc. are the several modes of meat-roasting. And as the general quality of meat-roasting, with its several modifications as to beef, mutton, pullets, etc. does not inhere in any one part of the jack; so neither does consciousness, with its several modes of sensation, intellection, volition, etc. inhere in any one, but is the result from the mechanical composition of the whole animal.

Just so, the quality or disposition of a fiddle to play tunes, with the several modifications of this tune-playing quality in playing of preludes, sarabands, jigs, and gavotts, are as much real qualities in the instrument, as the thought or the imagination is in the mind of the person that composes them.

The parts (say they) of an animal body are perpetually changed, and the fluids which seem to be the subject of consciousness, are in a perpetual circulation: so that the same individual particles do not remain in the brain; from whence it will follow, that the idea of individual consciousness must be constantly translated from one particle of matter to another, whereby the particle A, for example, must not only be conscious, but conscious that it is the same being with the particle B that went before.

We answer, this is only a fallacy of the imagination, and is to be understood in no other sense than that maxim of the English law, that the King never dies. This power of thinking, self-moving, and governing the whole machine, is communicated from every particle to its immediate successor; who, as soon as he is gone, immediately takes upon him the government, which still preserves the unity of the whole system.

They make a great noise about this individuality: how a man is conscious to himself that he is the same individual he was twenty years ago; notwithstanding the flux state of the

particles of matter that compose his body. We think this is capable of a very plain answer, and may be easily illustrated by a familiar example.

Sir John Cutler had a pair of black worsted stockings, which his maid darned so often with silk, that they became at last a pair of silk stockings. Now supposing those stockings of Sir John's endued with some degree of consciousness at every particular darning, they would have been sensible, that they were the same individual pair of stockings, both before and after the darning: and this sensation would have continued in them through all the succession of darnings: and yet after the last of all, there was not perhaps one thread left of the first pair of stockings, but they were grown to be silk stockings, as was said before.

And whereas it is affirmed, that every animal is conscious of some individual self-moving, self-determining principle; it is answered, that, as in a House of Commons all things are determined by a majority, so it is in every animal system. As that which determines the House is said to be the reason of the whole assembly; it is no otherwise with thinking beings, who are determined by the greater force of several particles; which, like so many unthinking members, compose one thinking system.

And whereas it is likewise objected, that punishments cannot be just that are not inflicted upon the same individual, which cannot subsist without the notion of a spiritual substance: we reply, that this is no greater difficulty to conceive, than that a Corporation, which is likewise a flux body, may be punished for the faults, and liable to the debts, of their predecessors.

We proceed now to explain, by the structure of the brain, the several modes of thinking. It is well known to anatomists that the brain is a congeries of glands, that separate the finer parts of the blood, called animal spirits; that a gland is nothing but a canal of a great length, variously intorted and

wound up together. From the arietation and motion of the spirits in those canals, proceed all the different sorts of thoughts. Simple ideas are produced by the motion of the spirits in one simple canal; when two of these canals disembogue themselves into one, they make what we call a proposition; and when two of these propositional canals empty themselves into a third, they form a syllogism, or a ratiocination. Memory is performed in a distinct apartment of the brain, made up of vessels similar, and like situated to the ideal, propositional, and syllogistical vessels in the primary parts of the brain. After the same manner it is easy to explain the other modes of thinking; as also why some people think so wrong and perversely, which proceed from the bad configuration of those glands. Some, for example, are born without the propositional or syllogistical canals; in others, that reason ill, they are of unequal capacities; in dull fellows, of too great a length, whereby the motion of the spirits is retarded; in trifling geniuses, weak and small; in the over-refining spirits, too much intorted and winding; and so of the rest.

We are so much persuaded of the truth of this our hypothesis, that we have employed one of our members, a great virtuoso at Nuremberg, to make a sort of an hydraulick engine, in which a chemical liquor resembling blood, is driven through elastic channels resembling arteries and veins, by the force of an embolus like the heart, and wrought by a pneumatick machine of the nature of the lungs, with ropes and pullies, like the nerves, tendons, and muscles: and we are persuaded that this our artificial man will not only walk, and speak, and perform most of the outward actions of the animal life, but (being wound up once a week) will perhaps reason as well as most of your country parsons.

We wait with the utmost impatience for the honour of having you a member of our Society, and beg leave to assure you that we are, etc.

What return Martin made to this obliging letter we must defer to another occasion: let it suffice at present to tell that Crambe was in a great rage at them, for stealing (as he thought) a hint from his Theory of Syllogisms, without doing him the honour so much as to mention him. He advised his master by no means to enter into their Society, unless they would give him sufficient security, to bear him harmless from anything that might happen after this present life.

CHAPTER XIII.[1]

OF THE SECESSION OF MARTINUS, AND SOME HINT OF HIS TRAVELS.

It was in the year 1699, that Martin set out on his travels. Thou wilt certainly be very curious to know what they were. It is not yet time to inform thee. But what hints I am at liberty to give, I will.

Thou shalt know then, that in his first voyage he was carried by a prosperous storm, to a discovery of the remains of the ancient Pygmaean Empire.

That in his second, he was as happily ship-wrecked on the land of the Giants, now the most humane people in the world.

That in his third voyage, he discovered a whole kingdom of Philosophers, who govern by the mathematicks; with whose admirable schemes and projects he returned to benefit his own dear country; but had the misfortune to find them rejected by the envious ministers of Queen Anne, and himself sent treacherously away.

And hence it is, that in his fourth voyage he discovers a

[1] It is very acutely and justly observed by Mr. Cambridge, in the Preface to his Scribleriad, that it was surprising Mr. Pope should make his Scriblerus so complicated a character as he represents him towards the end of his Memoirs, attributing to him things quite incompatible. Nay, such is his lust of loading this character, that he declares Gulliver's Travels to be the Travels of Scriblerus; and this without any other pretence, than that Swift had once designed to write the Travels of Scriblerus. What reasons induced him to change this work of humour, to a particular gratification of his spleen, it is not to the present purpose to make known; but this is certain, that when he made so total an alteration in his design, he took care not to give one feature of Scriblerus to his Gulliver.—WARTON.

vein of melancholy proceeding almost to a disgust of his species; but above all, a mortal detestation to the whole flagitious race of ministers, and a final resolution not to give in any memorial to the Secretary of State, in order to subject the lands he discovered to the crown of Great Britain.

Now if, by these hints, the reader can help himself to a farther discovery of the nature and contents of these travels, he is welcome to as much light as they afford him; I am obliged, by all the ties of honour, not to speak more openly.

But if any man shall see such very extraordinary voyages, into such very extraordinary nations, which manifest the most distinguishing marks of a philosopher, a politician, and a legislator; and can imagine them to belong to a surgeon of a ship, or a captain of a merchantman, let him remain in his ignorance.

And whoever he be, that shall further observe, in every page of such a book, that cordial love of mankind, that inviolable regard to truth, that passion for his dear country, and that particular attachment to the excellent Princess Queen Anne; surely that man deserves to be pitied, if by all those visible signs and characters, he cannot distinguish and acknowledge the great Scriblerus.

CHAPTER XIV.

OF THE DISCOVERIES AND WORKS OF THE GREAT SCRIBLERUS, MADE AND TO BE MADE, WRITTEN AND TO BE WRITTEN, KNOWN AND UNKNOWN.

HERE therefore, at this great period, we end our first Book. And here, O reader, we entreat thee utterly to forget all thou hast hitherto read, and to cast thy eyes only forward to that boundless field the next shall open unto thee; the fruits of which (if thine, or our sins do not prevent) are to spread and multiply over this our work, and over all the face of the earth:

In the mean time, know what thou owest, and what thou yet may'st owe, to this excellent person, this prodigy of our age; who may well be called, the philosopher of ultimate causes, since by a sagacity peculiar to himself, he hath discovered effects in their very cause; and without the trivial helps of experiments, or observations, hath been the inventor of most of the modern systems and hypotheses.

He hath enriched mathematicks[1] with many precise and geometrical quadratures of the circle. He first discovered the cause of gravity, and the intestine motion of fluids.

To him we owe all the observations of the parallax of the pole-star, and all the new theories of the Deluge.

He it was that first taught the right use sometimes of the

[1] How justly soever the knowledge of mathematicks is said to contribute to make men sound reasoners; yet it may be observed, that neither Hobbes, nor Bayle, nor Locke, nor Hume, nor Chillingworth, nor Hooker, nor Butler, some of the closest and most acute reasoners that ever wrote, knew much of the Mathematicks.

fuga vacui, and sometimes of the *materia subtilis*, in resolving the grand phenomena of Nature.

He it was that first found out the palpability of colours; and by the delicacy of his touch, could distinguish the different vibrations of the heterogeneous rays of light.

His were the projects of *perpetuum mobiles*, flying engines, and pacing saddles; the method of discovering the longitude by bomb-vessels, and of encreasing the trade-wind by vast plantations of reeds and sedges.

I shall mention only a few of his philosophical and mathematical works.

1. A complete digest of the laws of Nature, with a review of those that are obsolete or repealed, and of those that are ready to be renewed and put in force.

2. A mechanical explication of the formation of the universe, according to the Epicurean hypothesis.

3. An investigation of the quantity of real matter in the universe, with the proportion of the specifick gravity of solid matter to that of fluid.

4. Microscopical observations on the figure and bulk of the constituent parts of all fluids. A calculation of the proportion in which the fluids of the earth decrease, and of the period in which they will be totally exhausted.

5. A computation of the duration of the sun, and how long it will last before it be burned out.

6. A method to apply the force arising from the immense velocity of light to mechanical purposes.

7. An answer to the question of a curious gentleman: how long a new star was lighted up before its appearance to the inhabitants of our earth? To which is subjoined a calculation, how much the inhabitants of the moon eat for supper, considering that they pass a night equal to fifteen of our natural days.

8. A demonstration of the natural dominion of the inhabitants of the earth over those of the moon, if ever an intercourse

should be opened between them. With a proposal of a partition party among the earthly potentates, in case of such discovery.

9. Tide-tables, for a comet, that is to approximate towards the earth.

10. The number of the inhabitants of London determined by the reports of the gold-finders, and the tonnage of their carriages; with allowance for the extraordinary quantity of the *ingesta* and *egesta* of the people of England, and a deduction of what is left under dead walls, and dry ditches.

It will from hence be evident, how much all his studies were directed to the universal benefit of mankind. Numerous have been his projects to this end, of which two alone will be sufficient to show the amazing grandeur of his genius. The first was a proposal, by a general contribution of all Princes, to pierce the first crust or nucleus of this our earth, quite through, to the next concentrical sphere. The advantage he proposed from it was to find the parallax of the fixt stars; but chiefly to refute Sir Isaac Newton's theory of gravity, and Mr. Halley's of the variations. The second was, to build two poles to the meridian, with immense light-houses on the top of them; to supply the defect of Nature, and to make the longitude as easy to be calculated as the latitude. Both these he could not but think very practicable, by the power of all the potentates of the world.

May we presume after these to mention, how he descended from the sublime to the beneficial parts of knowledge, and particularly his extraordinary practice of Physick. From the age, complexion, or weight of the person given, he contrived to prescribe at a distance, as well as at a patient's bedside. He taught the way to many modern physicians, to cure their patients by intuition, and to others to cure without looking on them at all. He projected a menstruum to dissolve the stone, made of Dr. Woodward's Universal Deluge-water. His was also the device to relieve consumptive or asthmatic per

sons, by bringing fresh air out of the country to town, by pipes of the nature of the recipients of air-pumps: and to introduce the native air of a man's country into any other in which he should travel, with a seasonable intromission of such streams as were most familiar to him; to the inexpressible comfort of many Scotsmen, Laplanders, and white bears.

In physiognomy, his penetration is such, that from the picture only of any person, he can write his life; and from the features of the parents, draw the portrait of any child that is to be born.

Nor hath he been so enrapt in these studies, as to neglect the polite arts of painting, architecture, musick, poetry, etc. It was he that gave the first hint to our modern painters, to improve the likeness of their portraits by the use of such colours as would faithfully and constantly accompany the life, not only in its present state, but in all its alterations, decays, age, and death itself.

In architecture, he builds not with so much regard to present symmetry or conveniency, as with a thought well worthy a true lover of antiquity, to wit, the noble effect the building will have to posterity, when it shall fall and become a ruin.

As to music, Heidegger has not the face to deny that he has been much beholden to his scores.

In poetry, he hath appeared under a hundred different names, of which we may one day give a catalogue.

In politicks, his writings are of a peculiar cast, for the most part ironical, and the drift of them often so delicate and refined as to be mistaken by the vulgar. He once went so far, as to write a persuasive to people to eat their own children, which was so little understood as to be taken in ill part.[1] He has often written against liberty in the name of Freeman and Algernon Sidney, in vindication of the measures of Spain under that of Raleigh, and in praise of corruption under those of Cato and Publicola.

[1] Alluding to Swift's ironical tract on that subject.

It is true, that at his last departure from England, in the reign of Queen Anne, apprehending lest any of these might be perverted to the scandal of the weak, or encouragement of the flagitious, he cast them all, without mercy, into a bog-house near St. James's. Some however have been with great diligence recovered, and fished up with a hook and line, by the Ministerial writers, which make at present the great ornaments of their works.

Whatever he judged beneficial to mankind, he constantly communicated (not only during his stay among us, but ever since his absence) by some method or other, in which ostentation had no part. With what incredible modesty he concealed himself is known to numbers of those to whom he addressed sometimes epistles, sometimes hints, sometimes whole treatises, advices to friends, projects to first Ministers, letters to Members of Parliament, accounts to the Royal Society, and innumerable others. All these will be vindicated to the true author, in the course of these Memoirs. I may venture to say they cannot be unacceptable to any, but to those who will appear too much concerned as plagiaries to be admitted as judges. Therefore we warn the public, to take particular notice of all such as manifest any indecent passion at the appearance of this work, as persons most certainly involved in the guilt.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ:[1]

OR, OF THE ART OF

SINKING IN POETRY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXXVII.

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CHAPTER I.

It hath been long (my dear countrymen) the subject of my concern and surprize, that whereas numberless poets, critics, and orators have compiled and digested the art of ancient

[1] The learned Mr. Upton has made an ingenious remark on the title of this piece: "'Tis pleasant enough to consider how the change of a

poesy, there hath not risen among us one person so public-spirited, as to perform the like for the modern. Although it is universally known, that our every-way industrious moderns, both in the weight of their writings, and in the velocity of their judgments, do so infinitely excel the said ancients.

Nevertheless, too true it is, that while a plain and direct road is paved to their ὕψος, or sublime; no tract has been yet chalked out, to arrive at our Βάθος or profund. The Latins, as they came between the Greeks and us, make use of the word *altitudo*, which implies equally height and depth. Wherefore considering with no small grief, how many promising genius's of this age are wandering (as I may say) in the dark without a guide, I have undertaken this arduous but necessary task, to lead them as it were by the hand, and step by step, the gentle down-hill way to the bathos; the bottom, the end, the central point, the *non plus ultra*, of true modern poesy!

When I consider (my dear countrymen)[1] the extent, fertility, and populousness of our lowlands of Parnassus, the flourishing state of our trade, and the plenty of our manufacture; there are two reflections which administer great occa-

single letter has often led learned commentators into mistakes, and a Π, being accidentally altered into a Β, in a Greek rhetorician, gave occasion to one of the best pieces of satire that was ever written in the English language, viz. ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ; a treatise concerning the Art of Sinking in Poetry. The blunder I mean is in the second section of Longinus; ΕΙ ΕΣΤΙΝ ΥΨΟΥΣ ΤΙΣ Η ΒΑΘΟΥΣ ΤΕΧΝΗ, instead of ΠΑΘΟΥΣ; a most ridiculous blunder, which has occasioned as ridiculous criticisms."—Observations on Shakespeare, p. 256.

M. De Larchet, the translator of Herodotus, gave a French translation also of this Life of Scriblerus. It is easy to imagine that the humour has evaporated in a French translation.

The blunder relating to the word παθους, reminds one of a most egregious mistake of Rapin the critic, whose knowledge of Greek has been much questioned. Relating a story of Euphranor the painter, he says, "Apion has related it." Having read the story in Eustathius; who says, ἀπιὼν ἔγραψεν; which meant, that Euphranor, hearing a description of Jupiter read in Homer, "went away and painted it."—WARTON.

[1] In the edition of 1728 there is a note: "Martinus Scriblerus, tho' of German extraction, was born in England. *Vide* his Life and Memoirs, which will speedily be published."

sion of surprize: The one, that all dignities and honours should be bestowed upon the exceeding few meagre inhabitants of the top of the mountain; the other, that our own nation should have arrived to that pitch of greatness it now possesses, without any regular system of laws. As to the first, it is with great pleasure I have observed of late the gradual decay of delicacy and refinement among mankind, who are become too reasonable to require that we should labour with infinite pains to come up to the taste of these mountaineers, when they without any may condescend to ours. But as we now have an unquestionable majority on our side, I doubt not but we shall shortly be able to level these Highlanders, and procure a further vent for our own product, which is already so much relished, encouraged, and rewarded, by the nobility and gentry of Great Britain.

Therefore to supply our former defect, I purpose to collect the scattered rules of our art into regular Institutes, from the example and practice of the deep genius's of our nation: imitating herein my predecessors the master of Alexander, and the secretary of the renowned Zenobia.[1] And in this my undertaking I am the more animated, as I expect more success than has attended even those great critics; since their laws (though they might be good) have ever been slackly executed, and their precepts (however strict) obeyed only by fits, and by a very small number.

At the same time I intend to do justice upon our neighbours, inhabitants of the upper Parnassus; who, taking advantage of the rising ground, are perpetually throwing down rubbish, dirt, and stones upon us, never suffering us to live in peace. These men, while they enjoy the crystal stream of Helicon, envy us our common water, which (thank our stars) though it is somewhat muddy, flows in much greater abundance. Nor is this the greatest injustice that we have to complain of; for though it is evident that we never made the

[1] Aristotle and Longinus.

least attempt or inroad into their territories, but lived contented in our native fens; they have often not only committed petty larcenies upon our borders, but driven the country, and carried off at once whole cart-loads of our manufacture; to reclaim some of which stolen goods is part of the design of this treatise.

For we shall see in the course of this work, that our greatest adversaries have sometimes descended towards us; and doubtless might now and then have arrived at the Bathos itself, had it not been for that mistaken opinion they all entertained, that the rules of the ancients were equally necessary to the moderns; than which there cannot be a more grievous error, as will be amply proved in the following discourse.

And indeed when any of these have gone so far, as by the light of their own genius to attempt new models, it is wonderful to observe, how nearly they have approached us in those particular pieces; though in their others they differed *toto coelo* from us.

CHAPTER II.

THAT THE BATHOS, OR PROFUND, IS THE NATURAL TASTE OF MAN, AND IN PARTICULAR, OF THE PRESENT AGE.

THE taste of the Bathos is implanted by Nature itself in the soul of man; till, perverted by custom or example, he is taught, or rather compelled to relish the sublime. Accordingly we see the unprejudiced minds of children delight only in such productions, and in such images, as our true modern writers set before them. I have observed how fast the general taste is returning to this first simplicity and innocence; and if the intent of all poetry be to divert and instruct, certainly that kind which diverts and instructs the greatest number, is to be preferred. Let us look round among the admirers of poetry, we shall find those who have a taste of the sublime to be very few; but the profund strikes universally and is adapted to every capacity. 'Tis a fruitless undertaking to write for men of a nice and foppish gusto, whom after all it is almost impossible to please; and 'tis still more chimerical to write for posterity, of whose taste we cannot make any judgment, and whose applause we can never enjoy. It must be confessed our wiser authors have a present end,

Et prodesse volunt et delectare poetae.

Their true design is profit or gain; in order to acquire which, 'tis necessary to procure applause by administering pleasure to the reader: from whence it follows demonstrably, that their productions must be suited to the present taste. And I cannot but congratulate our age on this peculiar felicity, that though we have made indeed great progress in all other

branches of luxury, we are not yet debauched with any high relish in poetry, but are in this one taste less nice than our ancestors. If an art is to be estimated by its success, I appeal to experience whether there have not been, in proportion to their number, as many starving good poets, as bad ones.

Nevertheless, in making gain the principal end of our art, far be it from me to exclude any great genius's of rank or fortune from diverting themselves this way. They ought to be praised no less than those Princes, who pass their vacant hours in some ingenious mechanical or manual art. And to such as these, it would be ingratitude not to own, that our art has been often infinitely indebted.

CHAPTER III.

THE NECESSITY OF THE BATHOS, PHYSICALLY CONSIDERED.

FURTHERMORE, it were great cruelty and injustice, if all such authors as cannot write in the other way, were prohibited from writing at all. Against this I draw an argument from what seems to me an undoubted physical maxim, that poetry is a natural or morbid secretion from the brain. As I would not suddenly stop a cold in the head, or dry up my neighbour's issue, I would as little hinder him from necessary writing. It may be affirmed with great truth, that there is hardly any human creature past childhood, but at one time or other has had some poetical evacuation, and, no question, was much the better for it in his health: so true is the saying, *nascimur poetae*. Therefore is the desire of writing properly termed *pruritus*, the "titillation of the generative faculty of the brain," and the person is said to conceive; now such as conceive must bring forth. I have known a man thoughtful, melancholy, and raving for divers days, who forthwith grew wonderfully easy, lightsome and cheerful, upon a discharge of the peccant humour, in exceeding purulent metre. Nor can I question, but abundance of untimely deaths are occasioned for want of this laudable vent of unruly passions; yea, perhaps, in poor wretches, (which is very lamentable) for mere want of pen, ink, and paper! From hence it follows, that a suppression of the very worst poetry is of dangerous consequence to the State. We find by experience, that the same humours which vent themselves in summer in ballads and sonnets, are condensed by the winter's cold into pamphlets and

speeches for and against the Ministry: nay, I know not but many times a piece of poetry may be the most innocent composition of a Minister himself.

It is therefore manifest that mediocrity ought to be allowed, yea indulged, to the good subjects of England. Nor can I conceive how the world has swallowed the contrary as a maxim, upon the single authority of that Horace[1]? Why should the golden mean, the quintessence of all virtues, be deemed so offensive in this art? or coolness or mediocrity be so amiable a quality in a man, and so detestable in a poet?

However, far be it from me to compare these writers, with those great spirits, who are born with a *vivacité de pesanteur*, or (as an English author calls it) an "alacrity of sinking;" and who by strength of nature alone can excel. All I mean is to evince the necessity of rules to these lesser genius's as well as the usefulness of them to the greater.

[1] Mediocribus esse poetis
Non dii, non homines, etc. *Hor.*—POPE.

CHAPTER IV.

THAT THERE IS AN ART OF THE BATHOS, OR PROFUND.

We now come to prove, that there is an art of sinking in poetry. Is there not an architecture of vaults and cellars, as well as of lofty domes and pyramids? Is there not as much skill and labour in making dikes, as in raising mounts? Is there not an art of diving as well as of flying? And will any sober practitioner affirm, that a diving engine is not of singular use in making him long-winded, assisting his sight, and furnishing him with other ingenious means of keeping under water? If we search the authors of antiquity, we shall find as few to have been distinguished in the true profund, as in the true sublime. And the very same thing (as it appears from Longinus) had been imagined of that as now of this; namely, that it was entirely the gift of nature. I grant that to excel in the Bathos a genius is requisite: yet the rules of art must be allowed so far useful, as to add weight, or, as I may say, hang on lead, to facilitate and enforce our descent, to guide us to the most advantageous declivities, and habituate our imagination to a depth of thinking. Many there are that can fall, but few can arrive at the felicity of falling gracefully; much more for a man who is amongst the lowest of the creation, at the very bottom of the atmosphere, to descend beneath himself, is not so easy a task unless he calls in art to his assistance. It is with the bathos as with small beer,[1] which is indeed vapid and insipid, if left at large, and let abroad; but being by our rules confined and well stopt, nothing grows so frothy, pert, and bouncing.

[1] Compare Dunciad, iii. 169.

The sublime of nature is the sky, the sun, moon, stars, etc. The profund of nature is gold, pearls, precious stones, and the treasures of the deep, which are inestimable as unknown. But all that lies between these, as corn, flower, fruits, animals, and things for the meer use of man, are of mean price, and so common as not to be greatly esteemed by the curious. It being certain that any thing, of which we know the true use, cannot be invaluable: which affords a solution, why common sense hath either been totally despised, or held in small repute by the greatest modern critics and authors.

CHAPTER V.

OF THE TRUE GENIUS FOR THE PROFUND, AND BY WHAT IT IS CONSTITUTED.

And I will venture to lay it down, as the first maxim and corner-stone of this our art; that whoever would excel therein, must studiously avoid, detest, and turn his head from all the ideas, ways, and workings of that pestilent foe to wit, and destroyer of fine figures, which is known by the name of common sense.[1] His business must be to contract the true *gout de travers;* and to acquire a most happy, uncommon, unaccountable way of thinking.

He is to consider himself as a grotesque painter, whose works would be spoiled by an imitation of nature, or uniformity of design. He is to mingle bits of the most various, or discordant kinds, landscape, history, portraits, animals, and connect them with a great deal of flourishing, by heads or tails, as it shall please his imagination, and contribute to his principal end, which is to glare by strong opposition of colours, and surprize by a contrariety of images,

Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni.—Hor.

His design ought to be like a labyrinth, out of which nobody can get clear but himself. And since the great art of poetry

[1] This is too strongly expressed. Directly, and without palliation and disguise, to recommend absurdity is false writing, and unnatural to a great degree; so also is the beginning of Chapter the Tenth.—Warton.

The error on which Warton dwells is very noticeable in the Dunciad. See preface to that poem, vol. iv., p. 22. But the justice of his criticism on this passage may be questioned. Men never consciously worship dulness, but they often mistake singularity and eccentricity for genius, and think that the latter is incompatible with common sense.

is to mix truth with fiction,[1] in order to join the credible with the surprizing; our author shall produce the credible, by painting Nature in her lowest simplicity; and the surprising, by contradicting common opinion. In the very manners he will affect the marvellous; he will draw Achilles with the patience of Job; a Prince talking like a Jack-pudding; a maid of honour selling bargains; a footman speaking like a philosopher; and a fine gentleman like a scholar. Whoever is conversant in modern plays, may make a most noble collection of this kind, and at the same time, form a complete body of modern ethics and morality.

Nothing seemed more plain to our great authors than that the world had long been weary of natural things. How much the contrary are formed to please, is evident from the universal applause daily given to the admirable entertainments of harlequin and magicians on our stage. When an audience behold a coach turned into a wheel-barrow, a conjuror into an old woman, or a man's head where his heels should be; how are they struck with transport and delight? Which can only be imputed to this cause, that each object is changed into that which hath been suggested to them by their own low ideas before.

He ought therefore to render himself master of this happy and anti-natural way of thinking to such a degree, as to be able, on the appearance of any object, to furnish his imagination with ideas infinitely below it. And his eyes should be like unto the wrong end of a perspective glass, by which all the objects of nature are lessened.

For example: when a true genius looks upon the sky, he immediately catches the idea of a piece of blue lustring, or a child's mantle.

> [2] The skies, whose spreading volumes scarce have room,
> Spun thin, and wove in Nature's finest loom,
> The new-born world in their soft lap embrac'd,
> And all around their starry mantle cast.

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[1] Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet.—Hor., *Ars Poet.*

[2] Prince Arthur, pp. 41, 42.—Pope, 1723.

If he looks on a tempest, he shall have an image of a troubled bed, and describe a succeeding calm in this manner:

[1] The Ocean, joy'd to see the tempest fled,
New lays his waves, and smooths his ruffled bed.

The triumphs and acclamations of the angels, at the creation of the universe, present to his imagination "the rejoicings of the Lord Mayor's Day;" and he beholds those glorious beings celebrating the Creator, by huzzaing, making illuminations, and flinging squibs, crackers, and sky-rockets.

[2] Glorious illuminations, made on high,
By all the stars and planets of the sky,
In just degrees and shining order plac'd,
Spectators charm'd, and the blest dwelling grac'd.
Thro' all th' enlighten'd air swift fireworks flew,
Which with repeated shouts glad cherubs threw.
Comets ascended with their sweeping train,
Then fell in starry show'rs and glitt'ring rain.
In air ten thousand meteors blazing hung,
Which from the eternal battlements were flung.

If a man who is violently fond of wit, will sacrifice to that passion his friend or his God, would it not be a shame, if he who is smit with the love of the Bathos should not sacrifice to it all other transitory regards? You shall hear a zealous Protestant deacon invoke a saint, and modestly beseech her to do more for us than Providence:

[3] Look down, bless'd saint, with pity then look down,
Shed on this land thy kinder influence,
And guide us through the mists of providence,
In which we stray.

Neither will he, if a goodly simile come to his way, scruple to

[1] Prince Arthur, p. 14.—POPE, 1728.

[2] Prince Arthur, p. 50.—POPE, 1728.

N.B. In order to do justice to these great poets, our citations are taken from the best, the last, and most correct editions of their works. That which we use of Prince Arthur, is in duodecimo, 1714. The fourth Edition revised.—POPE, 1728.

[3] A. Philips on the death of Queen Mary.—POPE, 1728.

affirm himself an eye-witness of things never yet beheld by man, or never in existence; as thus,

[1] Thus have I seen in Araby the bless'd,
A Phoenix couch'd upon her fun'ral nest.

But to convince you that nothing is so great which a marvellous genius, prompted by this laudable zeal, is not able to lessen; hear how the most sublime of all Beings is represented in the following images:

FIRST HE IS A PAINTER.

[2] Sometimes the Lord of Nature in the air,
Spreads forth his clouds, his sable canvas, where
His pencil, dipp'd in heav'nly colour bright,
Paints his fair rain-bow, charming to the sight.

NOW HE IS A CHEMIST.

[3] Th' Almighty Chemist does his work prepare,
Pours down his waters on the thirsty plain,
Digests his lightning, and distils his rain.

NOW HE IS A WRESTLER.

[4] Me in his griping arms th' Eternal took,
And with such mighty force my body shook,
That the strong grasp my members sorely bruis'd,
Broke all my bones, and all my sinews loos'd.

NOW A RECRUITING OFFICER.

[5] For clouds, the sun-beams levy fresh supplies,
And raise recruits of vapours, which arise
Drawn from the seas, to muster in the skies.

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[1] Anon.—POPE, 1728.

[2] Blackm. Job, opt. edit. duod. 1716, p. 172.—POPE, 1728.

[3] Blackm. Ps. civ. p. 263.—POPE, 1728.

[4] Blackm. Ps. civ. p. 75.—POPE, 1728.

[5] Blackm. Ps. civ. p. 170.—POPE, 1728.

None of these images are more absurd than where Dryden says, in the 281st stanza of his Annus Mirabilis, that the Almighty having looked down for some time on the fire of London, at last claps an extinguisher upon it:

> An hollow crystal pyramid he takes
> In firmamental waters dipt above;
> Of it a broad extinguisher he makes,
> And hoods the flames that to their quarry drove.

But another passage in Dryden is carried to a still greater length of profaneness and absurdity in his

NOW A PEACEABLE GUARANTEE.

[1] In leagues of peace the neighbours did agree,
And to maintain them, God was guarantee.

THEN HE IS AN ATTORNEY.

[2] Job, as a vile offender, God indites,
And terrible decrees against me writes.
God will not be my advocate,
My cause to manage or debate.

In the following lines he is a goldbeater:

[3] Who the rich metal beats, and then, with care,
Unfolds the golden leaves, to gild the fields of air.

THEN A FULLER.

[4] ——— th' exhaling reeks that secret rise,
Born on rebounding sun-beams through the skies,
Are thicken'd, wrought, and whiten'd, till they grow
A heav'nly fleece.

A MERCER, OR PACKER.

[5] Did'st thou one end of air's wide curtain hold,
And help the Bales of Ether to unfold;
Say, which cerulian pile was by thy hand unroll'd?

A BUTLER.

[6] He measures all the drops with wond'rous skill,
Which the black clouds, his floating bottles, fill.

Hind and Panther; who speaks thus of the Creator:

The divine Blacksmith in th' abyss of light,
Yawning and lolling with a careless beat
Struck out the mute creation at a heat;
But he work'd hard to hammer out our souls,
He blew the bellows, and stirr'd up the coals;
Long time he thought, and could not on a sudden,
Knead up with unskimm'd milk this reasoning pudding.

—WARTON.

[1] Blackm. Ps. civ. p. 70.—POPE, 1728.

[2] Blackm. Ps. civ. p. 61.—POPE, 1728.

[3] Blackm. p. 181.—POPE, 1728.

[4] P. 18.—POPE, 1728.

[5] P. 174.—POPE, 1728.

[6] P. 131.—POPE, 1728.

It is remarkable that Swift highly commends Blackmore in more than one place; from whom Dr. Johnson strangely asserts that Pope might have learnt the art of reasoning in verse, exemplified in the Poem on Creation; but Ambrose Philips related that Blackmore, as he proceeded in this poem, communicated it from time to time to a club of wits, his associates, and that every man contributed as he could, either improvement or correction; so that

AND A BAKER.

[1] God in the wilderness his table spread,
And in his airy ovens bak'd their bread.

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there are perhaps no where in the book thirty lines together that now stand as they were originally written. — WARTON.

Blackmore is rather slightingly mentioned by Swift in the 'Battle of the Books.' In his MS. notes on Addison's 'Freeholder,' the Dean speaks of him as "an insipid scoundrel whom he knew Addison despised."—SCOTT's *Swift*, xii. 140.

[1] Blackm. Song of Moses, p. 218. —POPE, 1728.

CHAPTER VI.

OF THE SEVERAL KINDS OF GENIUS'S IN THE PROFUND, AND THE MARKS AND CHARACTERS OF EACH.

I DOUBT not but the reader, by this cloud of examples, begins to be convinced of the truth of our assertion, that the Bathos is an art; and that the genius of no mortal whatever, following the mere ideas of Nature, and unassisted with an habitual, nay laborious peculiarity of thinking, could arrive at images so wonderfully low and unaccountable. The great author, from whose treasury we have drawn all these instances (the father of the Bathos, and indeed the Homer of it)[1] has, like that immortal Greek, confined his labours to the greater poetry, and thereby left room for others to acquire a due share of praise in inferior kinds. Many painters, who could never hit a nose or an eye, have with felicity copied a small-pox, or been admirable at a toad or a red-herring. And seldom are we without genius's for still-life which they can work up and stiffen with incredible accuracy.

An universal genius rises not in an age; but when he rises, armies rise in him! he pours forth five or six epic poems with greater facility, than five or six pages can be produced by an elaborate and servile copier after nature or the ancients. It is affirmed by Quintilian,[2] that the same genius which made Germanicus so great a general, would with equal application

[1] *i.e.*, Sir Richard Blackmore, who with Ambrose Philips has hitherto furnished all the instances of Bathos.

[2] In a fine passage of the tenth book: "Germanicum Augustum ab institutis studiis deflexit cura terrarum; parumque diis visum est esse eum maximum poetarum."—WARTON.

have made him an excellent heroic poet. In like manner reasoning from the affinity there appears between arts and sciences, I doubt not, but an active catcher of butterflies, a careful and fanciful pattern drawer, an industrious collector of shells, a laborious and tuneful bagpiper, or a diligent breeder of tame rabbits, might severally excel in their respective parts of the Bathos.

I shall range these confined and less copious genius's under proper classes, and (the better to give their pictures to the reader) under the names of animals of some sort or other; whereby he will be enabled, at the first sight of such as shall daily come forth, to know to what kind to refer, and with what authors to compare them.

1. The Flying Fishes:[1] These are writers who now and then rise upon their fins, and fly out of the profund; but their wings are soon dry, and they drop down to the bottom. G. S. A. H. C. G.[2]

2. The Swallows are authors that are eternally skimming and fluttering up and down, but all their agility is employed to catch flies. L. T. W. P. Lord H.[3]

3. The Ostridges are such, whose heaviness rarely permits them to raise themselves from the ground; their wings are of no use to lift them up; and their motion is between flying and walking; but then they run very fast. D. F. L. E. The Hon. E. H.[4]

4. The Parrots are they that repeat another's words, in such a hoarse odd voice, as makes them seem their own. W. B. W. H. C. C. The Reverend D. D.[5]

[1] This was the chapter which gave so much offence, and excited such loud clamours against our author by his introduction of these initial letters, which he in vain asserted were placed at random, and meant no particular writers; which was not believed. These initial letters cannot now be authentically filled up.—WARTON.

Warton's indolence prevented him from attempting to fill in the names, which can in almost every instance be identified.

[2] *i.e.*, George Stepney, Aaron Hill, Charles Gildon.

[3] *i.e.*, Lewis Theobald, William Pulteney (?), Lord Hervey. In 1728 it was Lord R.

[4] *i.e.*, Daniel De Foe, Laurence Eusden, the Hon. Edward Howard.

[5] *i.e.*, William Broome, Colley

5. The Didappers are authors that keep themselves long out of sight, under water, and come up now and then where you least expected them. L. W. G. D. Esq. The Hon. Sir W. Young.[1]

6. The Porpoises are unwieldy and big; they put all their numbers into a great turmoil and tempest, but whenever they appear in plain light (which is seldom) they are only shapeless and ugly monsters. I. D. C. G. I. O.[2]

7. The Frogs are such as can neither walk nor fly, but can leap and bound to admiration: They live generally in the bottom of a ditch, and make a great noise whenever they thrust their heads above water. E. W. I. M. Esq. T. D. Gent.[3]

8. The Eels are obscure authors, that wrap themselves up in their own mud, but are mighty nimble and pert. L. W. L. T. P. M. General C.[4]

9. The Tortoises are slow and chill, and, like pastoral writers, delight much in gardens: they have for the most part a fine embroidered shell, and underneath it, a heavy lump. A. P. W. B. L. E. The Right Hon. E. of S.[5]

These are the chief characteristicks of the Bathos, and in each of these kinds we have the comfort to be blessed with sundry and manifold choice spirits in this our island.

Cibber, the Rev. Dean Daniel. The latter copied Addison's 'Campaign' and Pope's 'Messiah,' in two pieces of verse, published in Lintot's Miscellany.

[1] *i.e.*, Leonard Welsted, George Ducket. In 1728 it is the Hon. Sir W. G.

[2] *i.e.*, John Dennis, Charles Gildon, John Oldmixon.

[3] *i.e.*, Edward Ward, James Moore, Thomas Durfey.

[4] *i.e.*, Leonard Welsted, Lewis Theobald, Peter Motteux, General Codrington.

[5] *i.e.*, Ambrose Philips, William Broome, Laurence Eusden, the Right Hon. Earl of Selkirk.

CHAPTER VII.

OF THE PROFUND, WHEN IT CONSISTS IN THE THOUGHT.

We have already laid down the principles upon which our author is to proceed, and the manner of forming his thoughts by familiarizing his mind to the lowest objects; to which it may be added, that vulgar conversation will greatly contribute. There is no question but the garret or the printer's boy may often be discerned in the compositions made in such scenes and company; and much of Mr. Curl himself has been insensibly infused into the works of his learned writers.

The physician, by the study and inspection of urine and ordure, approves himself in the science; and in like sort should our author accustom and exercise his imagination upon the dregs of nature.

This will render his thoughts truly and fundamentally low, and carry him many fathoms beyond mediocrity. For, certain it is (though some lukewarm heads imagine they may be safe by temperizing between the extremes) that where there is not a triticalness or mediocrity in the thought, it can never be sunk into the genuine and perfect Bathos, by the most elaborate low expression: it can, at most, be only carefully obscured, or metaphorically debased. But 'tis the thought alone that strikes, and gives the whole that spirit, which we admire and stare at. For instance, in that ingenious piece on a lady's drinking the Bath-waters:

> [1] She drinks! She drinks! Behold the matchless dame!
> To her 'tis water, but to us 'tis flame:

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[1] Anon.—Pope, 1728. Mr. Spence informed me that this passage, and many other ridiculous ones in this treatise, were quoted

Thus fire is water, water fire by turns,
And the same stream at once both cools and burns.

What can be more easy and unaffected than the diction of these verses? 'Tis the turn of thought alone, and the variety of imagination, that charm and surprize us. And when the same lady goes into the bath, the thought (as in justness it ought) goes still deeper.

[1] Venus beheld her, 'midst her croud of slaves,
And thought herself just risen from the waves.

How much out of the way of common sense is this reflection of Venus, not knowing herself from the lady?

Of the same nature is that noble mistake of a frighted stag in full chase, who (saith the poet)

Hears his own feet, and thinks they sound like more,
And fears the hind feet will overtake the fore.

So astonishing as these are, they yield to the following, which is profundity itself,

[2] None but himself can be his parallel.

Unless it may seem borrowed from the thought of that master of a show in Smithfield, who writ in large letters, over the picture of his elephant,

This is the greatest elephant in the world, except himself.

However our next instance is certainly an original: speaking of a beautiful infant:

from our poet's own early pieces, particularly his epic poem, called Alcander. So sensible of its own errors and imperfections is a mind truly great.—WARTON.

[1] Anon.—POPE, 1728.

[2] Theobald, Double Falshood.—POPE, 1728.

It is a little remarkable that this line of Theobald, which is thought to be the masterpiece of absurdity, is evidently copied from a line of Seneca, in the Hercules Furens:

"—— Quæris Alcidæ parem
Nemo est nisi Ipse ——"

—WARTON.

Nichols in his Illustrations, ii. 729, says that this parallel was first pointed out in the Gentleman's Magazine for Nov. 1780, by a Mr. Kynaston.

So fair thou art, that if great Cupid be
A child, as poets say, sure thou art he.
Fair Venus would mistake thee for her own,
Did not thy eyes proclaim thee not her son.
There all the lightnings of thy mother's shine,
And with a fatal brightness kill in thine.

First he is Cupid, then he is not Cupid; first Venus would mistake him, then she would not mistake him; next his eyes are his mother's, and lastly they are not his mother's, but his own.

Another author, describing a poet that shines forth amidst a circle of critics,

Thus Phoebus through the Zodiac takes his way,
And amid monsters rises into day.[1]

What a peculiarity is here of invention! The author's pencil, like the wand of Circe, turns all into monsters at a stroke. A great genius takes things in the lump, without stopping at minute considerations: in vain might the ram, the bull, the goat, the lion, the crab, the scorpion, the fishes, all stand in his way, as mere natural animals, much more might it be pleaded that a pair of scales, an old man, and two innocent children, were no monsters: they were only the Centaur and the Maid that could be esteemed out of nature. But what of that? with a boldness peculiar to these daring genius's, what he found not monsters, he made so.

[1] These lines occur in Broome's Epistle to Fenton on his Mariamne.

CHAPTER VIII.

OF THE PROFUND, CONSISTING IN THE CIRCUMSTANCES, AND OF AMPLIFICATION AND PERIPHRASE IN GENERAL.

WHAT in great measure distinguishes other writers from ours, is their chusing and separating such circumstances in a description as ennoble or elevate the subject.

The circumstances which are most natural are obvious, therefore not astonishing or peculiar. But those that are far-fetched or unexpected, or hardly compatible, will surprize prodigiously. These therefore we must principally hunt out; but above all, preserve a laudable prolixity; presenting the whole and every side at once of the image to view. For choice and distinction are not only a curb to the spirit, and limit the descriptive faculty, but also lessen the book; which is frequently of the worst consequence of all to our author.

When Job says in short, "He washed his feet in butter," (a circumstance some poets would have softened, or passed over) now hear how this butter is spread out by the great genius:

> [1] With teats distended with their milky store,
> Such num'rous lowing herds, before my door,
> Their painful burden to unload did meet,
> That we with butter might have wash'd our feet.

How cautious! and particular! He had (says our author) so many herds, which herds thriv'd so well, and thriving so well gave so much milk, and that milk produced so much butter, that, if he did not, he might have wash'd his feet in it.

[1] Blackm. Job, p. 133.—POPE, 1728.

The ensuing description of hell is no less remarkable in the circumstances:

[1] In flaming heaps the raging ocean rolls,
Whose livid waves involve despairing souls;
The liquid burnings dreadful colours shew,
Some *deeply red*, and others *faintly blue*.

Could the most minute Dutch painters have been more exact? How inimitably circumstantial is this also of a war-horse!

[2] His eye-balls burn, he wounds the smoaking plain,
And *knots* of *scarlet ribbon* deck his mane.

Of certain Cudgel-players:

[3] They brandish high in air their threat'ning staves,
Their hands a *woven guard* of ozier saves,
In which they fix their *hazle weapon's end*.

Who would not think the poet had past his whole life at wakes in such laudable diversions? since he teaches us how to hold, nay how to make a cudgel!

Periphrase[4] is another great aid to prolixity; being a con-

[1] Pr. Arth. p. 89.—POPE, 1728.

[2] Anon.—POPE, 1728.

[3] Pr. Arth. p. 197.—POPE, 1728.

[4] It is to be lamented that our author himself has furnished too many examples of improper periphrase and amplification in his translations of Homer. Of a tripod set on the fire he says (Odyssey, b. viii.):

The flames climb round it with a fierce embrace,
The fuming waters bubble o'er the blaze.

Of a person wearied:

—— Lost in lassitude he all the man;
Depriv'd of voice, of motion, and of breath;
The soul scarce waking in the arms of death.

Of shutting a door (b. i.):

The bolt obedient to the silken cord,
To the strong staple's inmost depth restor'd,
Secur'd the valve.

Of a sword (b. viii.):

—— Whose blade of brass displays
A ruddy gleam; whose hilt a silver blaze;
Whose ivory sheath inwrought with curious pride,
Adds gra eful terror to the wearer's side."

These, and a number of other lines that might be added, are instances of the false-florid and over-labour'd ornament, directly contrary to the simplicity and energy of Homer. At the same time it ought to be observed, that he was betrayed into this turgid, forced, and figurative

fused circumlocutory manner of expressing a known idea, which should be so mysteriously couched, as to give the reader the pleasure of guessing what it is that the author can possibly mean, and a strange surprize when he finds it.

The poet I last mentioned is incomparable in this figure:

[1] A waving sea of heads was round me spread,
And still fresh streams the gazing deluge fed.

Here is a waving sea of heads, which, by a fresh stream of heads, grows to be a a gazing deluge of heads. You come at last to find, it means a great crowd.

How pretty and genteel is the following!

[2] Nature's Confectioner,
Whose suckets are moist alchemy:
The still of his refining mold,
Minting the garden into gold.

What is this but a bee gathering honey?

[3] Little Syren of the stage,
Empty warbler, breathing lyre,
Wanton gale of fond desire,
Tuneful mischief, vocal spell.

Who would think, this was only a poor gentlewoman that sung finely?

We may define amplification to be making the most of a thought; it is the spinning-wheel of the Bathos, which draws out and spreads it in the finest thread. There are amplifiers who can extend half a dozen thin thoughts over a whole folio; but for which, the tale of many a vast romance, and the substance of many a fair volume might be reduced into the size of a primmer.

language, by the difficulty of translating Homer into rhyme; for he never falls into this fault in his other works, which are remarkable for purity and brevity of style. "C'est une belle chose (says Corneille, with his amiable frankness in one of his prefaces), que de faire vers, puissans et majestueux; cette pompe ravit d'ordinaire les esprits, & pour le moins les éblouit: mais il faut que les sujets en fassent naître les occasions."—*Clitandre*, p. 108.—WARTON.

[1] Job, p. 78.—POPE, 1728.

[2] Cleveland.—POPE, 1728.

[3] A. Philips to Cleone.—WARTON. [Ph. to C.—POPE, 1728.]

In the book of Job are these words, "Hast thou commanded "the morning, and caused the day-spring to know his "place?" How is this extended by the most celebrated amplifier of our age?

[1] Can'st thou set forth th' etherial *mines* on high,
Which the refulgent *ore* of light supply?
Is the celestial *furnace* to thee known?
In which I *melt* the golden metal down?
Treasures, from which I dealt out light as fast
As all my stars and lavish suns can waste.

The same author hath amplified a passage in the civth Psalm; "He looks on the earth, and it trembles. He touches "the hills, and they smoke."

[2] The hills forget they're fix'd, and in their fright
Cast off their weight, and ease themselves for flight:
The woods, with terror wing'd, out-fly the wind,
And leave the heavy, panting hills behind.

You here see the hills not only trembling, but shaking off the woods from their backs, to run the faster: after this you are presented with a foot-race of mountains and woods, where the woods distance the mountains, that, like corpulent pursy fellows, come puffing and panting a vast way behind them.

[1] Job, p. 108.—POPE, 1728.

[2] Job, p. 267.—POPE, 1728. There are rather too many examples, however apposite they may be, taken from Blackmore alone.—WARTON.

CHAPTER IX.

OF IMITATION, AND THE MANNER OF IMITATING.

THAT the true authors of the Profund are to imitate diligently the examples in their own way, is not to be questioned, and that divers have by this means attained to a depth whereunto their own weight could never have carried them, is evident by sundry instances. Who sees not that De Foe was the poetical son of Withers, Tate of Ogilby, E. Word of John Taylor, and E—n of Blackmore?[1] Therefore when we sit down to write, let us bring some great author to our mind, and ask ourselves this question; how would Sir Richard have said this?[2] Do I express myself as simply as Amb. Philips?[3] Or flow my numbers with the quiet thoughtlessness of Mr. Welsted?[4]

But it may seem somewhat strange to assert, that our proficient should also read the works of those famous poets who have excelled in the sublime: yet is not this a paradox. As

[1] A parody of Dryden: "Milton was the poetical son of Spenser, and Mr. Waller of Fairfax, for we have our lineal descents and clans as well as other families."—Preface to the Fables. Compare, too, Dunciad:

Or Eusden eke out Blackmore's endless line.

[2] An admirable parody on the Fourteenth Section of Longinus, when he advises the writer to ask himself, whilst he is composing any work, "How would Homer, Plato, or Demosthenes, have expressed themselves on this subject?"—WARTON.

[3] Alluding to his childish style in the poem to Pulteney's daughter, which gained him the name of Namby-Pamby.

[4] Compare Dunciad, iii. 169:

Flow, Welsted, flow! like thine inspirer, beer,
Though stale, not ripe; though thin, yet never clear;
So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull;
Heady, not strong; o'erflowing though not full.

Virgil is said to have read Ennius, out of his dunghill to draw gold, so may our author read Shakespear, Milton, and Dryden, for the contrary end, to bury their gold in his own dunghill. A true genius, when he finds anything lofty or shining in them, will have the skill to bring it down, take off the gloss, or quite discharge the colour, by some ingenious circumstance or periphrase, some addition or diminution, or by some of those figures, the use of which we shall shew in our next chapter.

The book of Job is acknowledged to be infinitely sublime, and yet has not the father of the Bathos reduced it in every page? Is there a passage in all Virgil more painted up and laboured than the description of Etna in the third Aeneid!

Horrificis juxta tonat Aetna ruinis,
Interdumque atram prorumpit ad aethera nubem,
Turbine fumantem piceo, et candente favilla,
Attollitque globos flammarum, et sidera lambit.[1]
Interdum scopulos avulsaque viscera montis
Erigit eructans, liquefactaque saxa sub auras
Cum gemitu glomerat, fundoque exaestuat imo.

(I beg pardon of the gentle English reader, and such of our writers as understand not Latin.) Lo! how is this taken down by our British poet, by the single happy thought of throwing the mountain into a fit of the colic.

[1] These two words, after he had said "Attollitque globos flammarum," are perhaps the only two in Virgil that may be called bombast and supertragical, *οὐ τράγικα*, says Longinus, but *παρατράγωδα*.

Perhaps we have not in our language a more striking example of true turgid expression, and genuine fustian and bombast, than in the following lines of Nat. Lee's Alexander the Great, who is introduced saying,

When Glory, like the dazzling eagle stood
Perch'd on my beaver in the Granic flood;
When Fortune's self my standard trembling bore,
And the pale Fates stood frighted on the shore;
When the Immortals on the billows rode,
And I myself appear'd the leading God!

Is it to be conceived that Dr. Warburton affirmed, in a long note on the First Epistle of Horace, b. ii. that "these six lines contain not only the most sublime, but the most judicious imagery that poetry could conceive or paint?" I thought that a note which contained so outrageous a paradox, and so totally inconsistent with true taste and solid judgment, ought

[1] Aetna, and all the burning mountains, find
Their kindled stores with inbred storms of wind
Blown up to rage; and, *roaring out*, complain,
As torn with inward *gripes*, and tort'ring pain:
Lab'ring, they cast their *dreadful vomit* round,
And with their *melted bowels* spread the ground.

Horace, in search of the sublime, struck his head against the stars;[2] but Empedocles, to fathom the Profund, threw himself into Etna. And who but would imagine our excellent modern had also been there, from this description?

Imitation is of two sorts; the first is when we force to our own purposes the thoughts of others; the second consists in copying the imperfections or blemishes of celebrated authors. I have seen a play professedly writ in the style of Shakespear; wherein the resemblance lay in one single line,

And so good morrow t'ye, good master Lieutenant.[3]

And sundry poems in imitation of Milton, where, with the utmost exactness, and not so much as one exception, nevertheless was constantly *nathless*,[4] embroider'd was *broider'd*, hermits were *eremites*, disdain'd was *'sdeign'd*, shady *umbrageous*, enterprize *emprize*, pagan *paynim*, pinions *pennons*, sweet *dulcet*, orchards *orchats*, bridge-work *pontifical*; nay, her was *hir*, and their was *thir*, through the whole poem. And in very deed, there is no other way by which the true modern poet could read, to any purpose, the works of such men as Milton and Shakespear.

not to be retained in this edition.—WARTON.

Warburton's note is to be found in his edition of 1753.

[1] Pr. Arthur, p. 75.—POPE, 1728.

[2] Sublimi feriam sidera vertice. —POPE, 1728.

[3] A line of his friend Rowe.—WARTON.

The line occurs in Rowe's 'Lady Jane Grey,' Act v. Sc. 1. Gardiner, addressing the Lieutenant of the Tower, says:

And so good morning, good Master Lieutenant.

[4] He alluded particularly to Philips's 'Cyder,' of which he often expressed a strong disapprobation, and particularly on account of these antiquated words. He often quoted the following line as not English:

Administer their tepid genial airs.

Cyder, b. i.—WARTON.

It may be expected, that, like other critics, I should next speak of the passions: but as the main end and principal effect of the Bathos is to produce tranquillity of mind, (and sure it is a better design to promote sleep than madness) we have little to say on this subject. Nor will the short bounds of this discourse allow us to treat at large of the emollients of poesy, of the cool, and the manner of producing it, or of the methods used by our authors in managing the passions. I shall but transiently remark, that nothing contributes so much to the cool, as the use of wit in expressing passion: the true genius rarely fails of points, conceits, and proper similes on such occasions: this we may term the pathetic epigrammatical, in which even puns are made use of with good success. Hereby our best authors have avoided throwing themselves or their readers into any indecent transports.

But as it is sometimes needful to excite the passions of our antagonist in the polemic way, the true students in the law have constantly taken their methods from low life, where they observed, that, to move anger, use is made of scolding and railing; to move love, of bawdry; to beget favour and friendship, of gross flattery; and to produce fear, of calumniating an adversary with crimes obnoxious to the State. As for shame, it is a silly passion, of which as our authors are incapable themselves, so they would not produce it in others.

CHAPTER X.

OF TROPES AND FIGURES: AND FIRST OF THE VARIEGATING, CONFOUNDING AND REVERSING FIGURES.

But we proceed to the figures. We cannot too earnestly recommend to our authors the study of the abuse of speech. They ought to lay it down as a principle, to say nothing in the usual way, but (if possible) in the direct contrary. Therefore the figures must be so turned, as to manifest that intricate and wonderful cast of head which distinguishes all writers of this kind; or (as I may say) to refer exactly the mold in which they were formed, in all its inequalities, cavities, obliquities, odd crannies, and distortions.

It would be endless, nay impossible, to enumerate all such figures; but we shall content ourselves to range the principal, which most powerfully contribute to the Bathos, under three classes.

I. The Variegating, Confounding, or Reversing Tropes and Figures.
II. The Magnifying; and
III. The Diminishing.

We cannot avoid giving to these the Greek or Roman names: but in tenderness to our countrymen and fellow-writers, many of whom, however exquisite, are wholly ignorant of those languages, we have also explained them in our mother tongue.

I. Of the first sort, nothing so much conduces to the Bathos, as the

CATACHRESIS.

A master of this will say,

Mow the beard,
Shave the grass,
Pin the plank,
Nail my sleeve.

From whence results the same kind of pleasure to the mind as to the eye when we behold harlequin trimming himself with a hatchet, hewing down a tree with a razor, making his tea in a cauldron, and brewing his ale in a tea-pot, to the incredible satisfaction of the British spectator. Another source of the Bathos is

THE METONYMY,

the inversion of causes for effects, of inventors for inventions, etc.:

[1] Lac'd in her cosins new appear'd the bride,
A bubble-boy and tompion at her side,
And with an air divine her colmar ply'd:
Then oh! she cries, what slaves I round me see!
Here a bright Red Redcoat, there a smart toupee.

THE SYNECHDOCHE,

which consists in the use of a part for the whole. You may call a young woman sometimes pretty-face and pigs-eyes, and sometimes snotty-nose and draggle-tail. Or of accidents for persons; as a lawyer is called split-cause, a taylor prick-louse, etc. Or of things belonging to a man, for the man himself; as a sword-man, a gown-man, a t—m t—d-man; a white-staff,[2] a turn-key, &c.

[1] Stays, tweezer case, watch, fan, and a sort of periwig: all words in use in this present year 1727.—POPE.

These five lines are quoted from his own youthful poems; as indeed are most of those marked *Anonymous*. —WARTON.

Cozens is mentioned in 'The Basset Table:'

I introduced her to the Parks and Plays,
And by my interest Cozens made her stays.

[2] *i.e.*, the great Court officers: the Lord Treasurer, Lord Chamberlain,

THE APOSIOPESIS.

An excellent figure for the ignorant, as, "What shall I say?" when one has nothing to say: or "I can no more," when one really can no more. Expressions which the gentle reader is so good as never to take in earnest.

THE METAPHOR.

The first rule is to draw it from the lowest things, which is a certain way to sink the highest: as when you speak of the thunder of heaven, say,

[1] The *Lords above* are *angry* and *talk big.*

If you would describe a rich man refunding his treasures, express it thus:

[2] Tho' he (as said) may riches *gorge*, the spoil
Painful in *massy vomit* shall *recoil*,
Soon shall he perish with a swift decay,
Like his own *ordure*, cast with scorn away.

The second that, whenever you start a metaphor, you must be sure to run it down, and pursue it as far as it can go. If you get the scent of a State negociation, follow it in this manner:

[3] The stones and all the elements with thee
Shall *ratify* a strict *confederacy*;
Wild beasts their savage temper shall forget,
And for a firm *alliance* with thee *treat*;
The finny tyrant of the spacious seas
Shall send a *scaly embassy* for peace;
His *plighted faith* the Crocodile shall keep,
And seeing thee, for joy sincerely weep.

Or if you represent the Creator denouncing war against the wicked, be sure not to omit one circumstance usual in proclaiming and levying war:

Lord Steward, all of whom carried white staves. Pope's partizanship was just beginning to develope.

[1] Lee, Alex.—Pope, 1728.

[2] Blackm. Job, pp. 91, 93.—Pope, 1728.

[3] Job, p. 22.—Pope, 1728.

[1] *Envoys* and *agents*, who by my command
Reside in Palestina's land,
To whom *commissions* I have given,
To manage there the *interests* of Heaven:
Ye *holy heralds*, who *proclaim*
Or war or peace, in mine your master's name:
Ye *pioneers* of heaven, prepare a *road*,
Make it plain, direct and broad:
For I *in person* will my people *head*;
For the divine deliverer
Will *on his march* in majesty appear,
And needs the aid of no *confed'rate power*.

Under the article of the Confounding, we rank,

1. THE MIXTURE OF FIGURES,[2]

which raises so many images, as to give you no image at all. But its principal beauty is when it gives an idea just opposite to what it seemed meant to describe. Thus an ingenious artist painting the Spring, talks of a snow of blossoms, and thereby raises an unexpected picture of Winter. Of this sort is the following:

[3] The gaping clouds pour lakes of sulphur down,
Whose livid flashes sick'ning sunbeams drown.

What a noble confusion! clouds, lakes, brimstone, flames, sun-beams, gaping, pouring, sickning, drowning! all in two lines.

2. THE JARGON.

[4] Thy head shall rise, though buried in the dust,
And 'midst the clouds his glittering turrets thrust.

Quaere, What are the glittering turrets of a man's head?

---

[1] Blackm. Isa. chap. 40.—POPE, 1728.

[2] In Concanen's Supplement to the Profund, letter the second, which is a counter-part to this tenth chapter, and treats of figures, are some more shrewd remarks and more pertinent examples than might be expected from such a writer, and are enough to make us think he had some more able assistant. Concanen was at that time an intimate friend of Warburton; and it has been suggested was assisted by him in writing these remarks; but of this there is no positive proof.—WARTON.

[3] Pr. Arthur, p. 37.—POPE, 1728.

[4] Job, p. 107.—POPE, 1728.

[1] Upon the shore, as frequent as the sand,
To meet the Prince, the glad Dimetians stand.

Quaere, Where these Dimetians stood? and of what size they were? Add also to the jargon such as the following:

[2] Destruction's empire shall no longer last,
And Desolation lie for ever waste.

[3] Here Niobe, sad mother, makes her moan,
And seems converted to a stone in stone.

But for variegation, nothing is more useful than

3. THE PARANOMAIA, OR PUN,

where a word, like the tongue of a jackdaw, speaks twice as much by being split: as this of Mr. Dennis,[4]

Bullets that wound, like Parthians, as they *fly*;

or this excellent one of Mr. Welsted,[5]

Behold the virgin lye
Naked, and only *cover'd* by the *sky*.

To which thou may'st add,

To see her beauties no man needs to stoop,
She has the whole horizon for her hoop.

4. THE ANTITHESIS, OR SEE-SAW,

whereby contraries and oppositions are balanced in such a way, as to cause a reader to remain suspended between them, to

[1] Pr. Arthur, p. 157.—POPE, 1728.

[2] Job, p. 89.—POPE, 1728.

[3] T. Cook, Poems, 1729, p. 48.—1742.

[4] Poems, 1693, p. 13.—POPE, 1728.

[5] 'Acon and Lavin,' a Love Tale, first published in 'The Freethinker,' Feb. 27 and March 2, 1718–19.—POPE, 1728.

This poem was by Welsted. The original was one degree less absurd:

Now Acon, the coy nymph, is wholly thine,
Nor will her fame permit her to decline
His suit, who saw her with familiar eyes
Asleep, and only covered with the skies.

Pope's malicious alteration is certainly admirably humorous.

his exceeding delight and recreation. Such are these, on a lady who made herself appear out of size, by hiding a young princess under her clothes.

[1] While the kind nymph changing her faultless shape,
Becomes *unhandsome*, *handsomely* to scape.

On the maids of honour in mourning:

[2] Sadly they charm, and dismally they please.

[3] His eyes so bright
Let in the object and let out the light.

[4] The Gods look pale to see us look so red.

The [5] Fairies and their Queen
In mantles blue came tripping o'er the green.

[6] All nature felt a reverential shock,
The sea stood still to see the mountains rock.

[1] Waller.—POPE, 1728.
[2] St. on Queen Mary.—POPE, 1728. St. is an abbreviation for Steele.
[3] Quarles.—POPE, 1728.
[4] Lee, Alex.—POPE, 1728.
[5] Phil. Past.—POPE, 1728.
[6] Black. Job, p. 176.—POPE, 1728

CHAPTER XI.

THE FIGURES CONTINUED: OF THE MAGNIFYING AND DIMINISHING FIGURES.

A GENUINE writer of the Profund will take care never to magnify any object without clouding it at the same time: his thought will appear in a true mist, and very unlike what is in nature. It must always be remembered that darkness is an essential quality of the Profund, or, if there chance to be a glimmering, it must be as Milton expresses it,

No light, but rather darkness visible.

The chief figure of this sort is,

1. THE HYPERBOLE, OR IMPOSSIBLE.

For instance, of a Lion:

[1] He roar'd so loud, and look'd so wond'rous grim,
His very shadow durst not follow him.

Of a Lady at Dinner.

The silver whiteness that adorns thy neck,
Sullies the plate, and makes the napkin black.

Of the same.

[2] Th' obscureness of her birth
Cannot eclipse the lustre of her eyes,
Which make her all one light.

---

[1] Vet. Aut.—POPE, 1728.

[2] Theob. Double Falshood.—POPE, 1728.

Of a Bull-baiting.

[1] Up to the stars the sprawling mastives fly,
And add new monsters to the frighted sky.

Of a scene of Misery.

[2] Behold a scene of misery and woe!
Here Argus soon might weep himself quite blind,
Ev'n though he had Briareus' hundred hands
To wipe those hundred eyes.

And that modest request of two absent lovers:

Ye Gods! annihilate but space and time,
And make two lovers happy.

II. The PERIPHRASIS, which the moderns call the circumbendibus, whereof we have given examples in the ninth chapter, and shall again in the twelfth.

To the same class of the Magnifying may be referred the following, which are so excellently modern, that we have yet no name for them. In describing a country prospect,

[3] I'd call them mountains, but can't call them so,
For fear to wrong them with a name too low;
While the fair vales beneath so humbly lie,
That even humble seems a term too high.

III. The third class remains, of the Diminishing figures: And I. the ANTICLIMAX, where the second line drops quite short of the first, than which nothing creates greater surprize.

On the extent of the British Arms.

[4] Under the Tropicks is our language spoke,
And part of Flanders hath receiv'd our yoke.

On a Warrior.

[5] And thou Dalhoussy the great God of War,
Lieutenant Colonel to the Earl of Mar.

---

[1] Blackm.—POPE, 1728.
[2] Anon.—POPE, 1728.
[3] Anon.—POPE, 1728.
[4] Waller.—POPE, 1728. From the lines on the Death of Cromwell, v. 21.
[5] Anon.—POPE, 1728.

On the valour of the English.

Nor *Art* nor *Nature* has the force
To stop its steddy[1] course,
Nor *Alps* nor *Pyrenaeans* keep it out,
Nor fortify'd redoubt.

At other times this figure operates in a larger extent; and when the gentle reader is in expectation of some great image, he either finds it surprizingly imperfect, or is presented with something low or quite ridiculous. A surprize resembling that of a curious person in a cabinet of antique statues, who beholds on the pedestal the names of Homer, or Cato; but looking up, finds Homer without a head, and nothing to be seen of Cato but his privy-member. Such are these lines of a Leviathan at sea:

[2] His motion works, and beats the oozy mud,
And with its slime incorporates the flood,
Till all th' encumber'd, thick, fermenting stream
Does like *one pot of boiling ointment seem.*
Where'er he swims, he leaves along the lake
Such frothy furrows, such a foamy track,
That all the waters of the deep appear
Hoary—with age, or *grey* with sudden fear.

But perhaps even these are excelled by the ensuing:

[3] Now the resisted flames and fiery store,
By winds assaulted, in wide forges roar,
And raging seas flow down of melted ore.
Sometimes they hear long *iron bars remov'd,*
And *to* and *fro* huge *heaps of cinders shov'd.*

2. THE VULGAR,

is also a species of the Diminishing: By this a spear flying into the air is compared to a boy whistling as he goes on an errand:

---

[1] Denn. on Namur.—POPE, 1728. These lines are really from Dennis's Ode on the Battle of Aghrim, stanza iii. The original reading of this line (which is correctly given in the edition of 1728) is,—

To stop its *noisy* course.

[2] Blackm. Job, p. 197.—POPE, 1728.

[3] Pr. Arthur, p. 157.—POPE, 1728.

[1] The mighty *Stuffa* threw a massy spear,
Which, with its *errand pleas'd*, *sung* thro' the air.

A man raging with grief to a mastiff dog:

[2] I cannot stifle this gigantic woe,
Nor on my raging grief a *muzzle* throw.

And clouds big with water to a woman in great necessity:

Distended with the *waters* in 'em pent,
The clouds *hang deep* in air, but *hang unrent*.

3. THE INFANTINE.

This is when a poet grows so very simple, as to think and talk like a child. I shall take my examples from the greatest master in this way: Hear how he fondles like a mere stammerer:

[3] *Little Charm* of placid mien,
Miniature of beauty's queen,
Hither, British muse of *mine*,
Hither, all ye *Graces*, [illegible],
With the lovely Graces *Three*,
And your *pretty Nurseling* see.
When the meadows next are seen,
Sweet enamel, white and green.
When again the *lambkins* play,
Pretty sportlings full of *May*.
Then the neck so white and round,
(*Little Neck* with brilliants bound).
And thy *gentleness* of mind,
(*Gentle* from a *gentle* kind) *etc.*
Happy thrice, and *thrice agen*,
Happiest he of *happy* men, *etc.*

and the rest of those excellent lullabies of his composition.

How prettily he asks the sheep to teach him to bleat!

[4] Teach me to grieve with bleating moan, my sheep.

---

[1] Pr. Arthur.—POPE, 1728.

[2] Job, p. 41.—POPE, 1728.

[3] A. Phil. on Miss C——.—POPE, 1728.

In the edition of 1742, and in Warburton's and the later edition, the note is "Amb. Philips on Miss Cuzzona," a rather absurd mistake, as Cuzzona, the singer, is thus addressed as a 'pretty nurseling.' The lines were really addressed to the daughter of Lord Carteret.

[4] Phil. Past.—POPE, 1728.

Hear how a babe would reason on his nurse's death:

[1] That ever she *could* die! Oh most *unkind!*
To die, and leave poor *Colinet* behind!
And yet,—Why blame I her?——

With no less simplicity does he suppose that shepherdesses tear their hair and beat their breasts at their own deaths:

[2] Ye brighter maids, faint emblems of my fair,
With looks cast down, and with dishevel'd hair,
In bitter anguish beat your breasts, and moan
Her death untimely, *as it were your own.*

4. THE INANITY, OR NOTHINGNESS.

Of this the same author furnishes us with most beautiful instances:

[3] Ah silly I, more silly than my sheep,
(Which on the flow'ry plain I once did keep).

[4] To the grave Senate she could counsel give,
(Which with astonishment they did receive).

[5] He whom loud cannon could not terrify,
Falls (from the grandeur of his Majesty).

[6] Happy, merry as a king,
Sipping dew, you *sip*, and sing.

The *noise* returning with returning *light.*

What did it?

[7] Dispers'd the *silence*, and dispell'd the *night.*

You easily perceive the nothingness of every second verse.

[8] The glories of proud *London* to survey,
The Sun himself shall rise—by break of day.

---

[1] Ibid.—POPE, 1728.
[2] Ibid.—POPE, 1728.
[3] Ibid.—POPE, 1728.
The extracts are all from Philips's Fourth Pastoral.
[4] Phil. on Q. Mary.--POPE, 1728.
[5] Ibid.—POPE, 1728.
[6] T. Cooke, on a Grashopper.—Poems, 1729, p. 191-1741.
[7] Anon.—POPE, 1728.
[8] Autor. Vet.—POPE, 1728.

5. THE EXPLETIVE,

admirably exemplified in the epithets of many authors.

[1] Th' umbrageous shadow, and the verdant green,
The running current, and odorous fragrance,
Cheer my lone solitude with joyous gladness.

Or in pretty drawling words like these,

[2] All men his tomb, all men his sons adore,
And his son's sons, till there shall be no more.

[3] The rising sun our grief did see,
The setting sun did see the same,
While wretched we remembred thee,
O Sion, Sion, lovely name.

6. THE MACROLOGY AND PLEONASM

are generally coupled, as a lean rabbit with a fat one; nor is it a wonder, the superfluity of words, and vacuity of sense, being just the same thing. I am pleased to see one of our greatest adversaries employ this figure.

[4] The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields.
The food of armies and support of wars,[5]
Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight.[6]
Lessen his numbers, and contract his host.[7]
Where'er his friends retire, or foes succeed.[8]
Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd.[9]

Of all which the perfection is

THE TAUTOLOGY.

[10] Break thro' the billows, and—divide the main.
In smoother numbers, and—in softer verse.

---

[1] I am afraid he glanced at Thomson.—WARTON.

[2] T. Cook, Poems, 1729, p. 189—1742.

[3] Ibid., Poems, 1729, p. 160—1742.

[4] Camp.—POPE, 1728.

[5] Campaign, 281.—POPE, 1728.

[6] *Ibid.*, 192. Garth parodied the line in the 'Dispensary,'—

Refuse of fairs, and gleanings of Duck Lane.

[7] Campaign, v. 268.—POPE, 1728.

[8] *Ibid.*, v. 168.—POPE, 1728.

[9] *Ibid.*, v. 190.—POPE, 1728.

[10] Tons. Misc. 12mo. vol. iv. p. 291, 4th Edit.—POPE, 1728.

This line is from 'The Campaign,' v. 199.

"Tautology was a frequent fault

[1] *Divide*—and *part*—the *sever'd* World—in *two*.

With ten thousand others equally musical, and plentifully flowing through most of our celebrated modern poems.

---

of Addison—more such faults in his 'Campaign' than any one could easily imagine."—SPENCE, *Anecdotes*, p. 151.

[1] Ibid. vol. vi. p. 121.—POPE, 1728.

CHAPTER XII.

OF EXPRESSION, AND THE SEVERAL SORTS OF STYLE OF THE PRESENT AGE.

THE Expression is adequate, when it is proportionably low to the profundity of the thought. It must not be always grammatical, lest it appear pedantic and ungentlemanly; nor too clear, for fear it become vulgar; for obscurity bestows a cast of the wonderful, and throws an oracular dignity upon a piece which hath no meaning.

For example, sometimes use the wrong number; *The sword and pestilence at once devours*, instead of *devour*;[1] Sometimes the wrong case; *And who more fit to sooth the God than thee?* instead of *thou*; And rather than say, *Thetis saw Achilles weep*, she *heard* him weep.

We must be exceeding careful in two things: first, in the choice of low words: secondly, in the sober and orderly way of ranging them. Many of our poets are naturally bless'd with this talent, insomuch that they are in the circumstance of that honest citizen, who had made prose all his life without knowing it. Let verses run in this manner, just to be a vehicle to the words: (I take them from my last cited author, who, though otherwise by no means of our rank, seemed once in his life to have a mind to be simple.)

> [2] If not, a prize I will myself decree,
> From him, or him, or else perhaps from thee.

---

[1] Ti. Hom. Il. i.—POPE, 1728.

[2] Ti. Hom. Il. i. p. 11.—POPE, 1728.

[1] full of days was he;
Two ages past, he liv'd the third to see.

[2] The king of forty kings, and honour'd more
By mighty Jove than e'er was king before.

[3] That I may know, if thou my pray'r deny,
The most despis'd of all the Gods am I.

[4] Then let my mother once be rul'd by me,
Though much more wise than I pretend to be.

Or these of the same hand:[5]

[6] I leave the arts of poetry and verse
To them that practise them with more success:
Of greater truths I now prepare to tell,
And so at [7] once, dear friend and muse, farewell.

Sometimes a single word will vulgarize a poetical idea; as where a ship set on fire owes all the spirit of the bathos to one choice word that ends the line.

[8] And his scorch'd ribs the hot contagion *fry'd.*

And in that description of a world in ruins:

[9] Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
He unconcern'd would hear the mighty *crack.*

So also in these:

[10] Beasts tame and savage to the river's brink,
Come from the fields and wild abodes—*to drink.*

Frequently two or three words will do it effectually:

[11] He from the clouds does the *sweet liquor squeeze,*
That cheers the *Forest and the Garden* trees.

---

[1] Idem, p. 17.—POPE, 1728.

[2] Ti. Hom. Il. i. p. 19.—POPE, 1728.

[3] Idem, p. 34.—POPE, 1728.

[4] Idem, p. 38.—POPE, 1728.

[5] Asserting plainly that the first book of the Iliad, published by Tickell, was really the work of Addison.—WARTON.

[6] Tons. Misc. 12mo. vol. iv. p. 292, fourth Edit.—POPE, 1728.

[7] From Addison's Poem to Sacheverell.

[8] Pr. Arthur, p. 151.—POPE, 1728.

[9] Tons. Misc. vol. vi. p. 119.—POPE, 1728.

Compare Epistle to Arbuthnot:

Let peals of laughter, Codrus, round thee break,
Thou unconcerned canst hear the mighty crack.

[10] Job, 263.—POPE, 1728.

[11] Id. Job, 264.—POPE, 1728.

It is also useful to employ technical terms, which estrange your style from the great and general ideas of nature; and the higher your subject is, the lower should you search into mechanicks for your expression. If you describe the garment of an angel, say that his linen[1] was finely spun, and bleach'd on the happy plains. Call an army of angels,[2] angelic cuirassiers, and, if you have occasion to mention a number of misfortunes style them

[3] Fresh *troops* of pains, and *regimented* woes.

STYLE is divided by the rhetoricians into the proper and the figured. Of the figured we have already treated, and the proper is what our authors have nothing to do with. Of styles we shall mention only the principal which owe to the moderns either their chief improvement, or entire invention.

1. THE FLORID STYLE,

than which none is more proper to the Bathos, as flowers, which are the lowest of vegetables, are most gaudy, and do many times grow in great plenty at the bottom of ponds and ditches.

A fine writer in this kind presents you with the following posie:

[4] The groves appear all drest with wreaths of flowers,
And from their leaves drop aromatic showers,
Whose fragrant heads in mystic twines above,
Exchange their sweets, and mix'd with thousand kisses,
As if the willing branches strove [5]
To beautify and shade the grove,——

which indeed most branches do). But this is still excelled by our Laureat:

[1] Prince Arthur, p. 19.—POPE, 1728.

[2] Ibid. p. 339.—POPE, 1728.

[3] Job, p. 86.—POPE, 1728.

[4] Behn's Poems, p. 2.—POPE, 1728.

[5] It is surprising to find so false and florid a conceit as is contained in the following lines, in a writer generally so chaste and correct as Addison:

While here the vine on hills of ruins climbs,
Industrious to conceal great Bourbon' crimes.—*Campaign.*—WARTON.

[1] Branches in branches twin'd compose the grove
And shoot and spread, and blossom into love.
The trembling palms their mutual vows repeat,
And bending poplars bending poplars meet.
The distant plantanes seem to press more nigh,
And to the sighing alders, alders sigh.

Hear also our Homer.

[2] His *robe* of *state* is form'd of light refin'd,
An endless *train* of lustre *spreads behind.*
His throne's of bright *compacted glory* made,
With *pearl* celestial, and with gems *inlaid:*
Whence *floods* of joy, and *seas* of splendor flow,
On all th' angelic gazing throng below.

2. THE PERT STYLE.

This does in a peculiar manner become the low in wit, as a pert air does the low in stature. Mr. Thomas Brown, the author of the London Spy,[3] and all the spies and trips in general, are herein to be diligently studied: in verse Mr. Cibber's Prologues.

But the beauty and energy of it is never so conspicuous, as when it is employed in modernizing and adapting to the taste of the times the works of the ancients. This we rightly phrase doing them into English, and making them English; two expressions of great propriety, the one denoting our neglect of the manner how, the other the force and compulsion with which it is brought about. It is by virtue of this style that Tacitus talks like a coffee-house politician, Josephus like the British Gazetteer, Tully is as short and smart as Seneca or

[1] Guardian, 12mo, 127. — POPE, 1728.

The lines are a translation of Claudian's Court of Venus:

Ruûnt in venerem frondes; omnisque vicissim
Felix arbor amat; mutant ad mutua palmæ
Fœdera; populeo suspirat populus ictu
Et platani platanis, alnoque ad sibilat alnus.

Eusden was the translator. He is described in the 'Guardian' as an agreeable young gentleman, who has a talent for poetry. Pope slurs over the fact that the passage is a translation, and that the original describes a state of things in the Golden Age.

[2] Blackm. Ps. civ.—POPE, 1728.

[3] Edward Ward.

Mr. Asgill,[1] Marcus Aurelius is excellent at Snipsnap, and honest Thomas à Kempis as prim and polite as any preacher at court.

3. THE ALAMODE STYLE,

which is fine by being new, and has this happiness attending it, that it is as durable and extensive as the poem itself. Take some examples of it, in the description of the sun in a mourning coach upon the death of Queen Mary.

[2] See *Phœbus* now, as once for *Phaeton*,
Has mask'd his face, and put *deep mourning on*;
Dark clouds his *sable chariot* do surround,
And the *dull steeds stalk o'er* the *melancholy round.*

Of Prince Arthur's Soldiers drinking.

[3] While rich *Burgundian* wine, and bright *Champaign*
Chase from their minds the terrors of the main.

(Whence we also learn, that Burgundy and Champaign make a man on shore despise a storm at sea.)

Of the Almighty encamping his Regiments.

[4] He sunk a vast capacious deep,
Where he his *liquid regiments* does keep,
Thither the waves *file off*, and make their way,
To form the *mighty body* of the sea;
Where they *encamp*, and in their *station stand*,
Entrench'd in *works* of *rock*, and *lines* of sand.

Of two Armies on the point of engaging.

[5] Yon armies are the *cards* which both must play;
At least come off a *saver* if you may:

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[1] In such familiar phrases as these; "One good turn is the shoeing horn "of another.—He does me good in "spite of my teeth.—After a matter "of eight years." And in Æsop, "The moon was in a heavy twitter." Collier's Antoninus was in the same smart taste. Thomas à Kempis was translated by Dr. Stanhope, whose primness is here noted. There is hardly any species of bad writing but what is exposed in some part or other of this little treatise, in which the justest rules are delivered under the mask of ridicule, *fortius et melius*, than in professed and serious critical discourses.—WARTON.

[2] Amb. Philips.

[3] Pr. Arthur, p. 16.

[4] Blackm. Ps. civ. p. 261.

[5] Lee, Sophon.—POPE, 1728.

Throw boldly at the *sum* the Gods have *set;*
These on your side will all their fortunes *bet.*

All perfectly agreeable to the present customs and best fashions of our metropolis.

But the principal branch of the Alamode is the PRURIENT, a style greatly advanced and honoured of late, by the practice of persons of the first quality; and by the encouragement of the ladies, not unsuccessfully introduced even into the drawing-room. Indeed its incredible progress and conquests may be compared to those of the great Sesostris, and are every where known by the same marks, the images of the genital parts of men or women. It consists wholly of metaphors drawn from two most fruitful sources or springs, the very Bathos of the human body, that is to say * * * * and * * * * *Hiatus magnus lachrymabilis* * * * * * * * * And selling of bargains, and *double entendre*, Κιββέρισμος and Ὀλδφιέλδισμος, all derived from the said sources.

4. THE FINANCIAL STYLE,

which consists of the most curious, affected, mincing metaphors, and partakes of the *alamode*.

As this, of a Brook dry'd by the Sun.

[1] *Won* by the summer's *importuning* ray,
Th' *eloping* stream did from her channel stray,
And with *enticing* sun-beams *stole away.*

Of an easy Death.

[2] When watchful Death shall on his harvest look,
And see thee ripe with age, *invite* the hook;
He'll *gently* cut thy *bending* stalk, and thee
Lay kindly in the *grave*, his *granary.*

Of Trees in a Storm.

[3] Oaks whose extended arms the winds defy,
The tempest *sees* their strength, *and sighs, and passes by.*

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[1] Blackm. Job, p. 26.—POPE, 1728.
[2] Blackm. Job, p. 23.—POPE, 1728.
[3] Denn.—POPE, 1728. From his verses on the Sea-fight at La Hogue.

Of Water simmering over the Fire.

[1] The sparkling flames raise water to a *smile*,
Yet the *pleas'd* liquor *pines*, and lessens all the while.

5. Lastly, I shall place the CUMBROUS, which moves heavily under a load of metaphors, and draws after it a long train of words. And the BUSKIN or Stately, frequently and with great felicity mixed with the former. For as the first is the proper engine to depress what is high, so is the second to raise what is base and low to a ridiculous visibility: when both these can be done at once, then is the Bathos in perfection; as when a man is set with his head downward and his breech upright his degradation is complete: one end of him is as high as ever, only that end is the wrong one. Will not every true lover of the Profund be delighted to behold the most vulgar and low actions of life exalted in the following manner?

Who knocks at the Door?

For whom thus rudely pleads my loud-tongu'd gate,
That he may enter?——

See who is there?

[2] Advance the fringed curtains of thy eyes,
And tell me who comes yonder.——

Shut the Door.

The wooden guardian of our privacy
Quick on its axle turn.

Bring my Clothes.

Bring me what Nature, taylor to the *bear*,
To *man* himself deny'd: she gave me cold,
But would not give me clothes.——

Light the Fire.

Bring forth some remnant of *Promethean* theft,
Quick to expand th' inclement air congeal'd
By *Borcas'* rude breath.——

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[1] Anon. Tons. Misc. Part vi. p. 234.—POPE, 1728.

[2] Temp.—POPE, 1728.

Snuff the Candle.

Yon luminary amputation needs,
Thus shall you save its half-extinguish'd life.

Open the Letter.

[1] Wax! render up thy trust.——

Uncork the Bottle, and chip the Bread.

Apply thine engine to the spungy door,
Set *Bacchus* from his glassy prison free,
And strip white *Ceres* of her nut-brown coat.

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[1] Theob. Double Distress.—Pope, 1728. Presumably he means 'The Double Falschood.'

CHAPTER XIII.

A PROJECT FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE BATHOS.

THUS have I (my dear countrymen) with incredible pains and diligence, discovered the hidden sources of the Bathos, or, as I may say, broke open the abysses of this great deep. And having now established good and wholesome laws, what remains but that all true moderns with their utmost might do proceed to put the same in execution? In order whereto, I think I shall in the second place highly deserve of my country, by proposing such a scheme, as may facilitate this great end.

As our number is confessedly far superior to that of the enemy, there seems nothing wanting but unanimity among ourselves. It is therefore humbly offered, that all and every individual of the Bathos do enter into a firm association, and incorporate into one regular body, whereof every member, even the meanest, will some way contribute to the support of the whole; in like manner, as the weakest reeds, when joined in one bundle, become infrangible. To which end our Art ought to be put upon the same foot with other Arts of this age. The vast improvement of modern manufactures ariseth from their being divided into several branches, and parcelled out to several trades: for instance, in clock-making one artist makes the balance, another the spring, another the crown-wheels, a fourth the case, and the principal workman puts all together: to this economy we owe the perfection of our modern watches, and doubtless we also might that of our modern poetry and rhetoric, were the several parts branched out in the like manner.

Nothing is more evident than that divers persons, no other way remarkable, have each a strong disposition to the formation of some particular trope or figure. Aristotle saith, that the hyperbole is an ornament fit for young men of quality; accordingly we find in those gentlemen a wonderful propensity towards it, which is marvellously improved by travelling: soldiers also and seamen are very happy in the same figure. The periphrasis or circumlocution is the peculiar talent of country farmers; the proverb and apologue of old men at their clubs; the ellipsis or speech of half words, of Ministers and politicians; the aposiopesis of courtiers; the litotes or diminution of ladies, whisperers, and backbiters; and the anadiplosis of common cryers and hawkers, who, by redoubling the same words, persuade people to buy their oysters, green hastings, or new ballads. Epithets may be found in great plenty at Billingsgate, sarcasm and irony learned upon the water,[1] and the epiphonema or exclamation frequently from the Bear-garden, and as frequently from the *Hear him* of the House of Commons.

Now each man applying his whole time and genius upon his particular figure, would doubtless attain to perfection; and when each became incorporated and sworn into the Society (as hath been proposed) a poet or orator would have no more to do but to send to the particular traders in each kind, to the metaphorist for his allegories, to the simile-maker for his comparisons, to the ironist for his sarcasms, to the apothegmatist for his sentences, etc., whereby a dedication or speech would be composed in a moment, the superior artist having nothing to do but to put together all the materials.

I therefore propose that there be contrived with all convenient dispatch at the publick expence, a rhetorical chest of drawers, consisting of three stories, the highest for the deliberative, the middle for the demonstrative, and the lowest for the judicial. These shall be divided into loci,

[1] Compare Dunciad, ii. 100.

or places, being repositories for matter and argument in the several kinds of oration or writing; and every drawer shall again be subdivided into cells, resembling those of cabinets for rarities. The apartment for Peace or War, and that of the Liberty of the Press, may in a very few days be filled with several arguments perfectly new; and the vituperative partition will as easily be replenished with a most choice collection, entirely of the growth and manufacture of the present age. Every composer will soon be taught the use of this cabinet, and how to manage all the registers of it, which will be drawn out much in the manner of those in an organ.

The keys of it must be kept in honest hands, by some reverend prelate or valiant officer, of unquestioned loyalty and affection to every present establishment in Church and State; which will sufficiently guard against any mischief which might otherwise be apprehended from it.

And being lodged in such hands, it may be at discretion let out by the day, to several great orators in both Houses; from whence it is to be hoped much profit and gain will also accrue to our Society.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOW TO MAKE DEDICATIONS, PANEGYRICS, OR SATIRES, AND OF THE COLOURS OF HONOURABLE AND DISHONOURABLE.

Now of what necessity the foregoing project may prove, will appear from this single consideration, that nothing is of equal consequence to the success of our works as speed and dispatch. Great pity it is, that solid brains are not like other solid bodies, constantly endowed with a velocity in sinking, proportioned to their heaviness: for it is with the flowers of the Bathos as with those of Nature, which if the careful gardener brings not hastily to market in the morning, must unprofitably perish and wither before night. And of all our productions none is so short-lived as the dedication and panegyric, which are often but the praise of a day, and become by the next, utterly useless, improper, indecent, and false. This is the more to be lamented, inasmuch as these two are the sorts whereon in a manner depend that profit which must still be remembered to be the main end of our writers and speakers.

We shall therefore employ this Chapter in shewing the quickest method of composing them; after which we shall teach a short way to Epic Poetry. And these being confessedly the works of most importance and difficulty, it is presumed we may leave the rest to each author's own learning or practice.

First of Panegyric: Every man is honourable, who is so by law, custom, or title. The publick are better judges of what is honourable than private men. The virtues of great men, like those of plants, are inherent in them whether they are

exerted or not; and the more strongly inherent, the less they are exerted; as a man is the more rich, the less he spends. All great ministers, without either private or economical virtue, are virtuous by their posts; liberal and generous upon the publick money, provident upon publick supplies, just by paying publick interest, courageous and magnanimous by the fleets and armies, magnificent upon the publick expences, and prudent by publick success. They have by their office, a right to a share of the publick stock of virtues; besides they are by prescription immemorial invested in all the celebrated virtues of their predecessors in the same stations, especially those of their own ancestors.

As to what are commonly called the colours of *honourable* and *dishonourable*, they are various in different countries: in this they are blue, green, and red.[1]

But forasmuch as the duty we owe to the publick doth often require that we should put some things in a strong light, and throw a shade over others, I shall explain the method of turning a vicious man into a hero.

The first and chief rule is, the golden rule of Transformation, which consists in converting vices into their bordering virtues. A man who is a spendthrift and will not pay a just debt, may have his injustice transformed into liberality; cowardice may be metamorphosed into prudence; intemperance into good nature and good fellowship; corruption into patriotism; and lewdness into tenderness and facility.

The second is the rule of Contraries. It is certain, the less a man is endowed with any virtue, the more need he has to have it plentifully bestowed, especially those good qualities of which the world generally believes he hath none at all: for who will thank a man for giving him that which he has?

The reverse of these precepts will serve for satire, wherein

[1] The Orders of the Garter, the Bath, and the Thistle. The two latter had been revised by Walpole in 1727, and were therefore objects of ridicule to the Opposition.

we are ever to remark, that whoso loseth his place, or becomes out of favour of the Government, hath forfeited his share in publick praise and honour. Therefore the truly publick spirited writer ought in duty to strip him whom the Government hath stripped; which is the real poetical justice of this age. For a full collection of topicks and epithets to be used in the praise and dispraise of ministerial and unministerial persons, I refer to our rhetorical cabinet; concluding with an earnest exhortation to all my brethren, to observe the precepts here laid down, the neglect of which hath cost some of them their ears in the pillory.

CHAPTER XV.

A RECEIPT TO MAKE AN EPIC POEM.[1]

An epic poem, the critics agree, is the greatest work human nature is capable of. They have already laid down many mechanical rules for compositions of this sort, but at the same time they cut off almost all undertakers from the possibility of ever performing them; for the first qualification they unanimously require in a poet, is a genius. I shall here endeavour (for the benefit of my countrymen) to make it manifest, that epic poems may be made without a genius, nay without learning or much reading. This must necessarily be of great use to all those who confess they never read, and of whom the world is convinced they never learn. Molière observes of making a dinner, that any man can do it with money, and if a professed cook cannot do it without, he has his art for nothing; the same may be said of making a poem, 'tis easily brought about by him that has a genius, but the skill lies in doing it without one. In pursuance of this end, I shall present the reader with a plain and certain recipe, by which any author in the Bathos may be qualified for this grand performance.

[1] A severe animadversion is here intended on Bossu; who, after he has been so many years quoted, commended, and followed, by a long train of respectable disciples, must, I am afraid, alas! be at last deserted and given up as a visionary and fantastical critic; especially for imagining, among other vain and groundless conceits and refinements, that Homer and Virgil first fixed on some one moral truth or axiom, and then added a fable or story, with suitable names and characters, proper to illustrate the truth so fixed upon.—Warton.

This chapter originally appeared as a paper in the 'Guardian,' No. 78, 10th June, 1713.

FOR THE FABLE.

Take out of any old poem, history-book, romance, or legend (for instance, Geoffry of Monmouth, or Don Belianis of Greece) those parts of story which afford most scope for long descriptions: put these pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy into one tale. Then take a hero, whom you may chuse for the sound of his name, and put him into the midst of these adventures: There let him work for twelve books; at the end of which you may take him out, ready prepared to conquer or to marry; it being necessary that the conclusion of an epic poem be fortunate.

TO MAKE AN EPISODE.

Take any remaining adventure of your former collection, in which you could no way involve your hero; or any unfortunate accident that was too good to be thrown away; and it will be of use, applied to any other person, who may be lost and evaporate in the course of the work, without the least damage to the composition.

FOR THE MORAL AND ALLEGORY.

These you may extract out of the fable afterwards, at your leisure: be sure you strain them sufficiently.

FOR THE MANNERS.

For those of the hero, take all the best qualities you can find in the most celebrated heroes of antiquity; if they will not be reduced to a consistency, lay them all on a heap upon him. But be sure they are qualities which your patron would be thought to have; and to prevent any mistake which the world may be subject to, select from the alphabet those capital letters that compose his name, and set them at the head of a Dedication before your poem. However, do not absolutely observe the exact quantity of these virtues, it not being determined whether or no it be necessary for the

hero of a poem to be an honest man. For the under characters, gather them from Homer and Virgil, and change the names as occasion serves.

FOR THE MACHINES.

Take of Deities,[1] male and female, as many as you can use: separate them into two equal parts, and keep Jupiter in the middle: let Juno put him in a ferment, and Venus mollify him. Remember on all occasions to make use of volatile Mercury. If you have need of devils, draw them out of Milton's Paradise, and extract your spirits from Tasso. The use of these machines is evident; since no epic poem can possibly subsist without them, the wisest way is to reserve them for your greatest necessities: when you cannot extricate your hero by any human means, or yourself by your own wit, seek relief from heaven, and the gods will do your business very readily. This is according to the direct prescription of Horace in his Art of Poetry,

> Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice *Nodus*
> Inciderit—

That is to say, a poet should never call upon the gods for their assistance, but when he is in great perplexity.

FOR THE DESCRIPTIONS.

For a Tempest. Take Eurus, Zephyr, Auster, and Boreas, and cast them together in one verse: add to these of rain, lightning, and thunder (the loudest you can) *quantum sufficit*: mix your clouds and billows well together till they foam, and thicken your description here and there with a quick-

[1] In Dryden's long dedication to Lord Dorset of his translation of Juvenal, he gives an account of his design of writing an epic poem on the actions either of Arthur or the Black Prince, and of the machinery he intended to have used on that occasion, which seems to have been happily and judiciously imagined, founded on an idea of a contest between the guardian angels of kingdoms. But Arthur was reserved for another fate, and furnishes the most absurd examples in the Bathos.—WARTON.

sand. Brew your tempest well in your head, before you set it a blowing.

For a Battle. Pick a large quantity of images and descriptions from Homer's Iliads, with a spice or two of Virgil, and if there remain any overplus, you may lay them by for a Skirmish. Season it well with similes, and it will make an excellent battle.

For a Burning Town. If such a description be necessary (because it is certain there is one in Virgil), old Troy is ready burnt to your hands. But if you fear that would be thought borrowed, a chapter or two of the Theory of the conflagration,[1] well circumstanced and done into verse, will be a good *succedaneum.*

As for similes and metaphors, they may be found all over the creation; the most ignorant may gather them, but the difficulty is in applying them. For this advise with your bookseller.

[1] An undeserved sarcasm on a work full of strong imagery, Burnet's Theory.

CHAPTER XVI.

A PROJECT FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE STAGE.[1]

It may be thought that we should not wholly omit the Drama, which makes so great and so lucrative a part of poetry. But this province is so well taken care of, by the present managers of the theatre, that it is perfectly needless to suggest to them any other methods than they have already practised for the advancement of the Bathos.

Here therefore, in the name of all our brethren, let me return our sincere and humble thanks to the most august Mr. Barton Booth, the most serene Mr. Robert Wilks, and the most undaunted Mr. Colley Cibber; of whom let it be known, when the people of this age shall be ancestors, and to all the succession of our successors, that to this present day they continue to out-do even their own out-doings: and when the inevitable hand of sweeping Time shall have brushed off all the works of to-day, may this testimony of a contemporary critic to their fame, be extended as far as to-morrow.

[1] The character of a player is in this chapter treated rather too contemptuously. Johnson fell into the same cant, and treated his old friend Garrick unkindly and unjustly at a time when he was received into the familiarity of some of the best families in this country. Baron, Chamelle, La Covreur, Du Menil, Le Kain, were equally respected in France. But the whole chapter is, in other respects, replete with incomparable and original humour, particularly the third, fifth, ninth, tenth, and eleventh articles of this project. I have not been able to discover that Booth, who was a man of excellent character, or Wilkes, ever gave any such particular offence to our author as to deserve the sarcasms here thrown upon them.—WARTON.

Booth had given offence to Pope by criticising 'Windsor Forest' unfavourably. Wilkes came in for his share of ridicule merely because he was one of the triumvirate which managed the Haymarket Theatre.

Yet, if to so wise an administration it be possible anything can be added, it is that more ample and comprehensive scheme which Mr. Dennis and Mr. Gildon (the two greatest critics and reformers then living) made publick in the year 1720, in a project signed with their names, and dated the 2d of February. I cannot better conclude than by presenting the reader with the substance of it.

1. It is proposed that the two theatres be incorporated into one company; that the Royal Academy of Music be added to them as an orchestra; and that Mr. Figg, with his prize-fighters, and Violante with the rope-dancers, be admitted in partnership.

2. That a spacious building be erected at the publick expence, capable of containing at least ten thousand spectators, which is become absolutely necessary by the great addition of children and nurses to the audience, since the new entertainments. That there be a stage as large as the Athenian, which was near ninety thousand geometrical paces square, and separate divisions for the two Houses of Parliament, my Lords the Judges, the honourable the Directors of the Academy, and the Court of Aldermen, who shall have their places frank.

3. If Westminster Hall be not allotted to this service (which by reason of its proximity to the two chambers of Parliament above-mentioned, seems not altogether improper;) it is left to the wisdom of the nation whether Somerset-House may not be demolished, and a theatre built upon that site, which lies convenient to receive spectators from the county of Surry, who may be wafted thither by water-carriage, esteemed by all projectors the cheapest whatsoever. To this may be added, that the river Thames may in the readiest manner convey those eminent personages from Courts beyond the seas, who may be drawn either by curiosity to behold some of our most celebrated pieces, or by affection to see their countrymen, the harlequins and eunuchs; of which convenient notice may be given, for two or three months before, in the public prints.

4. That the theatre abovesaid be environed with a fair quadrangle of buildings, fitted for the accommodation of decayed critics and poets; out of whom six of the most aged (their age to be computed from the year wherein their first work was published) shall be elected to manage the affairs of the Society, provided nevertheless that the Laureat for the time being may be always one. The head or president over all (to prevent disputes, but too frequent among the learned) shall be the most ancient poet and critic to be found in the whole island.

5. The male players are to be lodged in the garrets of the said quadrangle, and to attend the persons of the poets, dwelling under them, by brushing their apparel, drawing on their shoes, and the like. The actresses are to make their beds, and wash their linen.

6. A large room shall be set apart for a library to consist of all the modern dramatic poems, and all the criticisms extant. In the midst of this room shall be a round table for the Council of Six to sit and deliberate on the merits of plays. The majority shall determine the dispute; and if it should happen that three and three should be of each side, the president shall have a casting voice, unless where the contention may run so high as to require decision by single combat.

7. It may be convenient to place the Council of Six in some conspicuous situation in the theatre, where, after the manner usually practised by composers in musick, they may give signs (before settled and agreed upon) of dislike or approbation. In consequence of these signs the whole audience shall be required to clap or hiss, that the town may learn certainly when and how far they ought to be pleased.

8. It is submitted whether it would not be proper to distinguish the Council of Six by some particular habit or gown of an honourable shape and colour, to which may be added a square cap and a white wand.

9. That to prevent unmarried actresses making away with

their infants, a competent provision be allowed for the nurture of them, who shall for that reason be deemed the children of the Society; and that they may be educated according to the genius of their parents, the said actresses shall declare upon oath (as far as their memory will allow) the true names and qualities of their several fathers. A private gentleman's son shall at the public expence be brought up a page to attend the Council of Six: a more ample provision shall be made for the son of a poet; and a greater still for the son of a critic.

10. If it be discovered that any actress is got with child, during the interludes of any play wherein she hath a part, it shall be reckoned a neglect of her business, and she shall forfeit accordingly. If any actor for the future shall commit murder, except upon the stage, he shall be left to the laws of the land; the like is to be understood of robbery and theft. In all other cases, particularly in those for debt, it is proposed that this, like the other courts of Whitehall and St. James's, may be held a place of privilege. And whereas it has been found that an obligation to satisfy paultry creditors has been a discouragement to men of letters, if any person of quality or others shall send for any poet or critic of this Society to any remote quarter of the town, the said poet or critic shall freely pass and repass without being liable to an arrest.

11. The forementioned scheme in its several regulations may be supported by profits arising from every third-night throughout the year. And as it would be hard to suppose that so many persons could live without any food (though from the former course of their lives, a very little will be deemed sufficient) the masters of calculation will, we believe, agree, that out of those profits, the said persons might be subsisted in a sober and decent manner. We will venture to affirm further, that not only the proper magazines of thunder and lightning, but paint, diet-drinks, spitting-pots, and all other necessaries of life, may in like manner fairly be provided for.

12. If some of the articles may at first view seem liable to

objections, particularly those that give so vast a power to the Council of Six (which is indeed larger than any entrusted to the great officers of state) this may be obviated, by swearing those six persons of his Majesty's Privy Council, and obliging them to pass every thing of moment previously at that most honourable Board.

AN ESSAY

OF THE LEARNED

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS,

CONCERNING

THE ORIGIN OF SCIENCES.[1]

WRITTEN TO THE MOST LEARNED DR. —— F.R.S. FROM THE DESERTS OF NUBIA.

AMONG all the enquiries which have been pursued by the curious and inquisitive, there is none more worthy the search of a learned head, than the source from whence we derive those arts and sciences, which raise us so far above the vulgar, the countries in which they rose, and the channels by which they have been conveyed. As those who first brought them amongst us attained them by travelling into the remotest parts of the earth, I may boast of some advantages by the same means, since I write this from the deserts of Æthiopia, from those plains of sand, which have buried the pride of invading armies, with my foot perhaps at this instant ten fathom over

[1] This treatise on the Origin of the Sciences, from the Monkeys of Ethiopia, was written by Mr. Pope, Dean Parnell, and Dr. Arbuthnot.—SPENCE'S *Anecdotes*, p. 201.

the grave of Cambyses; a solitude to which neither Pythagoras nor Appollonius ever penetrated.

It is universally agreed that arts and sciences were derived to us from the Ægyptians and Indians; but from whom they first received them is yet a secret. The highest period of time to which the learned attempt to trace them, is the beginning of the Assyrian monarchy, when their inventors were worshipped as gods. It is therefore necessary to go backward into times even more remote, and to gain some knowledge of their history, from whatever dark and broken hints may any way be found in ancient authors concerning them.

Nor Troy nor Thebes were the first empires; we have mention, though not histories, of an earlier warlike people called the Pygmæans. I cannot but persuade myself, from those accounts in Homer,[1] Aristotle, and others, of their history, wars, and revolutions, and from the very air in which those authors speak of them as of things known, that they were then a part of the study of the learned. And though all we directly hear is of their military achievements in the brave defence of their country, from the annual invasions of a powerful enemy; yet I cannot doubt but that they excelled as much in the arts of peaceful government, though there remain no traces of their civil institutions. Empires as great have been swallowed up in the wreck of time; and such sudden periods have been put to them as occasion a total ignorance of their story. And if I should conjecture that the like happened to this nation from a general extirpation of the people by those flocks of monstrous birds, wherewith antiquity agrees they were continually infested, it ought not to seem more incredible than that once the Baleares was wasted by rabbits, Smynthe[2] by mice, and of late Bermudas[3] almost depopulated by rats. Nothing is more natural to imagine, than that the few survi-

[1] Il. iii. Hom.
[2] Eustat. in Hom. Iliad i.
[3] Speed. in Bermudas.

vors of that empire retired into the depths of their deserts, where they lived undisturbed, till they were found out by Osiris, in his travels to instruct mankind.

"He met," says Diodorus,[1] "in Æthiopia, a sort of little "Satyrs, who were hairy one half of their body, and whose "leader, Pan, accompanied him in his expedition for the civi- "lizing of mankind." Now of this great personage Pan we have a very particular description in the ancient writers, who unanimously agree to represent him shaggy-bearded, hairy all over, half a man and half a beast, and walking erect with a staff, (the posture in which his race do to this day appear among us); and since the chief thing to which he applied himself was the civilizing of mankind, it should seem that the first principle of science must be received from that nation to which the gods were by Homer said to resort twelve days every year for the conversation of its wise and just inhabitants.

If from Ægypt we proceed to take a view of India, we shall find that their knowledge also derived itself from the same source. To that country did these noble creatures accompany Bacchus, in his expedition under the conduct of Silenus, who is also described to us with the same marks and qualifications. "Mankind is ignorant," saith Diodorus,[2] "whence Silenus "derived his birth through his great antiquity; but he had a "tail on his loins, as likewise had all his progeny in sign of "their descent." Here then they settled a colony, which to this day subsists with the same tails. From this time they seem to have communicated themselves only to those men, who retired from the converse of their own species to a more uninterrupted life of contemplation. I am much inclined to believe, that in the midst of those solitudes they instituted the so much celebrated order of Gymnosophists. For whoever observes the scene and manner of their life, will easily find them to have imitated, with all exactness imaginable, the manners and cus-

[1] Diod. l. i. c. 18. [2] Diod. l. iii. c. 69.

toms of their masters and instructors. They are said to dwell in the thickest woods, to go naked, to suffer their bodies to be over-run with hair, and their nails to grow to a prodigious length. Plutarch[1] says, "they eat what they could get in the "fields, their drink was water, and their bed made of leaves "or moss." And Herodotus[2] tells us, "that they esteemed it a "great exploit to kill very many ants or creeping things."

Hence we see that the nations, which contend for the origin of learning, are the same that have ever most abounded with this ingenious race. Though they have contended which was first blest with the rise of science, yet they have conspired in being grateful to their common masters. Ægypt is well known to have worshipped them of old in their own images; and India may be credibly supposed to have done the same from that adoration which they paid in latter times to the tooth of one of these hairy philosophers, in just gratitude, as it should seem, to the mouth from which they received their knowledge. Pass we now over into Greece; where we find Orpheus returning out of Egypt, with the same intent as Osiris and Bacchus made in their expeditions. From this period it was that Greece first heard the name of Satyrs, or owned them for *semi dei*; and hence it is surely reasonable to conclude, that he brought some of this wonderful species along with him, who also had a leader of the line of Pan, of the same name, and expressly called King by Theocritus.[3] If thus much be allowed, we easily account for two of the strangest reports in all antiquity: one is, that of the beasts following the music of Orpheus; which has been interpreted of his taming savage tempers; but will thus have a literal application. The other, which we must insist upon, is the fabulous story of the gods compressing women in woods, under bestial appearances; which will be solved by the love these sages are known to bear to the females of our kind. I am sensible it may be objected,

[1] Plutarch in his Orat. on Alexander's Fortune.

[2] Herodot. l. i.

[3] Παν Ἀναξ. Theocr. Id. i.

that they are said to have been compressed in the shape of different animals; but to this we answer, that women under such apprehensions hardly know what shape they have to deal with.

From what has been said, it is highly credible, that to this ancient and generous race the world is indebted, if not for the heroes, at least for the acutest wits of antiquity. One of the most remarkable instances is that great mimick genius Æsop,[1] for whose extraction from those *sylvestres homines* we may gather an argument from Psanudes, who says, that Æsop signifies the same thing as Æthiop, the original nation of our people. For a second argument we may offer the description of his person, which was short, deformed, and almost savage, insomuch that he might have lived in the woods, had not the benevolence of his temper made him rather adapt himself to our manners, and come to court in wearing-apparel. The third proof is his acute and satyrical wit: and lastly, his great knowledge in the nature of beasts, together with the natural pleasure he took to speak of them upon all occasions. The next instance I shall produce is Socrates.[2] First, it was a tradition, that he was of an uncommon birth from the rest of men: secondly, he had a countenance confessing the line he sprung from, being bald, flat-nosed, with prominent eyes and a downward look: thirdly, he turned certain fables of Æsop into verse, probably out of his respect to beasts in general, and love to his family in particular.

In process of time the women, with whom these sylvans would have lovingly cohabited, were either taught by mankind, or induced by an abhorrence of their shapes, to shun their embraces; so that our sages were necessitated to mix with beasts. This by degrees occasioned the hair of their posterity to grow higher than their middles: it arose in one generation to their arms; in the second, it invaded their

[1] Vid. Æsop. initio.

[2] Vid. Plato and Xenophon.

necks; in the third, it gained the ascendant of their heads, till the degenerate appearance, in which the species is now immersed, became compleated. Though we must here observe, that there were a few who fell not under the common calamity; there being some unprejudiced women in every age, by virtue of whom a total extinction of the original race was prevented. It is remarkable also, that even where they were mixed, the defection from their nature was not so entire, but there still appeared marvellous qualities among them, as was manifest in those who followed Alexander into India. How did they attend his army, and survey his order? How did they cast themselves into the same form, for march, or for combat? What an imitation was there of all his discipline! the ancient true remains of a warlike disposition, and of that constitution, which they enjoyed, while they were yet a monarchy.

To proceed to Italy: at the first appearance of these wild philosophers, there were some of the least mixed, who vouchsafed to converse with mankind; which is evident from the name of *fauns*[1] a *fando*, or speaking. Such was he, who coming out of the woods in hatred to tyranny, encouraged the Roman army to proceed against the Hetruscans, who would have restored Tarquin. But here, as in all the western parts of the world, there was a great and memorable æra, in which they began to be silent. This we may place something near the time of Aristotle, when the number, vanity, and folly of human philosophers encreased, by which men's heads became too much puzzled to receive the simpler wisdom of these ancient sylvans; the questions of that academy were too numerous to be consistent with their ease to answer, and too intricate, extravagant, idle, or pernicious, to be any other than a derision and scorn unto them. From this period, if we ever hear of their giving answers, it is only when caught, bound

[1] Livy.

and constrained, in like manner as was that ancient Grecian prophet Proteus.

Accordingly we read in Sylla's[1] time of such a philosopher taken near Dyrrachium, who would not be persuaded to give them a lecture by all they could say to him, and only shewed his power in sounds by neighing like a horse.

But a more successful attempt was made in Augustus's reign by the inquisitive genius of the great Virgil; whom, together with Varus, the commentators suppose to have been the true persons, who are related in the sixth bucolick to have caught a philosopher, and doubtless a genuine one, of the race of old Silenus. To prevail upon him to be communicative (of the importance of which Virgil was well aware) they not only tied him fast, but allured him likewise by a courteous present of a comely maiden, called Ægle, which made him sing both merrily and instructively.

In this song we have their doctrine of the creation, the same in all probability as was taught so many ages before in the great Pygmæan empire, several hieroglyphical fables under which they couched or embellished their morals: for which reason, I look upon this bucolick as an inestimable treasure of the most ancient science.

In the reign of Constantine we hear of another taken in a net, and brought to Alexandria, round whom the people flocked to hear his wisdom; but as Ammianus Marcellinus reporteth, he proved a dumb philosopher, and only instructed by his action.

The last we shall speak of, who seemeth to be of the true race, is said, by St. Jerome, to have met St. Anthony[2] in a desert, who enquiring the way of him, he shewed his understanding and courtesy by pointing, but would not answer, for he was a dumb philosopher also.

These are all the notices, which I am at present able to

[1] Plutarch. in Syllæ.

[2] Vit. St. Ant.

gather, of the appearance of so great and learned a people on your side of the world. But if we return to their ancient native seats, Africa and India, we shall there find, even in modern times, many traces of their original conduct and valour.

In Africa (as we read among the indefatigable Mr. Purchas's collections) a body of them, whose leader was inflamed with love for a woman, by martial power and stratagem won a fort from the Portuguese.

But I must leave all others at present, to celebrate the praise of two of their unparalleled monarchs in India. The one was Perimal the magnificent, a prince most learned and communicative, to whom, in Malabar, their excess of zeal dedicated a temple, raised on seven hundred pillars, not inferior in Moffæus's[1] opinion, to those of Agrippa in the Pantheon. The other, Hanimaut the marvellous, his relation and successor, whose knowledge was so great, as made his followers doubt, if even that wise species could arrive at such perfection: and therefore they rather imagined him and his race a sort of gods formed into apes. His was the tooth which the Portuguese took in Bisnagar, 1559, for which the Indians offered, according to Linschotten,[2] the immense sum of seven hundred thousand ducats. Nor let me quit this head, without mentioning, with all due respect, Oran Outang the great, the last of this line, whose unhappy chance it was to fall into the hands of the Europeans: Oran Outang, whose value was not known to us, for he was a mute philosopher; Oran Outang, by whose dissection the learned Dr. Tyson[3] has added a confirmation to this system, from the resemblance between the *homo sylvestris* and our human body, in those organs by which the rational soul is exerted.

We must now descend to consider this people as sunk into the *bruta natura* by their continual commerce with beasts.

[1] Moff. i. 1.—POPE.
[2] Linschot. ch. 44.—POPE.
[3] Dr. Tyson's anatomy of a pigmy.—POPE.

Yet even at this time what experiments do they not afford us, of relieving some from the spleen, and others from imposthumes, by occasioning laughter at proper seasons; with what readiness do they enter into the imitation of whatever is remarkable in human life? and what surprising relations have Le Comte[1] and others given of their appetites, actions, conceptions, affections, varieties of imaginations, and abilities capable of pursuing them? If under their present low circumstances of birth and breeding, and in so short a time of life, as is now allotted them, they so far exceed all beasts, and equal many men, what prodigies may we not conceive of those, who were *nati melioribus annis*, those primitive longæval and ante-diluvian man-tygers, who first taught science to the world?

This account, which is entirely my own, I am proud to imagine has traced knowledge from a fountain, correspondent to several opinions of the ancients, though hitherto undiscovered both by them, and the more ingenious moderns. And now what shall I say to mankind in the thought of this great discovery? what, but that they should abate of their pride, and consider that the authors of our knowledge are among the beasts. That these, who were our elder brothers, by a day, in the creation, whose kingdom (like that in the scheme of Plato) was governed by philosophers, who flourished with learning in Æthiopia and India, are now undistinguished, and known only by the same appellation as the man-tyger and the monkey!

As to speech I make no question, that there are remains of the first and less corrupted race in their native deserts, who yet have the power of it. But the vulgar reason given by the Spaniards, "That they will not speak for fear of being set to work," is alone a sufficient one, considering how exceedingly all other learned persons affect their ease. A second is,

[1] Father le Comte, a Jesuit, in the account of his travels.—POPE.

that these observant creatures, having been eye-witnesses of the cruelty with which the nation treated their brother Indians, find it not necessary to shew themselves to be men, that they may be protected not only from work, but from cruelty also. Thirdly, they could at best take no delight to converse with the Spaniards, whose grave and sullen temper is so averse to that natural and open cheerfulness, which is generally observed to accompany all true knowledge.

But now, were it possible that any way could be found to draw forth their latent qualities, I cannot but think it would be highly serviceable to the learned world, both in respect of recovering past knowledge, and promoting the future. Might there not be found certain gentle and artful methods, whereby to endear us to them? Is there no man in the world, whose natural turn is adapted to manage their society, and win them by a sweet similitude of manners? Is there no nation where the men might allure them by a distinguishing civility, and in a manner fascinate them by assimilated motions; no nation, where the women with easy freedoms, and the gentlest treatment, might oblige the loving creatures to sensible returns of humanity? The love I bear my native country prompts me to wish this country might be Great Britain; but alas! in our present wretched divided condition, how can we hope, that foreigners of so great prudence will freely declare their sentiments in the midst of violent parties, and at so vast a distance from their friends, relations, and country? The affection I bear our neighbour state, would incline me to wish it were Holland. *Sed læva in parte mamillæ Nil salit Arcadico.* Is it from France then we must expect this restoration of learning, whose late monarch took the sciences under his protection, and raised them to so great a height? May we not hope their emissaries will some time or other have instructions, not only to invite learned men into their country, but learned beasts, the true ancient man-tygers, I mean of Æthiopia and India? Might not the talents of each of these be adapted to the im-

provement of the several sciences? The man-tygers to instruct heroes, statesmen, and scholars; baboons to teach ceremony and address to courtiers; monkeys, the art of pleasing in conversation, and agreeable affectations to ladies and their lovers; apes of less learning, to form comedians and dancing-masters; and marmosets, court pages and young English travellers? But the distinguishing each kind, and allotting the proper business to each, I leave to the inquisitive and penetrating genius of the Jesuits in their respective missions.

Vale et fruere.

VIRGILIUS RESTAURATUS:

SEU

MARTINI SCRIBLERI,

SUMMI CRITICI,

CASTIGATIONUM IN AENEIDEM

SPECIMEN.

AENEIDEM totam, Amice Lector, innumerabilibus poene mendis scaturientem, ad pristinum sensum revocabimus. In singulis fere versibus spuriae occurrunt lectiones, in omnibus quos unquam vidi codicibus, aut vulgatis aut ineditis, ad opprobrium usque Criticorum, in hunc diem existentes. Interea adverte oculos, et his paucis fruere. At si quae sint in hisce castigationibus, de quibus non satisliquet, syllabarum quantitates, *προλεγόμενα* nostra Libro ipsi praesigenda, ut consulas, moneo.

VIRGILIUS RESTAURATUS:

SEU

MARTINI SCRIBLERI,

SUMMI CRITICI,

CASTIGATIONUM IN AENEIDEM SPECIMEN.

I. SPECIMEN LIBRI PRIMI.[1]

VER. 1.

ARMA virumque cano, Trojae qui primus ab *oris*
Italiam, *fato* profugus, *Lavinaque* venit

[1] It is very easy, but very ungrateful, to laugh at collectors of various readings, and adjusters of texts, those poor pioneers of literature; who drag forward

A waggon load of meanings for one word,
While A's depos'd, and B with pomp restor'd.

To the indefatigable researches of many a Dutch commentator and German editor, are we indebted for that ease and facility with which we now are enabled to read. "I am persuaded," says Bayle, "that the ridiculous obstinacy of the first critics, who lavished so much of their time upon the question, whether we ought to say Virgilius or Vergilius, has been ultimately of great use; they thereby inspired men with an extreme veneration for antiquity; they disposed them to a sedulous inquiry into the conduct and character of the ancient Grecians and Romans, and that gave occasion to their improving by those great examples." Dict. tom. v. p. 795. I have always been struck with the following words of a commentator, who was also a great philosopher, I mean Dr. Clarke; who thus finishes the preface to his incomparable edition of Homer. "Levia quidem hæc, et parvi forte, si per se spectentur momenti. Sed ex elementis constant, ex principiis oriunter, omnia: et ex judicii consuetudine in rebus minutis adhibitâ, pendet sæpissimè in maximis verat atque accurata

Littora: multum ille et terris *jactatus* et alto,
Vi superûm—

Arma virumque cano, Trojae qui primus ab *aris*
Italiam, *flatu* profugus *Latinaque* venit
Littora: multum ille et terris *vexatus* et alto,
Vi superûm—

Ab *aris*, nempe Hercaei Jovis. vide lib. ii. v. 512. 550.—*Flatu*, ventorum Aeoli, ut sequitur—*Latina* certe littora cum Aeneas aderat, *Lavina* non nisi postea ab ipso nominata, lib. xii. v. 193.[1]—*Jactatus terris* non convenit.

II. Ver. 52.

Et quisquis *Numen* Junonis adoret ?
Et quisquis *Nomen* Junonis adoret?

Longe melius, quam, ut antea, *Numen*, et proculdubio sic Virgilius.

III. Ver. 86.

Venti, velut *agmine facto*,
Qua data porta ruunt.

Venti, velut *aggere fracto*,
Qua data porta ruunt,

Sic corrige, meo periculo.

scientia." Real scholars will always speak with due regard of such names as the Scaligers, Salmasius's, Heinsius's, Burman's, Reiskius's, Markland's, Gesner's, Heynes's, Toup's, Bentley's, and Hare's. "Sans ce qu'on appelle les érudits," says Marmontel, very sensibly, "nous serions encores barbares. C'est grace aux lumieres qu'ils ont transmises, que leurs écrits ne sont plus de saison." Jortin used frequently to mention this attempt to discredit emendatory criticism, with strong marks of derision; and I have now before me, a letter from Toup to Mr. Thomas Warton, in the same strain.—Warton.

[1] A curious proof of Pope's own want of practice in Latin verse composition. For Bentley would never have suggested an emendation involving a false quantity.

IV. Ver. 117.

Fidumque vehebat *Orontem.*

Fortemque vehebat *Orontem.*

Non *fidum.* quia Epitheton *Achatae* notissimum *Oronti* nunquam datur.

V. Ver. 119.

Excutitur, pronusque *magister*
Volvitur in caput.

Excutitur: pronusque *magis ter*
Volvitur in caput.

Aio Virgilium aliter non scripsisse, quod plane confirmatur ex sequentibus—*Ast illum* ter *fluctus ibidem Torquet.*

VI. Ver. 122.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto
Arma Virûm.

Armi hominum: Ridicule antea *Arma virûm,* quae, ex ferro conflata, quomodo possunt *natare ?*

VII. Ver. 151.

Atque rotis *summas* leviter perlabitur *undas.*

Atque rotis *spumas* leviter perlabitur *udas.*

Summas, et *leviter perlabi,* pleonasmus est: Mirifice altera lectio Neptuni agilitatem et celeritatem exprimit. simili modo Noster de Camilla, Aen. xi. *Illa vel intactae segetis per summa volaret,* etc. hyperbolice.

VIII. Ver. 154.

Jamque *faces* et saxa volant, *furor arma ministrat.*

Jam *faeces* et saxa volant, *fugiuntque ministri:*

uti solent, instanti periculo—*Faeces facibus* longe praestant; quid enim nisi faeces jactarent vulgus sordidum?

IX. Ver. 170.

Fronte sub adversa *scopulis pendentibus* antrum,
Intus aquae dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo.

Fronte sub adversa *populis prandentibus* antrum.

Sic malim,[1] longe potius quam *scopulis pendentibus:* Nugae! nonne vides versu sequenti *dulces aquas* ad potandum et *sedilia* ad discumbendum dari? In quorum ipsum? quippe *prandentium.*

X. Ver. 188.

Tres littore *cervos*
Prospicit errantes: hos *tota armenta* sequuntur
A tergo—

Tres littore *corvos*
Aspicit errantes: hos *agimina tota* sequuntur
A tergo—

Cervi, lectio vulgata, absurditas notissima: haec animalia in *Africa* non inventa, quis nescit? At *motus* et *ambulandi ritus* Corvorum, quis non agnorit hoc loco? *Littore,* locus ub errant Corvi, uti Noster alibi,

Et sola in sicca secum spatiatur arena.

Omen praeclarissimum, immo et *agminibus militum* frequentur observatum, ut patet ex Historicis.

XI. Ver. 748.

Arcturum, pluviasque Hyades, *geminosque Triones.*

Error gravissimus. Corrigo,—*septemque Triones.*

[1] One would think this note was written to ridicule Warburton's, not Bentley's, mode of criticising: It is so exactly apposite to many of his interpretations.—Warton.

XII. Ver. 631.

Quare agite, o juvenes, *tectis* succedite nostris.

Lectis potius dicebat Dido, polita magis oratione, et quae unica voce et torum et mensam exprimebat. Hanc lectionem probe confirmat appellatio *o juvenes!* Duplicem hunc sensum alibi etiam Maro lepide innuit, Aen. iv. ver. 19.

Huic uni forsan potui succumbere *culpae:*
Anna! fatebor enim—

Sic corriges,
Huic uni [*viro* scil.] potui succumbere; *culpas,*
Anna? fatebor enim, *etc.*

Vox *succumbere* quam eleganter ambigua!

LIBER SECUNDUS.

Ver. 1.

Conticuere omnes, intentique ora tenebant;
Inde toro *Pater* Aeneas sic orsus ab alto:

Concubuere omnes, *intenteque* ora tenebant;
Inde toro *satur* Aeneas sic orsus ab alto.

Concubuere, quia toro Aeneam vidimus accumbentem: quin et altera ratio, scil. *conticuere* et *ora tenebant,* tautologice dictum. In manuscripto perquam rarissimo in patris museo legitur, *ore gemebant*; sed magis ingeniose quam vere. *Satur* Aeneas, quippe qui jamjam a prandio surrexit: *pater* nihil ad rem.

II. Ver. 3.

Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem.

Infantum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem.

Sic haud dubito veterrimis codicibus scriptum fuisse: quod

satis constat ex perantiqua illa Britannorum cantilena vocata *Chevy Chace*, cujus autor hunc locum sibi ascivit in haec verba,

The child may rue that is unborn.

III. Ver. 4.

Trojanas ut *opes*, et lamentabile regnum
Eruerint Danaï.

Trojanas ut *oves*, et lamentabile regnum *Diruerint*—

Mallem *oves* potius quam *opes*, quoniam in antiquissimis illis temporibus oves et armenta divitiae regnum fuere. Vel fortasse *oves Paridis* innuit, quas super Idam nuperrime pascebat, et jam in vindictam pro Helenae raptu, a Menelao, Ajace, [vid. Hor. Sat. ii. 3.] aliisque ducibus, merito occisas.

IV. Ver. 5.

Quaeque ipse *miserrima vidi*,
Et quorum pars magna fui.

Quaeque ipse *miserrimus* audi,
Et quorum pars magna fui—

Omnia tam *audita* quam *visa* recta distinctione enarrare hic Aeneas profitetur: multa, quorum nox ea fatalis sola conscia fuit, vir probus et pius tanquam *visa* referre non potuit.

V. Ver. 7.

Quis talia *fando*
Temperet *a* lacrymis?

Quis talia *flendo*
Temperet *in* lacrymis?——

Major enim doloris indicatio, absque modo lacrymare, quam solummodo a lacrymis non temperare.

VI. Ver. 9.

Et jam nox *humida* coelo
Praecipitat, suadentque *cadentia* sidera somnos.

Et jam nox *lumina* coelo

Praecipitat, suadentque *latentia* sidera somnos. **Lectio,** *humida*, vespertinum rorem solum innuere videtur, **magis mi** arridet *lumina*, quae *latentia* postquam *praecipitantur*, **Aurorae** adventum annunciant.

Sed si tantus amor *casus* cognoscere *nostros*,
Et *breviter* Trojae *supremum* audire *laborem*.

Sed si tantus amor *curas* cognoscere *noctis*,
Et *brevè ter* Trojae *superûmque* audire *labores*.

Curae noctis (scilicet noctis excidii Trojanii) magis compendiose (vel, ut dixit ipse, *breviter*) totam belli catastrophen denotat, quam diffusa illa et indeterminata lectio, *casus nostros*. *Ter* audire gratum fuisse Didoni patet ex libro quarto, ubi dicitur, *Iliacosque* iterum *demens audire labores Exposcit: Ter* enim pro *saepe* usurpatur. *Trojae, superûmque labores*, recte, quia non tantum homines sed et Dii sese his laboribus immiscuerunt. Vide Aen. ii. ver. 610, *etc.*

Quanquam animus meminisse horret, *luctuque refugit*,
Incipiam——

Quanquam animus meminisse horret, *luctusque resurgit*.

Resurgit multo proprius dolorem *renascentem* notat, quam, ut hactenus, *refugit*.

VII. Ver. 19.

Fracti bello, fatisque repulsi
Ductores Danaûm, tot jam labentibus annis,
Instar montis *Equum*, divina Palladis arte,
Aedificant—— *etc.*

Tracti bello, fatisque repulsi.

Tracti et *repulsi*, Antithesis perpulchra! *Fracti* frigide et vulgariter.

Equum jam *Trojanum* (ut vulgus loquitur) adeamus; quem si *Equam Graecam* vocabis, lector, minime pecces; solae enim femellae utera gestant. Uterumque *armato milite complent*— Uteroque *recusso Insonuere cavae*—*Atque* utero *sonitum quater arma dedere*—*Inclusos* utero *Danaos*, etc. Vox *foeta* non convenit maribus,—*Scandit fatalis machina muros*, Foeta *armis*— Palladem virginem, equo mari fabricando invigilare decuisse, quis putet? Incredibile prorsus! quamobrem existimo veram *equae* lectionem passim restituendam, nisi ubi forte, metri caussa, *equum* potius quam *equam*, *genus pro sexu*, dixit Maro. Vale! dum haec paucula corriges, majus opus moveo.[1]

[1] There is much pleasantry in supposing it should be the Trojan Mare, and not Horse; and in the reasons assigned for this new reading. The same may be said of altering *tectis* for *lectis*, v. 631. l. 1.; and of altering *opes* for *oves*, v. 4, l. 3.—WARTON.

A

SPECIMEN

OF

SCRIBLERUS'S REPORTS.[1]

STRADLING *versus* STILES.

Le Report del Case argue en le commen Banke devant touts les Justices de mesme le Banke, en le quart an du raygne de Roy *Jacques*, entre *Matthew Stradling*, Plant. et *Peter Styles*, Def. en un Action propter certos Equos coloratos, *Anglicè*, Pyed Horses, post. per le dit *Matthew* vers le dit *Peter*.

Le recitel del Case. Sir John Swale, of Swale-Hall, in Swale Dale, fast by the River Swale, Kt., made his Last Will and Testament: In which, among other Bequests, was this, *viz.* Out of the kind love and respect that I bear unto my much honoured and good friend Mr. *Matthew Stradling*, Gent., I do bequeath unto the said *Matthew Stradling*, Gent., *all my black and white horses.* The testator had six black horses, six white horses, and six pyed horses.

Le Point. The debate therefore was, whether or no the said Matthew Stradling should have the said pyed horses by virtue of the said bequest.

[1] This humourous report was written by Mr. Fortescue.—WARTON.

Pour le Pl. Atkins Apprentice pour le Pl. Moy semble que le Pl. recovera.

And first of all it seemeth expedient to consider what is the nature of horses, and also what is the nature of colours; and so the argument will consequently divide itself in a twofold way, that is to say, the Formal Part, and Substantial Part. Horses are the substantial part, or thing bequeathed: black and white the formal or descriptive part.

Horse, in a physical sense, doth import a certain quadrupede or four-footed animal, which, by the apt and regular disposition of certain proper and convenient parts, is adapted, fitted and constituted for the use and need of man. Yea, so necessary and conducive was this animal conceived to be to the behoof of the commonweal, that sundry and divers Acts of Parliament have, from time to time, been made in favour of horses.

1st Edw. VI., Makes the transporting of horses out of the kingdom, no less a penalty than the forfeiture of 40*l.*

2d and 3d Edw. VI. Takes from horse-stealers the benefit of their clergy.

And the Statutes of the 27th and 32d of Hen. VIII. condescend so far as to take care of their very breed: These our wise ancestors prudently foreseeing, that they could not better take care of their own posterity, than by also taking care of that of their horses.

And of so great esteem are horses in the eye of the Common Law, that when a Knight of the Bath committeth any great and enormous crime, his punishment is to have his spurs chopt off with a cleaver, being, as Master Bracton well observeth, unworthy to ride on a horse.

Littleton, sect. 315, saith, If tenants in common make a lease reserving for rent a horse, they shall have but one Assize, because, saith the Book, the law will not suffer a horse to be severed: Another argument of what high estimation the law maketh of an horse.

But as the great difference seemeth not to be so much touching the substantial part, Horses, let us proceed to the formal or descriptive part, viz. What horses they are that come within this bequest.

Colours are commonly of various kinds and different sorts; of which white and black are the two extremes, and consequently comprehend within them all other colours whatsoever.

By a bequest therefore of black and white horses, grey or pyed horses may well pass; for when two extremes, or remotest ends, of any thing are devised, the law, by common intendment, will intend whatsoever is contained between them to be devised too.

But the present case is still stronger, coming not only within the intendment, but also the very letter of the words.

By the word Black, all the horses that are black are devised; by the word White, are devised those that are white; and by the same words, with the conjunction copulative, and, between them, the horses that are black and white, that is to say, pyed, are devised also.

Whatever is black and white is pyed, and whatever is pyed, is black and white; *ergo*, black and white is pyed, and, *vice versâ*, pyed is black and white.

If therefore black and white horses are devised, pyed horses shall pass by such devise; but black and white horses are devised; *ergo* the Pl. shall have the pyed horses.

Pour le Defend. Catlyne Serjeant, Moy semble al' contrary, The Plaintiff shall not have the pyed horses by intendment; for if by the devise of black and white horses, not only black and white horses, but horses of any colour, between these two extremes, may pass, then not only pyed and grey horses, but also red or bay horses would pass likewise, which would be absurd, and against reason. And this is another strong argument in law, *Nihil, quod est contra rationem, est licitum;* for reason is the life of the law, nay, the Common Law is nothing but reason; which is to be understood of artificial perfection and reason gotten by long study, and not of man's natural reason; for *nemo nascitur artifex*, and legal reason *est summa ratio;* and therefore if all the reason that is dispersed into so many different heads, were united into one, he could not make such a law as the law of England; because by many successions of ages it has been fixed and refixed by grave and learned men; so that the old rule may be verified in it, *Neminem oportet esse legibus sapientiorem.*

As therefore pyed horses do not come within the intendment of the bequest, so neither do they within the letter of the words.

A pyed horse is not a white horse, neither is a pyed a black horse; how then can pyed horses come under the words of black and white horses?

Besides, where custom hath adapted a certain determinate name to any one thing, in all devises, feofments, and grants, that certain name shall be made use of, and no uncertain circumlocutory descriptions shall be allowed; for Certainty is the father of Right, and the mother of Justice.

Le reste del argument jeo ne pouvois oyer, car jeo fui disturb en mon place.

Le Court fuit longement en doubt' de c'est matter; et apres grand deliberation eu,

Judgment fuit donne pour le Pl. nisi causa.

Motion in arrest of judgment, that the pyed horses were mares: and thereupon an inspection was prayed.

Et sur ceo le Court advisare vult.

MEMOIRS OF P. P.[1]

CLERK OF THIS PARISH.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The original of the following extraordinary treatise consisted of two large volumes in folio; which might justly be entitled, *The Importance of a Man to Himself:* But, as it can be of very little to any body besides, I have contented myself to give only this short abstract of it, as a taste of the *true Spirit of Memoir-Writers.*

IN the Name of the Lord. *Amen.* I, P. P. by the grace of God, Clerk of this Parish, writeth this History.

[1] In the Prolegomena to the Dunciad Pope denied that these Memoirs were intended to reflect upon Burnet's 'History of My Own Times.' He says there: "It is known to divers that these Memoirs were written at the seat of Lord Harcourt, in Oxfordshire, before that excellent person Bishop Burnet's death, and many years before the appearance of that History of which they are pretended to be an abuse."

Bishop Burnet died in 1715; and the only period on which there is any evidence that Pope stayed at Stanton Harcourt, an unoccupied country house, was in 1718, when he was translating the Iliad, and wished to be free from all disturbances. It is hardly likely that he would have gone there for pleasure, or any other occasion. Burnet's History was published in two folio volumes in 1724, and it is hard to say to what other Memoirs Pope could have referred in this paper. The Bishop was a favourite object of satire to the Tory writers of the period. His egotism, his self-importance, and his gossipping manner, are amusingly caricatured in the Clerk's memoirs, in which of course all hint of the really valuable information contributed by Burnet is carefully suppressed. Pope's repudiation of the intention ascribed to him in the satire cannot count for much. His aim in the Prolegomena was to create an impression in the public mind that he was always being slandered, and misrepresented by the Dunces, and he cared little for the truth, so long as the effect was produced. Probably few people at the time, certainly very few since, have doubted what was really meant by P. P.

Ever since I arrived at the age of discretion, I had a call to take upon me the function of a parish-clerk; and to that end it seemed unto me meet and profitable to associate myself with the parish-clerks of this land; such I mean as were right worthy in their calling, men of a clear and sweet voice, and of becoming gravity.

Now it came to pass, that I was born in the year of our Lord *Anno Domini* 1655, the year wherein our worthy benefactor, Esquire Bret, did add one bell to the ring of this parish. So that it hath been wittily said, "That one and the "same day did give to this our church, two rare gifts, its great "bell and its clerk."

Even when I was at school, my mistress did ever extol me above the rest of the youth, in that I had a laudable voice. And it was furthermore observed, that I took a kindly affection unto that black letter in which our Bibles are printed. Yea, often did I exercise myself in singing godly ballads, such as *The Lady and Death*, *The Children in the Wood*, and *Chevy Chace;* and not, like other children, in lewd and trivial ditties. Moreover, while I was a boy, I always adventured to lead the psalm next after Master William Harris, my predecessor, who (it must be confessed to the glory of God) was a most excellent parish-clerk in that his day.

Yet be it acknowledged, that at the age of sixteen I became a company-keeper, being led into idle conversation by my extraordinary love to ringing; insomuch, that in a short time I was acquainted with every set of bells in the whole country: neither could I be prevailed upon to absent myself from wakes, being called thereunto by the harmony of the steeple. While I was in these societies, I gave myself up to unspiritual pastimes, such as wrestling, dancing, and cudgel-playing; so that I often returned to my father's house with a broken pate. I had my head broken at Milton by Thomas Wyat, as we played a bout or two for an hat that was edged with silver galloon. But in the year following I broke the

head of Henry Stubbs, and obtained a hat not inferior to the former. At Yelverton I encountered George Cummins, weaver, and behold my head was broken a second time! At the wake of Waybrook I engaged William Simkins, tanner, when lo! thus was my head broken a third time, and much blood trickled therefrom. But I administered to my comfort, saying within myself, "What man is there, howsoever dex-"trous in any craft, who is for aye on his guard?" A week after I had a base-born child laid unto me; for in the days of my youth I was looked upon as a follower of venereal fantasies: thus was I led into sin by the comeliness of Susanna Smith, who first tempted me, and then put me to shame; for indeed she was a maiden of a seducing eye, and pleasant feature. I humbled myself before the Justice, I acknowledged my crime to our curate; and to do away mine offences, and make her some atonement, was joined to her in holy wedlock on the sabbath-day following.

How often do those things which seem unto us misfortunes, redound to our advantage! For the minister (who had long looked on Susanna as the most lovely of his parishioners) liked so well of my demeanour, that he recommended me to the honour of being his clerk, which was then become vacant by the decease of good Master William Harris.

Here ends the first chapter; after which follow fifty or sixty pages of his amours in general, and that particular one with Susanna his present wife; but I proceed to chapter the ninth.

No sooner was I elected into mine office, but I layed aside the powdered gallantries of my youth, and became a new man. I considered myself as in some wise of ecclesiastical dignity, since by wearing a band, which is no small part of the ornament of our clergy, I might not unworthily be deemed, as it were, a shred of the linen vestment of Aaron.

Thou may'st conceive, O reader, with what concern I perceived the eyes of the congregation fixed upon me, when I

first took my place at the feet of the priest. When I raised the psalm, how did my voice quiver for fear! And when I arrayed the shoulders of the minister with the surplice, how did my joints tremble under me! I said within myself, "Remember, Paul, thou standest before men of high wor-"ship, the wise Mr. Justice Freeman, the grave Mr. Justice "Tonson, the good Lady Jones, and the two virtuous gentle-"women her daughters, nay the great Sir Thomas Truby, "Knight and Baronet, and my young master the esquire, who "shall one day be lord of this manor:" notwithstanding which, it was my good hap to acquit myself to the good liking of the whole congregation; but the Lord forbid I should glory therein.

The next chapter contains an account how he discharged the several duties of his office; in particular he insists on the following:

I was determined to reform the manifold corruptions and abuses which had crept into the church.

First, I was especially severe in whipping forth dogs from the Temple, all excepting the lap-dog of the good widow Howard, a sober dog which yelped not, nor was there offence in his mouth.

Secondly, I did even proceed to moroseness, though sore against my heart, unto poor babes, in tearing from them the half-eaten apples which they privily munced at church. But verily it pity'd me, for I remembered the days of my youth.

Thirdly, with the sweat of my own hands, I did make plain and smooth the dogs-ears throughout our great Bible.

Fourthly, the pews and benches, which were formerly swept but once in three years, I caused every Saturday to be swept with a besom and trimmed.

Fifthly and lastly, I caused the surplice to be neatly darned, washed, and laid in fresh lavender, (yea, and sometimes to be

sprinkled with rose-water) and I had great laud and praise from all the neighbouring clergy, forasmuch as no parish kept the minister in cleaner linen:

Notwithstanding these his public cares, in the eleventh chapter he informs us he did not neglect his usual occupations as a handy-craftsman.

Shoes, saith he, did I make, (and if intreated, mend) with good approbation. Faces also did I shave, and I clipped the hair. Chirurgery also I practised in the worming of dogs; but to bleed ventured I not, except the poor. Upon this my twofold profession, there passed among men a merry tale delectable enough to be rehearsed: how that being overtaken with liquor one Saturday evening, I shaved the priest with Spanish blacking for shoes instead of a wash-ball, and with lamp-black powdered his perriwig. But these were sayings of men, delighting in their own conceits more than in the truth. For it is well known that great was my care and skill in these my crafts; yea, I once had the honour of trimming Sir Thomas himself, without fetching blood. Furthermore, I was sought unto to geld the Lady Frances her spaniel, which was wont to go astray: he was called Toby that is to say, Tobias. And 3rdly, I was entrusted with a gorgeous pair of shoes of the said lady, to set an heel-piece thereon; and I received such praise therefore, that it was said all over the parish, I should be recommended unto the King to mend shoes for his Majesty: whom God preserve! Amen.

The rest of this chapter I purposely omit, for it must be owned when he speaks as a shoemaker he is very absurd. He talks of Moses's pulling off his shoes, *of tanning the* hides *of the Bulls of Basan, of Simo the* Tanner, etc. *and takes up four or five pages to prove, that when the Apostles were instructed to travel* without shoes, *the precept did not extend to their successors.*

The next chapter relates how he discovered a thief with a Bible

and key, and experimented verses of the Psalms that had cured agues.

I pass over many others which inform us of parish affairs only, such as of the succession of curates; *a list of the* weekly texts; *what* Psalms *he chose on proper occasions; and what children were* born *and* bury'd: *the last of which articles he concludes thus:*

That the shame of women may not endure, I speak not of bastards; neither will I name the mothers, although thereby I might delight many grave women of the parish: even her who hath done penance in the sheet will I not mention, forasmuch as the church hath been witness of her disgrace: let the father, who hath made due composition with the churchwardens to conceal his infirmity, rest in peace; my pen shall not bewray him, for I also have sinned.

The next chapter contains what he calls a great revolution in the church, part of which I transcribe.

Now was the long expected time arrived, when the Psalms of King David should be hymned unto the same tunes to which he played them upon his harp; (so was I informed by my singing-master, a man right cunning in psalmody:) now was our over-abundant quaver and trilling done away, and in lieu thereof was instituted the Sol-fa, in such guise as is sung in his Majesty's Chapel. We had London singing-masters sent into every parish, like unto excisemen; and I also was ordained to adjoin myself unto them, though an unworthy disciple, in order to instruct my fellow-parishioners in this new manner of worship. What though they accused me of humming through the nostril, as a sackbut; yet would I not forego that harmony, it having been agreed by the worthy parish-clerks of London still to preserve the same. I tutored the young men and maidens to tune their voices as it were a psaltery; and the church on the Sunday was filled with these new hallelujahs.

Then follow full seventy chapters, containing an exact detail of the law-suits *of the Parson and his Parishioners concerning tythes, and near an hundred pages left blank, with an earnest desire that the* history might be completed by any of his successors, in whose times these suits should be ended.

The next chapter contains an account of the Briefs read in the church, and the sums collected upon each. For the reparation of nine churches, collected at nine several times, 2s. and 7¾d. For fifty families ruined by fire, 1s. 0½d. For an inundation, a King Charles's groat given by Lady Frances, etc.

In the next he laments the disuse of wedding-sermons, and celebrates the benefit arising from those at funerals, concluding with these words: Ah! let not the relations of the deceased grudge the small expence of an hatband, a pair of gloves, and ten shillings, for the satisfaction they are sure to receive from a pious divine, that their father, brother, or bosom wife, are certainly in heaven.

In another, he draws a panegyrick on one Mrs. Margaret Wilkins; but after great encomiums concludes, that, notwithstanding all, she was an unprofitable vessel, being a barren woman, and never once having furnished God's church with a christening.

We find in another chapter, how he was much staggered in his belief, and disturbed in his conscience, by an Oxford scholar, who had proved to him by logick, that animals might have rational, nay, immortal souls; *but how he was again comforted with the reflection,* that, if so, they might be allowed christian burial, and greatly augment the fees of the parish.

In the two following chapters he is overpowered with vanity. We are told, how he was constantly admitted to all the feasts and banquets of the church-officers, and the speeches he there made for the good of the parish. How he gave hints to young clergy-

men to preach; but above all, how he gave a text for the 30*th of January, which occasioned a most excellent sermon, the merits of which he takes entirely himself. He gives an account of a conference he had with the Vicar concerning the use of texts.* Let a preacher (saith he) consider the assembly before whom he preacheth, and unto them adapt his text. *Micah* the iii[d] and 11th affordeth good matter for courtiers and court-serving men. *The heads of the land judge for reward; and the people thereof judge for hire; and the prophets thereof divine for money: yet will they lean upon the Lord, and say, Is not the Lord among us?* Were the first Minister to appoint a preacher before the House of Commons, would not he be wise to make choice of these words? *Give, and it shall be given unto ye.* Or before the Lords, *Giving no offence, that the Ministry be not blamed,* 2 Cor. vi. 3. Or praising the warm zeal of an Administration, *Who maketh his Ministers a flaming fire,* Psalm civ. 4. We omit many other of his texts, as too tedious.

From this period, the style of the book rises extremely. Before the next chapter was pasted the effigies of Dr. Sacheverel, *and I found the opposite page all on a foam with politicks.*

We are now (says he) arrived at that celebrated year, in which the Church of England was tried in the person of Dr. Sacheverel.[1] I had ever the interest of our High-Church at heart, neither would I at any season mingle myself in the societies of fanaticks, whom I from my infancy abhorred, more than the heathen or gentile. It was in these days I bethought myself that much profit might accrue unto our parish, and even unto the nation, could there be assembled together a number of chosen men of the right spirit, who might argue,

[1] Bolingbroke, speaking of Sacheverel, in his dedication to Sir Robert Walpole, says, "You had a sermon to condemn, and a parson to roast; for that I think was the decent language of the time; and, to carry on the allegory, you roasted him at so fierce a fire, that you burnt yourselves; your arguments being confined to the propositions this preacher had advanced, you may seem rather to have justified resistance, or the means employed to bring about the Revolution, than the Revolution itself."—WARTON.

refine and define, upon high and great matters. Unto this purpose I did institute a weekly assembly of divers worthy men at the Rose and Crown alehouse, over whom myself (though unworthy) did preside. Yea, I did read unto them the Post-boy of Mr. Roper, and the written letter of Mr. Dyer, upon which we communed afterwards among ourselves. Our society was composed of the following persons: Robert Jenkins, farrier; Amos Turner, collar-maker; George Pilcocks, late exciseman; Thomas White, wheel-wright; and myself. First, of the first, Robert Jenkins.

He was a man of bright parts and shrewd conceit, for he never shoed an horse of a Whig or a fanatick, but he lamed him sorely.

Amos Turner, a worthy person, rightly esteemed among us for his sufferings, in that he had been honoured in the stocks for wearing an oaken bough.

George Pilcocks, a sufferer also; of zealous and laudable freedom of speech, insomuch that his occupation had been taken from him.

Thomas White, of good repute likewise, for that his uncle, by the mother's side, had, formerly, been servitor at Maudlin college, where the glorious Sacheverel was educated.

Now were the eyes of all the parish upon these our weekly councils. In a short space the minister came among us; he spake concerning us and our councils to a multitude of other ministers at the Visitation, and they spake thereof unto the ministers at London, so that even the bishops heard and marvelled thereat. Moreover Sir Thomas, member of Parliament, spake of the same to other members of Parliament; who spake thereof unto the peers of the realm. Lo! thus did our councils enter into the hearts of our generals and our law-givers; and from henceforth, even as we devised, thus did they.

After this, the whole book is turned on a sudden, from his own life, to a history of all the publick transactions of Europe, com-

piled from the newspapers of those times. I could not comprehend the meaning of this, till I perceived at last (to my no small astonishment) that all the measures of the last four years of the Queen, *together with the peace at* Utrecht, *which have been usually attributed to the E—— of O——, D—— of O——, Lords H—— and B——,*[1] *and other great men; do here most plainly appear to have been wholly owing to Robert Jenkins, Amos Turner, George Pilcocks, Thomas White, but above all to P. P.*

The reader may be sure I was very inquisitive after this extraordinary writer, whose work I have here abstracted. I took a journey into the country on purpose; but could not find the least trace of him: till by accident I met an old clergyman, who said he could not be positive, but thought it might be one Paul Philips, *who had been dead about twelve years.*[2] *And upon enquiry, all he could learn of that person from the neighbourhood, was, that he had been taken notice of for* swallowing loaches, *and remembered by some people by a* black and white cur with one ear, *that constantly followed him.*

In the church-yard, I read his epitaph, said to be written by himself.

O Reader, if thou canst read,
Look down upon this stone;
Do all we can, Death is a man,
That never spareth none.

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[1] Earl of Oxford, Duke of Ormonde, Lords Harcourt and Bolingbroke.

[2] This date coincides pretty accurately with that of Burnet's death.

OF THE

POET LAUREATE.

NOVEMBER 19, 1729.

THE time of the election of a Poet Laureate being now at hand, it may be proper to give some account of the rites and ceremonies anciently used at that solemnity, and only discontinued through the neglect and degeneracy of later times. These we have extracted from an historian of undoubted credit, a reverend bishop, the learned Paulus Jovius: and are the same that were practised under the pontificate of Leo X. the great restorer of learning.

As we now see an age and a court, that for the encouragement of poetry rivals, if not exceeds, that of this famous Pope, we cannot but wish a restoration of all its honours to poesy; the rather, since there are so many parallel circumstances in the person who was then honoured with the laurel, and in him, who (in all probability) is now to wear it.

I shall translate my author exactly as I find it in the 82d chapter of his Elogia Vir. Doct. He begins with the character of the poet himself, who was the original and father of all Laureates, and called Camillo. He was a plain countryman of Apulia, (whether a shepherd or thresher, is not material). "This man (says Jovius) excited by the fame of the great "encouragement given to poets at court, and the high "honour in which they were held, came to the city, bringing "with him a strange kind of lyre in his hand, and at least "some twenty thousand of verses. All the wits and critics of

" the court flocked about him, delighted to see a clown, with a " ruddy hale complexion, and in his own long hair, so top-full " of poetry; and at the first sight of him all agreed he was " born to be Poet Laureate.[1] He had a most hearty welcome " in an island of the river Tiber (an agreeable place, not un- " like our Richmond) where he was first made to eat and " drink plentifully, and to repeat his verses to every body. Then " they adorned him with a new and elegant garland, composed " of vine leaves, laurel, and brassica, (a sort of cabbage) so " composed, says my author, emblematically, *Ut tam sales* " *quam lepide ejus temulentia, brassicae remedio cohibenda,* " *notaretur.* He was then saluted by common consent with " the title of archi-poeta or arch poet, in the style of those " days, in our's, Poet Laureate. This honour the poor man " received with the most sensible demonstrations of joy, his " eyes drunk with tears and gladness,[2] Next, the public accla- " mation was expressed in a canticle, which is transmitted to " us, as follows:

Salve, brassicæ virens corona,
Et lauro, archipoeta, pampinoque!
Dignus principis auribus Leonis.

All hail, arch-poet without peer!
Vine, bay, or cabbage, fit to wear,
And worthy of the prince's ear.

From hence he was conducted in pomp to the capitol of Rome, mounted on an elephant, through the shouts of the populace, where the ceremony ended.

The historian tells us further, " That at his introduction to " Leo, he not only poured forth verses innumerable, like a tor- " rent, but also sung them with open mouth. Nor was he only " once introduced, or on stated days (like our Laureates), but " made a companion to his master, and entertained as one of the " instruments of his most elegant pleasures. When the prince " was at table, the poet had his place at the window. When

[1] Apulus praepingui vultu alacer, et prolixe comatus, omnino dignus festa laurea videretur.—WARTON.

[2] Manantibus prae gaudio oculis.—WARTON.

" the prince had half eaten[1] his meat, he gave with his own " hands the rest to the poet. When the poet drank it was out " of the prince's own flaggon, insomuch (says the historian) that " through so great good eating and drinking, he contracted a " most terrible gout." Sorry I am to relate what follows, but that I cannot leave my reader's curiosity unsatisfied in the catastrophe of this extraordinary man. To use my author's words, which are remarkable, *mortuo Leone, profligatisque poetis, etc.* "When Leo died, and poets were no more," (for I would not understand profligatis literally, as if poets then were profligate) this unhappy Laureate was forthwith reduced to return to his country, where, oppressed with old age and want, he miserably perished in a common hospital.

We see from this sad conclusion (which may be of example to the poets of our time) that it were happier to meet with no encouragement at all, to remain at the plough, or other lawful occupation, than to be elevated above their condition, and taken out of the common means of life, without surer support than the temporary, or at best, mortal favours of the great. It was doubtless for this consideration, that when the Royal Bounty was lately extended to a rural genius, care was taken to settle it upon him for life. And it hath been the practice of our princes, never to remove from the station of Poet Laureate any man who hath once been chosen, tho' never so much greater genius's might arise in his time. A noble instance, how much the charity of our monarchs hath exceeded their love of fame.

To come now to the intent of this paper. We have here the whole ancient ceremonial of the Laureate. In the first place the crown is to be mixed with vine-leaves, as the vine is the plant of Bacchus, and full as essential to the honour, as the butt of sack to the salary.

Secondly, the brassica must be made use of as a qualifier of the former. It seems the cabbage was anciently accounted a

[1] Semesis opsoniis.—WARTON.

remedy for drunkenness; a power the French now ascribe to the onion, and style a soup made of it, soupe d'Yvrogne. I would recommend a large mixture of the brassica, if Mr. Dennis be chosen; but if Mr. Tibbald, it is not so necessary, unless the cabbage be supposed to signify the same thing with respect to poets as to taylors, viz. stealing. I should judge it not amiss to add another plant to this garland, to wit, ivy: Not only as it anciently belonged to poets in general; but as it is emblematical of the three virtues of a court poet in particular; it is creeping, dirty, and dangling.

In the next place, a canticle must be composed and sung in laud and praise of the new poet. If Mr. CIBBER be laureated, it is my opinion no man can write this but himself: And no man, I am sure, can sing it so affectingly. But what this canticle should be, either in his or the other candidate's case, I shall not pretend to determine.

Thirdly, there ought to be a public show, or entry of the poet: To settle the order or procession of which, Mr. Anstis[1] and Mr. DENNIS ought to have a conference. I apprehend here two difficulties: One, of procuring an elephant; the other of teaching the poet to ride him: Therefore I should imagine the next animal in size or dignity would do best; either a mule or a large ass; particularly if that noble one could be had, whose portraiture makes so great an ornament of the Dunciad, and which (unless I am misinformed) is yet in the park of a nobleman near this city:—Unless Mr. CIBBER be the man; who may, with great propriety and beauty, ride on a dragon,[2] if he goes by land; or if he choose the water, upon one of his own swans from Caesar in Egypt.[3]

We have spoken sufficiently of the ceremony; let us now speak of the qualifications and privileges of the Laureate. First, we see he must be able to make verses extempore, and to pour forth innumerable, if required. In this I doubt Mr. TIBBALD.

[1] John Anstis, Garter King-at-Arms. Compare Imitation of Horace, Epistles, i. 6, 82.

[2] Compare Dunciad, iii. 267.

[3] Acted in 1725.

Secondly, he ought to sing, and intrepidly, patulo ore: Here I confess the excellency of Mr. CIBBER. Thirdly, he ought to carry a lyre about with him: If a large one be thought too cumbersome, a small one may be contrived to hang about the neck, like an order; and be very much a grace to the person. Fourthly, he ought to have a good stomach, to eat and drink whatever his betters think fit; and therefore it is in this high office as in many others, no puny constitution can discharge it. I do not think CIBBER or TIBBALD here so happy: But rather a stanch, vigorous, seasoned, and dry old gentleman whom I have in my eye.

I could also wish at this juncture, such a person as is truly jealous of the honour and dignity of poetry; no joker or trifler; but a bard in good earnest; nay, not amiss if a critic, and the better if a little obstinate. For when we consider what great privileges have been lost from this office (as we see from the forecited authentick record of Jovius) namely those of feeding from the prince's table, drinking out of his own flaggon, becoming even his domestick and companion; it requires a man warm and resolute, to be able to claim and obtain the restoring of these high honours. I have cause to fear, most of the candidates would be liable, either through the influence of ministers, or for rewards or favours, to give up the glorious rights of the Laureate: Yet I am not without hopes, there is one, from whom a serious and steddy assertion of these privileges may be expected; and if there be such a one, I must do him the justice to say, it is Mr. DENNIS the worthy president of our society.

THE

NARRATIVE

OF

DR. ROBERT NORRIS,

CONCERNING

THE STRANGE AND DEPLORABLE FRENZY OF MR. JOHN DENNIS, AN OFFICER OF THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXIII.

It is an acknowledged truth, that nothing is so dear to an honest man as his good name, nor ought he to neglect the just vindication of his character, when it is injuriously attacked by any man. The person I have at present cause to complain of, is indeed in very melancholy circumstances, it having pleased God to deprive him of his senses, which may extenuate the crime in him. But I should be wanting in my duty, not only to myself, but also to my fellow-creatures, to whom my talents may prove of benefit, should I suffer my profession or honesty to be undeservedly aspersed. I have therefore resolved to give the public an account of all that has past between the unhappy gentleman and myself.

On the 20th instant, while I was in my closet, pondering the case of one of my patients, I heard a knocking at my door, upon opening of which entered an old woman with tears in

her eyes, and told me, that without my assistance her master would be utterly ruined. I was forced to interrupt her sorrow, by enquiring her master's name and place of abode. She told me he was one Mr. Dennis, an officer of the custom-house, who was taken ill of a violent frenzy last April, and had continued in those melancholy circumstances with few or no intervals. Upon this I asked her some questions relating to his humour and extravagancies, that I might the better know under what regimen to put him, when the cause of his distemper was found out. Alas! sir, says she, this day fortnight in the morning, a poor simple child came to him from the printer's; the boy had no sooner entered the room, but he cried out, the devil was come. He often stares ghastfully, raves aloud, and mutters between his teeth the word Cator, or Cato, or some such thing. Now doctor, this Cator is certainly a witch, and my poor master is under an evil tongue; for I have heard him say Cator has bewitched the whole nation. It pitied my very heart to think, that a man of my master's understanding and great scholarship, who, as the child told me, had a book of his own in print, should talk so outrageously. Upon this I went and laid out a groat for a horse-shoe, which is at this time nailed on the threshold of his door; but I don't find my master is at all the better for it; he perpetually starts and runs to the window when any one knocks, crying out, S'death! a messenger from the French King! I shall die in the Bastile.[1]

Having said this, the old woman presented me with a vial of his urine; upon examination of which I perceived the whole temperament of his body to be exceeding hot. I therefore

[1] 'One Dennis,' commonly called 'the Critic,' who had writ a pamphlet against the power of France, being in the country, and hearing of a French privateer hovering about the coast, although he was twenty miles from the sea, fled to town, and told his friends "they need not wonder at his haste, for the king of France, having got intelligence where he was, had sent a privateer on purpose to catch him."—SWIFT, *Thoughts on Various Subjects.* (Scott's edition, ix. 238.) Dennis had written 'Liberty Asserted, to inspire the English with hatred of the French.

instantly took my cane and my beaver, and repaired to the place where he dwelt.

When I came to his lodgings near Charing-cross, up three pair of stairs, (which I should not have published in this manner, but that this lunatic conceals the place of his residence, on purpose to prevent the good offices of those charitable friends and physicians, who might attempt his cure), when I came into the room, I found this unfortunate gentleman seated on his bed, with Mr. Bernard Lintot, bookseller,[1] on the one side of him, and a grave elderly gentleman on the other, who, as I have since learned, calls himself a grammarian; the latitude of whose countenance was not a little eclipsed by the fulness of his peruke.[2] As I am a black lean man, of a pale visage, and hang my cloathes on somewhat slovenly, I no sooner went in, but he frowned upon me, and cried out with violence, "S'death, a Frenchman! I am betrayed to the tyrant! who could have thought the Queen would have delivered me up to France in this treaty, and least of all that you, my friends, would have been in a conspiracy against me?"—Sir, said I, here is neither plot nor conspiracy, but for your advantage. The recovery of your senses requires my attendance, and your friends sent for me on no other account. I then took a particular survey of his person, and the furniture and disposition of his apartment. His aspect was furious, his eyes were rather fiery than lively, which he rolled about in an uncommon manner. He often opened his mouth, as if he would have uttered some matter of importance, but the sound seemed lost inwardly. His beard was grown, which they told me he would not suffer to be shaved, believing the modern dramatic poets had corrupted all the barbers in the town to take the first opportunity of cutting his throat. His eye-brows were grey, long, and grown together, which he knit

[1] Lintot published Dennis's 'Remarks on Cato.'

[2] It is supposed that this figure is intended for Pope's early friend Cromwell.

with indignation when any thing was spoken, insomuch that he seemed not to have smoothed his forehead for many years. His flannel night-cap, which was exceedingly begrimed with sweat and dirt, hung upon his left ear; the flap of his breeches dangled between his legs, and the rolls of his stockings fell down to his ancles.

I observed his room was hung with old tapestry, which had several holes in it, caused, as the old woman informed me, by his having cut out of it the heads of divers tyrants, the fierceness of whose visages had much provoked him.[1] On all sides of his room were pinned a great many sheets of a tragedy called Cato, with notes on the margin with his own hand. The words absurd, monstrous, execrable, were every where written in such large characters, that I could read them without my spectacles. By the fireside lay three farthings worth of small coal in a Spectator,[2] and behind the door huge heaps of papers of the same title, which his nurse informed me she had conveyed thither out of his sight, believing they were books of the black art; for her master never read in them, but he was either quite moped, or in raving fits. There was nothing neat in the whole room, except some books on his shelves, very well bound and gilded, whose names I had never before heard of, nor I believe were anywhere else to be found; such as Gibraltar, a Comedy; Remarks on Prince Arthur; The Grounds of Criticism in Poetry; An Essay on Public Spirit.[3] The only one I had any knowledge of was a Paradise Lost, interleaved.[4] The whole floor was covered with manuscripts, as thick as a pastry-cook's shop on a Christmas eve. On his table were some ends of

[1] Compare Essay on Criticism:

> But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
> And stares tremendous with a threatening eye,
> Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.

[2] The Spectator, No. 40, had had some rather contemptuous observations on Dennis's theory of Poetical justice. No. 47 cited a couplet from his works; but this did not please him, as he thought a much better one might have been selected. He ridiculed No. 70, containing Addison's criticism on 'Chevy Chase.'

[3] All works of Dennis.

[4] For the purpose of making marginal criticisms.

verse and of candles; a gallipot of ink with a yellow pen in it, and a pot of half dead ale covered with a Longinus.[1]

As I was casting mine eyes round on all this odd furniture with some earnestness and astonishment, and in a profound silence, I was on a sudden surprized to hear the man speak in the following manner.

"Beware, Doctor, that it fare not with you as with your predecessor the famous Hippocrates, whom the mistaken citizens of Abdera sent for in this very manner to cure the philosopher Democritus; he returned full of admiration at the wisdom of that person whom he had supposed a lunatic. Behold, Doctor, it was thus Aristotle himself, and all the great antients, spent their days and nights, wrapt up in criticism, and beset all around with their own writings. As for me, whom you see in the same manner, be assured I have none other disease than a swelling in my legs, whereof I say no more, since your art may further satisfy you."

I began now to be in hopes, that his case had been misrepresented, and that he was not so far gone, but some timely medicines might recover him. I therefore proceeded to the proper queries, which, with the answers made to me, I shall set down in form of a dialogue, in the very words they were spoken, because I would not omit the least circumstance in this narrative; and I call my conscience to witness, as if upon oath, that I shall tell the truth without addition or diminution.

DR. Pray, sir, how did you contract this swelling?

DENN. By a criticism.

DR. A criticism! that's a distemper I never heard of.

DENN. S'death, sir, a distemper! It is no distemper, but a noble art. I have sat fourteen hours a day at it; and are you a doctor, and don't know there's a communication between the legs and the brain?

DR. What made you sit so many hours, sir?

[1] See Hogarth's engraving of the Distressed Poet.

DENN. Cato, sir.

DR. Sir, I speak of your distemper; what gave you this tumour?

DENN. Cato, Cato, Cato.[1]

OLD WOM. For God's sake, Doctor, name not this evil spirit; it is the whole cause of his madness: alas! poor master is just falling into his fits.

MR. LINTOT. Fits! Z— what fits! a man may well have swelling in his legs, that sits writing fourteen hours in a day. He got this by the Remarks.

DR. The Remarks! what are those?

DENN. 'Sdeath! have you never read my remarks? I will be damned, if this dog Lintot ever published my advertisements.

MR. LINTOT. Z—! I published advertisement upon advertisement; and if the book be not read, it is none of my fault, but his that made it. By G—, as much has been done for the book, as could be done for any book in Christendom.

DR. We do not talk of books, sir; I fear those are the fuel that feed the delirium; mention them no more. You do very ill to promote this discourse.

I desire a word in private with this other gentleman, who seems a grave and sensible man: I suppose, sir, you are his apothecary?

GENT. Sir, I am his friend.

DR. I doubt it not. What regimen have you observed, since he has been under your care? You remember, I suppose, the passage of Celsus, which says, if the patient on the third day have an interval, suspend the medicaments at night? Let fumigations be used to corroborate the brain. I hope you have upon no account promoted sternutation by hellibore?

GENT. Sir, no such matter, you utterly mistake.

DR. Mistake: am I not a physician? and shall an apothe-

[1] 'Remarks upon Cato,' published by Mr. D. in the year 1712.

cary dispute my nostrums? You may perhaps have filled up a prescription or two of Ratcliff's, which chanced to succeed, and with that very prescription, injudiciously prescribed to different constitutions, have destroyed a multitude. *Pharmacopola componat, medicus solus prescribat.* Fumigate him, I say, this very evening, while he is relieved by an interval.

DENN. 'Sdeath, sir, my friend an apothecary! a base mechanic! He who, like myself, professes the noblest sciences in the universe, criticism and poetry! Can you think I would submit my writings to the judgment of an apothecary! By the immortals, he himself inserted three whole paragraphs in my Remarks, had a hand in my Public Spirit, nay, assisted me in my description of the furies, and infernal regions in my Appius.

MR. LINTOT. He is an author; you mistake the gentleman, Doctor; he has been an author these twenty years, to his bookseller's knowledge, and no man's else.

DENN. Is all the town in a combination? Shall poetry fall to the ground? Must our reputation be lost to all foreign countries! O destruction! perdition! Opera! Opera![1] As poetry once raised cities, so when poetry fails, cities are overturned, and the world is no more.

DR. He raves, he raves; Mr. Lintot, I pray you pinion down his arms, that he may do no mischief.

DENN. O I am sick, sick to death!

DR. That is a good symptom, a very good symptom. To be sick to death (say the modern physicians) is an excellent symptom. When a patient is sensible of his pain, it is half a cure. Pray, Sir, of what are you sick?

DENN. Of every thing, of every thing. I am sick of the sentiments, of the diction, of the protasis, of the epitasis, and the catastrophe.—Alas! what is become of the drama, the drama?

[1] He wrote a treatise proving the decay of public spirit to proceed from Italian operas.

OLD WOM. The dram, Sir! Mr. Lintot drank up all the gin just now; but I'll go fetch more presently.

DENN. O shameful want, scandalous omission! By all the immortals, here is no peripætia, no change of fortune in the tragedy; Z— no change at all!

OLD WOM. Pray, good Sir, be not angry, I'll fetch change.

DR. Hold your peace, woman; his fit encreases; good Mr. Lintot hold him.

MR. LINTOT. Plague on't! I'm damnably afraid, they are in the right of it, and he is mad in earnest. If he should be really mad, who the devil would buy the Remarks? (Here Mr. Lintot scratched his head.)

DR. Sir, I shall order you the cold bath to-morrow——Mr Lintot, you are a sensible man; pray send for Mr. Verdier's servant,[1] and as you are a friend to the patient, be so kind as to stay this evening, whilst he is cupped on the head. The symptoms of his madness seem to be desperate; for Avicen says, that if learning be mixed with a brain that is not of a contexture fit to receive it, the brain ferments, till it be totally exhausted. We must eradicate these undigested ideas out of the pericranium, and reduce the patient to a competent knowledge of himself.

DENN. Caitiffs, stand off, unhand me, miscreants! Is the man, whose whole endeavours are to bring the town to reason, mad? Is the man, who settles poetry on the basis of antiquity, mad? Dares any one assert, there is a peripætia in that vile piece, that's foisted upon the town for a dramatic poem? That man is mad, the town is mad, the world is mad. See Longinus in my right-hand, and Aristotle in my left; I am the only man among the moderns that support them. Am I to be assassinated? and shall a bookseller, who hath lived upon my labours, take away that life to which he owes his support?

GENT. By your leave, gentlemen, I apprehend you not. I must not see my friend ill treated; he is no more affected with

[1] A cupper in Long Acre.

lunacy than myself: I am also of the same opinion as to the peripætia——Sir, by the gravity of your countenance and habit, I should conceive you to be a graduate physician; but by your indecent and boisterous treatment of this man of learning, I perceive you are a violent sort of person, I am loath to say quack, who, rather than his drugs should lie upon his own hands, would get rid of them by cramming them into the mouths of others: the gentleman is of good condition, sound intellectuals, and unerring judgment: I beg you will not oblige me to resent these proceedings.

THESE were all the words that passed among us at this time; nor was there need for more, it being necessary we should make use of force in the cure of my patient.

I privately whispered the old woman to go to Mr. Verdier's in Long Acre, with orders to come immediately with cupping-glasses; in the mean time, by the assistance of Mr. Lintot, we locked his friend into a closet, who, it is plain from his last speech, was likewise touched in his intellects; after which we bound our lunatic hand and foot down to the bedstead, where he continued in violent ravings, notwithstanding the most tender expressions we could use to persuade him to submit to the operation, till the servant of Verdier arrived. He had no sooner clapped half a dozen cupping-glasses on his head, and behind his ears, but the gentleman above mentioned bursting open the closet, ran furiously upon us, cut Mr. Dennis's bandages, and let drive at us with a vast folio, which sorely bruised the shin of Mr. Lintot; Mr. John Dennis also, starting up with cupping-glasses on his head, seized another folio, and with the same dangerously wounded me in the scull, just above my right temple. The truth of this fact Mr. Verdier's servant is ready to attest upon oath, who, taking an exact survey of the volumes, found that which wounded my hand, to be Gruterus's Lampas Critica, and that which broke Mr. Lintot's shin, was Scaliger's Poetices. After this Mr. John Dennis, strengthened at once

by rage and madness, snatched up a peruke-block, that stood by the bedside, and wielded it round in so furious a manner, that he broke three of the cupping-glasses from the crown of his head, so that much blood trickled down his visage.——He looked so ghastly, and his passion was grown to such a prodigious height, that myself, Mr. Lintot, and Verdier's servant, were obliged to leave the room in all the expedition imaginable.

I took Mr. Lintot home with me, in order to have our wounds dressed, and laid hold of that opportunity of entering into discourse with him about the madness of this person, of whom he gave me the following remarkable relation:

That on the 17th of May 1712, between the hours of ten and eleven in the morning, Mr. John Dennis entered into his shop, and opening one of the volumes of the Spectator, in the large paper, did suddenly, without the least provocation, tear out that of No— where the author treats of poetical justice, and cast it into the street.[1] That the said Mr. John Dennis, on the 27th of March 1712, finding on the said Mr. Lintot's counter a book called An Essay on Criticism, just then published, he read a page or two with much frowning, till coming to these two lines,

> Some have at first for wits, then poets past,
> Turn'd critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last.

he flung down the book in a terrible fury, and cried, By G—d he means me.

That being in his company on a certain time, when Shakespear was mentioned as of a contrary opinion to Mr. Dennis, he swore the said Shakespear was a rascal, with other defamatory expressions, which gave Mr. Lintot a very ill opinion of the said Shakespear.

That, about two months since, he came again into the shop, and cast several suspicious looks on a gentleman that stood by

[1] No. 40.

him, after which he desired some information concerning that person. He was no sooner acquainted, that the gentleman was a new author, and that his first piece was to be published in a few days, but he drew his sword upon him; and had not my servant luckily catched him by the sleeve, I might have lost one author upon the spot, and another the next sessions.

Upon recollecting all these circumstances, Mr. Lintot was entirely of opinion, that he had been mad for some time; and I doubt not, but this whole narrative must sufficiently convince the world of the excess of his frenzy. It now remains, that I give the reasons which obliged me, in my own vindication, to publish this whole unfortunate transaction.

In the first place, Mr. John Dennis had industriously caused to be reported, that I entered into his room, *vi et armis*, either out of a design to deprive him of his life, or of a new play called Coriolanus, which he has had ready for the stage these four years.[1]

Secondly, He hath given out, about Fleet-street and the Temple, that I was an accomplice with his bookseller, who visited him with intent to take away divers valuable manuscripts, without paying him copy-money.

Thirdly, He hath told others, that I am no graduate physician, and that he had seen me upon a mountebank stage in Moorfields, when he had lodgings in the college there.[2]

Fourthly, Knowing that I had much practice in the city, he reported at the Royal Exchange, Custom-house, and other places adjacent, that I was a foreign spy, employed by the French King to convey him into France; that I bound him hand and foot; and that, if his friend had not burst from his confinement to his relief, he had been at this hour in the Bastile.

All which several assertions of his are so very extravagant,

[1] It was an adaptation of Shakespeare's 'Coriolanus,' and was afterwards acted on the 11th Nov., 1719, under the title of 'The Murderer of his Country; or, the Fatal Resentment.' It ran for three nights.

[2] *i.e.*, in Bedlam.

as well as inconsistent, that I appeal to all mankind, whether this person be not out of his senses. I shall not decline giving and producing further proofs of this truth in open court, if he drives the matter so far. In the mean time I heartily forgive him, and pray that the Lord may restore him to the full enjoyment of his understanding: so wisheth, as becometh a Christian,

ROBERT NORRIS, M.D.

From my house in Snow-hill,
July the 30th, 1713.

God save the Queen.

A FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT

OF A

HORRID AND BARBAROUS REVENGE BY POISON,

ON THE

BODY OF MR. EDMUND CURLL,

BOOKSELLER,

WITH A FAITHFUL COPY OF HIS LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

HISTORY furnisheth us with examples of many satirical authors who have fallen sacrifices to revenge, but not of any booksellers, that I know of, except the unfortunate subject of the following paper; I mean Mr. Edmund Curll, at the Bible and Dial in Fleet-street, who was yesterday poisoned by Mr. Pope, after having lived many years an instance of the mild temper of the British nation.

Every body knows, that the said Mr. Edmund Curll, on Monday, the 26th instant, published a satirical piece, intitled, Court-poems,[1] in the preface whereof they were attributed to a lady of quality,[2] Mr. Pope, or Gay; by which indiscreet method, though he had escaped one revenge, there were still two behind in reserve.

[1] The title of the piece, as first published, was: "Court Poems. 1. The Basset-Table. 2. The Drawing-Room. 3. The Toilet. Published faithfully as they were found in a Pocket Book taken up in Westminster Hall, the last day of the Lord Winton's Trial. London: Printed for J. Roberts, near the Oxford Arms in Warwick Street, 1706 [1716]. Price sixpence."

[2] Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

Now, on the Wednesday ensuing, between the hours of ten and eleven, Mr. Lintot, a neighbouring bookseller, desired a conference with Mr. Curll, about settling a title-page, inviting him at the same time to take a whet together. Mr. Pope, who is not the only instance how persons of bright parts may be carried away by the instigation of the devil, found means to convey himself into the same room, under pretence of business with Mr. Lintot, who, it seems, is the printer of his Homer, This gentleman, with a seeming coolness, reprimanded Mr. Curll for wrongfully ascribing to him the aforesaid poems: he excused himself by declaring, that one of his authors (Mr. Oldmixon by name) gave the copies to the press, and wrote the preface. Upon this Mr. Pope, being to all appearance reconciled, very civilly drank a glass of sack to Mr. Curll, which he as civilly pledged; and though the liquor, in colour and taste, differed not from common sack, yet was it plain, by the pangs this unhappy stationer felt soon after, that some poisonous drug had been secretly infused therein.

About eleven a-clock he went home, where his wife observing his colour changed, said, "Are you not sick, my dear?" He replied, "Bloody sick;" and incontinently fell a vomiting and straining in an uncommon and unnatural manner, the contents of his vomiting being as green as grass. His wife had been just reading a book of her husband's printing concerning Jane Wenham, the famous witch of Hertford, and her mind misgave her, that he was bewitched; but he soon let her know, that he suspected poison, and recounted to her, between the intervals of his yawnings and retchings, every circumstance of his interview with Mr. Pope.

Mr. Lintot in the mean time coming in, was extremely affrighted at the sudden alteration he observed in him: "Brother Curll, says he, I fear you have got the vomiting distemper; which, I have heard, kills in half an hour. This comes from your not following my advice, to drink old hock in a morning, as I do, and abstain from sack." Mr. Curll replied in a moving tone, "Your author's sack, I fear, has done my busi-

ness." "Z—ds, says Mr. Lintot, my author!—Why did not you drink old hock?" Notwithstanding which rough remonstrance, he did in the most friendly manner press him to take warm water; but Mr. Curll did with great obstinacy refuse it; which made Mr. Lintot infer, that he chose to die, as thinking to recover greater damages.

All this time the symptoms increased violently, with acute pains in the lower belly. "Brother Lintot, says he, I perceive my last hour approaching; do me the friendly office to call my partner, Mr. Pemberton,[1] that we may settle our worldly affairs." Mr. Lintot, like a kind neighbour, was hastening out of the room, while Mr. Curll raved aloud in this manner, "If I survive this, I will be revenged on Tonson; it was he first detected me as the printer of these poems, and I will reprint these very poems in his name." His wife admonished him not to think of revenge, but to take care of his stock and his soul: and in the same instant Mr. Lintot, whose goodness can never be enough applauded, returned with Mr. Pemberton. After some tears jointly shed by these humane booksellers, Mr. Curll being, as he said, in his perfect senses, though in great bodily pain, immediately proceeded to make a verbal will, Mrs. Curll having first put on his night-cap, in the following manner:

GENTLEMEN, in the first place, I do sincerely pray forgiveness for those indirect methods I have pursued in inventing new titles to old books, putting authors names to things they never saw, publishing private quarrels for public entertainment; all which I hope will be pardoned, as being done to get an honest livelihood.

I do also heartily beg pardon of all persons of honour, lords spiritual and temporal, gentry, burgesses, and commonalty, to whose abuse I have any or every way contributed by my publications; particularly, I hope it will be considered, that if

[1] Curll's shop was the 'Dial and Bible'—Pemberton's, 'The Buck and Sun,' both near St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street.

I have vilified his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, I have likewise aspersed the late Duke of Ormond; if I have abused the Honourable Mr. Walpole, I have also libelled the Lord Bolingbroke: so that I have preserved that equality and impartiality, which becomes an honest man in times of faction and division.

I call my conscience to witness, that many of these things, which may seem malicious, were done out of charity; I having made it wholly my business to print for poor disconsolate authors, whom all other booksellers refuse. Only God bless Sir Richard Blackmore! you know he takes no copy-money.

The second collection of poems which I groundlessly called Mr. Prior's, will sell for nothing,[1] and hath not yet paid the charge of the advertisements, which I was obliged to publish against him: therefore you may as well suppress the edition, and beg that gentleman's pardon in the name of a dying Christian.

The French Cato, with the criticism shewing how superior it is to Mr. Addison's, (which I wickedly ascribed to Madam Dacier), may be suppressed at a reasonable rate, being damnably translated.[2]

I protest I have no animosity to Mr. Rowe, having printed part of Callipædia,[3] and an incorrect edition of his poems with-

[1] Prior inserted an advertisement in the papers warning the public against the poems published under his name. "Whereas there is just printed a book entitled 'A Second Collection of Poems on Several Occasions,' to which Mr. Prior's name is attached, and said to be printed for J. Roberts in Warwick Lane; I hereby signify that some of those poems are not genuine, others imperfect and incorrect, and the whole not published with my knowledge or approbation." — MATTHEW PRIOR, March 20, 1715-16. London Gazette, March 20-24, 1716.

[2] "This day is published, Mr. Ozell's Translation of the French Tragedy called Cato of Utica, as it is now acted at the Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. To which is added a parallel between this play and that written by Mr. Addison. Printed for E. Curll, at the Bible and Dial, against St. Dunstan's, in Fleet Street." —*Flying Post*, May 22-24, 1716.

[3] Callipædia. A Poem in Four Books, with some other Pieces. Written in Latin by Claudius Quillet, made English by N. Rowe, Esq. Printed for E. Sanger, at the Post House, and E. Curll, at the Dial and

out his leave in quarto.[1] Mr. Gildon's Rehearsal, or Bays the Younger, did more harm to me than to Mr. Rowe; though, upon the faith of an honest man, I paid him double for abusing both him and Mr. Pope.[2]

Heaven pardon me for publishing the Trials of Sodomy, in an Elzevir letter![3] but I humbly hope, my printing Sir Richard Blackmore's Essays will atone for them.[4] I beg that you will take what remains of these last, (which is near the whole impression, presents excepted), and let my poor widow have in exchange the sole property of the copy of Madame Mascranny.

[*Here Mr. Pemberton interrupted, and would by no means consent to this article; about which some dispute might have arisen unbecoming a dying person, if Mr. Lintot had not interposed, and Mr. Curll vomited.*]

What this poor unfortunate man spoke afterwards, was so indistinct, and in such broken accents, (being perpetually interrupted by vomitings), that the reader is intreated to excuse the confusion and imperfection of this account.

Dear Mr. Pemberton, I beg you to beware of the indictment at Hicks's-hall for publishing Rochester's bawdy poems;

Bible, in 1712. Price 4s., 8vo. The only one of the four books in the translation professedly by Rowe was the first. The others were translated by Sewell, Cobb, and Draper.

[1] Poems on Several Occasions. By N. Rowe, Esq. London: Printed for E. Curll, at the Dial and Bible, against St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet Street. 1714. 4to, pp. 37.

[2] A New Rehearsal, or Bays the Younger, containing an Examen of the Ambitious Stepmother, &c. All written by N. Rowe, Esq.; also a word or two upon Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock. London: Printed for J. Roberts. 1714. 12mo. Price 1s.

Curll, in his 'Compleat Key to the Dunciad,' says: "Mr. Gildon in his 'New Rehearsal, or Bays the Younger,' has exactly depicted Pope under the character of Sawney Dapper, an easy versifier, conceited, and a contemner of all other writers."

[3] Curll was fond of printing obscene literature in this letter. He advertises a neat pocket volume, 'Petronius,' "printed with an Elzevir letter, and very correct."

[4] Blackmore's Essays appeared in 2 vols. 8vo, the first in 1716, the second in 1717. The first volume was printed for Curll, not the second.

that copy will otherwise be my best legacy to my dear wife, and helpless child.

The case of impotence was my best support all the last long vacation.

[*In this last paragraph Mr. Curll's voice grew more free, for his vomitings abated upon his dejections, and he spoke what follows from his close-stool.*]

For the copies of noblemens and bishops last wills and testaments, I solemnly declare, I printed them not with any purpose of defamation; but merely as I thought those copies lawfully purchased from Doctors Commons, at one shilling apiece. Our trade in wills turning to small account, we may divide them blindfold.

For Mr. Manwaring's life,[1] I ask Mrs. Oldfield's pardon:[2] neither his nor my Lord Halifax's lives, though they were of service to their country, were of any to me: but I was resolved, since I could not print their works while they lived, to print their lives after they were dead.

While he was speaking these words, Mr. Oldmixon entered. "Ah! Mr. Oldmixon, said poor Mr. Curll, to what a condition have your works reduced me! I die a martyr to that unlucky preface. However, in these my last moments I will be just to all men; you shall have your third share of the Court-poems, as was stipulated. When I am dead, where will you find another bookseller? Your Protestant packet might have supported you, had you writ a little less scurrilously; there is a mean in all things."

Here Mr. Lintot interrupted. Why not find another bookseller, brother Curll? and then took Mr. Oldmixon aside and

[1] The Life and Posthumous Works of Arthur Maynwaring, Esq. 8vo. 1715. Signed 'J. O.' (John Oldmixon). Curll's name is not on the title-page as publisher.

[2] Mrs. Oldfield had a son by Maynwaring. He left her his executrix. Curll printed his will in the Memoirs of Mrs. Oldfield, which he published in 1731.

whispered him: "Sir, as soon as Curll is dead, I shall be glad to talk with you over a pint at the Devil."

Mr. Curll now turning to Mr. Pemberton, told him, he had several taking title-pages, that only wanted treatises to be wrote to them; and earnestly desired, that when they were written, his heirs might have some share of the profit of them.

After he had said this, he fell into horrible gripings, upon which Mr. Lintot advised him to repeat the Lord's Prayer. He desired his wife to step into the shop for a Common-prayer book, and read it by the help of a candle without hesitation. He closed the book, fetched a groan, and recommended to Mrs. Curll to give forty shillings to the poor of the parish of St. Dunstan's, and a week's wages advance to each of his gentleman-authors, with some small gratuity in particular to Mrs. Centlivre.

The poor man continued for some hours with all his disconsolate family about him in tears, expecting his final dissolution; when of a sudden he was surprisingly relieved by a plentiful fœtid stool, which obliged them all to retire out of the room. Notwithstanding, it is judged by Sir Richard Blackmore, that the poison is still latent in his body, and will infallibly destroy him by slow degrees in less than a month. It is to be hoped, the other enemies of this wretched stationer will not further pursue their revenge, or shorten this short period of his miserable life.

A FURTHER ACCOUNT OF THE MOST DEPLORABLE CONDITION OF MR. EDMUND CURLL, BOOKSELLER.

THE public is already acquainted with the manner of Mr. Curll's impoisonment by a faithful, though unpolite historian of Grub-street. I am but the continuer of his history; yet I hope a due distinction will be made between an undignified scribbler of a sheet and half, and the author of a three-penny stitched book, like myself.

"Wit, saith Sir Richard Blackmore,[1] proceeds from a concurrence of regular and exalted ferments, and an affluence of animal spirits rectified and refined to a degree of purity." On the contrary, when the igneous particles rise with the vital liquor, they produce an abstraction of the rational part of the soul, which we commonly call madness. The verity of this hypothesis is justified by the symptoms with which the unfortunate Mr. Edmund Curll, bookseller, hath been afflicted, ever since his swallowing the poison at the Swan-tavern in Fleet-street. For though the neck of his retort, which carries up the animal spirits to the head, is of an extraordinary length; yet the said animal spirits rise muddy, being contaminated with the inflammable particles of this uncommon poison.

The symptoms of his departure from his usual temper of mind were at first only speaking civilly to his customers, singeing a pig with a new purchased label, and refusing two and ninepence for Sir Richard Blackmore's Essays.

As the poor man's frenzy increased, he began to void his excrements in his bed, read Rochester's bawdy poems to his wife, gave Oldmixon a slap on the chops, and would have kissed Mr. Pemberton's a—— by violence.

But at last he came to such a pass, that he would dine upon nothing but copper-plates, took a clyster for a whipt syllabub,

[1] Blackmore's Essays, vol. i.

and made Mr. Lintot eat a suppository, for a radish, with bread and butter.

We leave it to every tender wife to imagine, how sorely all this afflicted poor Mrs. Curll: at first she privately put a bill into several churches, desiring the prayers of the congregation for a wretched stationer distempered in mind. But when she was sadly convinced, that his misfortune was public to all the world, she writ the following letter to her good neighbour Mr. Lintot.

A true copy of Mrs. Curll's letter to Mr. Lintot.

"WORTHY MR. LINTOT,

"You and all the neighbours know too well the frenzy with which my poor man is visited. I never perceived he was out of himself, till that melancholy day that he thought he was poisoned in a glass of sack; upon this he ran a-vomiting all over the house, nay, in the new-washed dining room. Alas! this is the greatest adversity that ever befel my poor man, since he lost one testicle at school by the bite of a black boar. Good Lord! if he should die, where should I dispose of the stock? unless Mr. Pemberton or you would help a distressed widow; for God knows, he never published any books that lasted above a week, so that if he wanted daily books, we wanted daily bread. I can write no more, for I hear the rap of Mr. Curll's ivory-headed cane upon the counter.——Pray recommend me to your pastry-cook, who furnishes you yearly with tarts in exchange for your paper, for Mr. Curll has disobliged ours, since his fits came upon him;—before that we generally lived upon baked meats.—He is coming in, and I have but just time to put his son out of the way for fear of mischief: so wishing you a merry Easter, I remain

Your most humble servant,

C. CURLL."

"P.S. As to the report of my poor husband's stealing o' calf, it is really groundless, for he always binds in sheep."

But return we to Mr. Curll, who all Wednesday continued outrageously mad. On Thursday he had a lucid interval, that enabled him to send a general summons to all his authors. There was but one porter who could perform this office, to whom he gave the following bill of directions, where to find them. This bill, together with Mrs. Curll's original letter, lie at Mr. Lintot's shop to be perused by the curious.

Instructions to a porter how to find Mr. Curll's authors.

"At a tallow-chandler's in Petty France, half-way under the blind arch, ask for the historian.

"At the Bedstead and Bolster, a music-house in Moorfields, two translators in a bed together.

"At the Hercules and Still, in Vinegar-yard, a school-master with carbuncles on his nose.

"At a blacksmith's shop in the Friars, a Pindaric writer in red stockings.[1]

"In the Calendar mill-room at Exeter-change, a composer of meditations.

"At the Three Tobacco-pipes in Dog and Bitch yard, one that has been a parson, he wears a blue camblet coat, trimmed with black: my best writer against revealed religion.

"At Mr. Summer's, a thief-catcher's, in Lewkner's-lane, the man that wrote against the impiety of Mr. Rowe's plays.

"At the Farthing pye-house in Totting-fields, the young man who is writing my new pastorals.[2]

"At the laundresses, at the Hole in the Wall in Cursitors-

[1] Ambrose Philips:

When simple Macer, now of high renown,
First sought a poet's fortune in the town,
'Twas all the ambition his high soul could feel
To wear red stockings, and to dine with Steele."

[2] Just published, Pastorals. After the simple manner of Theocritus, where an Attempt is made to introduce into our Language a Dialect entirely Pastoral; having at once Rusticity, Softness, and Simplicity; being what Rapin, D'Acier, and other French critics allow their language incapable of. Printed for E. Curll. Price 1s. —*The Daily Courant*, Nov. 19, 1716.

alley, up three pair of stairs, the author of my Church-history, ——if his flux be over——You may also speak to the gentleman who lies by him in the flock-bed, my index-maker.

"The Cook's[1] wife in Buckingham-court: bid her bring along with her the similes, that were lent her for her next new play.

"Call at Budge-row for the gentleman you used to go to in the cockloft; I have taken away the ladder, but his landlady has it in keeping.

"I don't much care if you ask at the Mint for the old beetle-browed critic, and the purblind poet at the Alley over against St. Andrew's Holborn.[2] But this as you have time."

All these gentlemen appeared at the hour appointed in Mr. Curll's dining-room, two excepted; one of whom was the gentleman in the cockloft, his landlady being out of the way, and the *gradus ad parnassum* taken down; the other happened to be too closely watched by the bailiffs.

They no sooner entered the room, but all of them shewed in their behaviour some suspicion of each other; some turning away their heads with an air of contempt; others squinting with a leer, that shewed at once fear and indignation, each with a haggard abstracted mien, the lively picture of scorn, solitude, and short commons. So when a keeper feeds his hungry charge of vultures, panthers, and of Libyan leopards, each eyes his fellow with a fiery glare: high hung, the bloody liver tempts their maw. Or as a house-wife stands before her pales, surrounded by her geese; they fight, they hiss, they gaggle, beat their wings, and down is scattered as the winter's snow, for a poor grain of oat, or tare, or barley. Such looks shot through the room transverse, oblique, direct; such was the stir and din, till Curll thus spoke, (but without rising from his close-stool).

[1] Mrs. Centlivre. Her husband was 'Yeoman of the Mouth' to George I. They lived in Buckingham Court, Spring Gardens. She died 1st Dec., 1723, and in 1724 her husband was made Master Cook to the king.

[2] Oldmixon was living at this period in this parish.

"Whores and authors must be paid beforehand to put them in good humour; therefore here is half a crown apiece for you to drink your own healths, and confusion to Mr. Addison, and all other successful writers.

"Ah, gentlemen! what have I not done? what have I not suffered, rather than the world should be deprived of your lucubrations? I have taken involuntary purges, I have been vomited, three times have I been caned, once was I hunted, twice was my head broke by a grenadier, twice was I tossed in a blanket; I have had boxes on the ear, slaps on the chops; I have been frighted, pumped, kicked, slandered, and beshitten.——I hope, gentlemen, you are all convinced, that this author of Mr. Lintot's could mean nothing else but starving you, by poisoning me. It remains for us to consult the best and speediest methods of revenge."

He had scarce done speaking, but the historian proposed a history of his life. The Exeter-Exchange gentleman was for penning articles of his faith. Some pretty smart Pindaric, says the red-stocking poet, would effectually do his business. But the index-maker said, there was nothing like an index to his Homer.

After several debates, they came to the following resolutions.

"Resolved, That every member of this society, according to his several abilities, shall contribute some way or other to the defamation of Mr. Pope.

"Resolved, That towards the libelling of the said Pope there be a sum employed not exceeding six pounds sixteen shillings and nine-pence (not including advertisements).

"Resolved, That he has on purpose, in several passages, perverted the true ancient heathen sense of Homer, for the more effectual propagation of the Popish religion.

"Resolved, That the printing of Homer's battles, at this juncture, has been the occasion of all the disturbances of this kingdom.

"Ordered, That Mr. Barnevelt be invited to be a member of this society, in order to make further discoveries.

"Resolved, That a number of effective errata's be raised out of Pope's Homer (not exceeding 1746), and that every gentleman, who shall send in one error, for his encouragement shall have the whole works of this society gratis.

"Resolved, That a sum not exceeding ten shillings and sixpence be distributed among the members of this society for coffee and tobacco, in order to enable them the more effectually to defame him in coffee-houses.

"Resolved, That towards the further lessening the character of the said Pope, some persons be deputed to abuse him at ladies tea-tables, and that in consideration our authors are not well dressed enough, Mr. C——y and Mr. Ke——l be deputed for that service.

"Resolved, That a ballad be made against Mr. Pope, and that Mr. Oldmixon, Mr. Gildon, and Mrs. Centlivre, do prepare and bring in the same.[1]

"Resolved, That, above all, some effectual ways and means be found to encrease the joint stock of the reputation of this society, which at present is exceeding low, and to give their works the greater currency; whether by raising the denomination of the said works by counterfeit title-pages, or mixing a greater quantity of the fine metal of other authors with the alloy of this society.

"Resolved, That no member of this society for the future mix stout in his ale in a morning, and that Mr. B—— remove from the Hercules and Still.

"Resolved, That all our members (except the cook's wife) be provided with a sufficient quantity of the vivifying drops, or Byfield's sal volatile.

[1] The ballad alluded to is 'The Catholic Poet, or Protestant Barnaby's Sorrowful Lamentation. An excellent new Ballad. To the tune of Which Nobody can Deny.' It was published in 1716, price 3*d.*, and is an attack on Pope's Homer. Pope attributes it (Appendix to Dunciad) to Mrs. Centlivre. But Curll says (Curliad, p. 31, 12mo, 1729), "The whole by Mr. Oldmixon; not one word by Mrs. Centlivre."

"Resolved, That Sir Richard Blackmore[1] be appointed to endue this society with a large quantity of regular and exalted ferments, in order to enliven their cold sentiments (being his true receipt to make wits)."

These resolutions being taken, the assembly was ready to break up, but they took so near a part in Mr. Curll's afflictions, that none of them could leave him without giving him some advice to reinstate him in his health.

Mr. Gildon was of opinion, that in order to drive a Pope out of his belly, he should get the mummy of some deceased Moderator of the general assembly in Scotland, to be taken inwardly, as an effectual antidote against Antichrist; but Mr. Oldmixon did conceive, that the liver of the person who administered the poison, boiled in broth, would be a more certain cure.

While the company were expecting the thanks of Mr. Curll for these demonstrations of their zeal, a whole pile of Sir Richard's Essays on a sudden fell on his head; the shock of which in an instant brought back his delirium. He immediately rose up, overturned the close-stool and besh-t the Essay (which may probably occasion a second edition); then without putting up his breeches, in a most furious tone he thus broke out to his books, which his distempered imagination represented to him as alive, coming down from their shelves, fluttering their leaves, and flapping their covers at him.

Now G—d damn all folios, quartos, octavos, and duodecimos! ungrateful varlets that you are, who have so long taken up my house without paying for your lodging! Are you not the beggarly brood of fumbling journeymen! born in garrets among lice and cobwebs, nursed up on gray peas, bullocks liver, and porters ale?——Was not the first light you saw, the farthing

[1] Sir Richard Blackmore, in his Essays, vol. ii. p. 270, accused Mr. Pope in very high and sober terms, of profaneness and immorality, on the mere report of Curll, that he was author of a travestie on the first Psalm.—WARBURTON.

candle I paid for? Did you not come before your time into dirty sheets of brown paper?——And have not I clothed you in double royal, lodged you handsomely on decent shelves, laced your backs with gold, equipped you with splendid titles, and sent you into the world with the names of persons of quality? Must I be always plagued with you? Why flutter ye your leaves and flap your covers at me? Damn ye all, ye wolves in sheeps cloathing; rags ye were, and to rags ye shall return. Why hold you forth your texts to me, ye paltry sermons? Why cry ye,—at every word to me, ye bawdy poems?—To my shop at Tunbridge ye shall go, by G—, and thence be drawn like the rest of your predecessors, bit by bit, to the passage-house; for in this present emotion of my bowels, how do I compassionate those who have great need, and nothing to wipe their breech with?

Having said this, and at the same time recollecting that his own was yet unwiped, he abated of his fury, and with great gravity applied to that function the unfinished sheets of the conduct of the Earl of Nottingham.

A STRANGE BUT TRUE RELATION HOW MR. EDMUND CURLL, OF FLEET STREET, STATIONER, OUT OF AN EXTRAORDINARY DESIRE OF LUCRE, WENT INTO 'CHANGE ALLEY, AND WAS CONVERTED FROM THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION BY CERTAIN EMINENT JEWS; AND HOW HE WAS CIRCUMCISED, AND INITIATED INTO THEIR MYSTERIES.

AVARICE (as Sir Richard, in the third page of his Essays, hath elegantly observed) is an inordinate impulse of the soul towards the amassing or heaping together a superfluity of wealth, without the least regard of applying it to its proper uses.

And how the mind of man is possessed with this vice, may be seen every day both in the city and suburbs thereof. It has been always esteemed by Plato, Puffendorff, and Socrates, as the darling vice of old age: but now our young men are turned usurers and stockjobbers; and, instead of lusting after the real wives and daughters of our rich citizens, they covet nothing but their money and estates. Strange change of vice! when the concupiscence of youth is converted into the covetousness of age, and those appetites are now become VENAL, which should be VENEREAL.

In the first place, let us shew you how many of the ancient worthies and heroes of antiquity have been undone and ruined by this deadly sin of avarice.

I shall take the liberty to begin with Brutus, that noble Roman. Does not Ætian inform us, that he received fifty broad pieces for the assassination of that renowned Emperor Julius Cæsar, who fell a sacrifice to the Jews, as Sir Edmund Bury Godfrey did to the Papists?

Did not Themistocles let in the Goths and Vandals into Carthage for a sum of money, where they barbarously put out

the other eye of the famous Hannibal? as Herodotus hath it in his ninth book upon the Roman medals.

Even the great Cato (as the late Mr. Addison hath very well observed), though otherwise a gentleman of good sense, was not unsullied by this pecuniary contagion; for he sold Athens to Artaxerxes Longimanus for a hundred rix-dollars, which in our money will amount to two talents and thirty sestertii, according to Mr. Demoivre's calculation. See Hesiod in his seventh chapter of Feasts and Festivals.

Actuated by the same diabolical spirit of gain, Sylla the Roman Consul shot Alcibiades the Senator with a pistol, and robbed him of several bank-bills and 'chequer notes to an immense value; for which he came to an untimely end, and was denied Christian burial. Hence comes the proverb, *Incidat in Syllam.*

To come near to our own times, and give you one modern instance, though well known, and often quoted by historians, viz. Echard, Dionysius Halicarnasseus, Virgil, Horace, and others: It is that, I mean, of the famous Godfrey of Bulloigne, one of the great heroes of the holy war, who robbed Cleopatra Queen of Egypt of a diamond necklace, ear-rings, and a Tompion's gold watch (which was given her by Mark Anthony); all these things were found in Godfrey's breeches pocket, when he was killed at the siege of Damascus.

Who then can wonder, after so many great and illustrious examples, that Mr. Edmund Curll the stationer should renounce the Christian religion for the Mammon of unrighteousness, and barter his precious faith for the filthy prospect of lucre in the present fluctuation of stocks?

It having been observed to Mr. Curll, by some of his ingenious authors, (who I fear are not over-charged with any religion), what immense sums the Jews had got by bubbles, &c. he immediately turned his mind from the business, in which he was educated, but thrived little, and resolved to quit his shop for 'Change-alley. Whereupon falling into com-

pany with the Jews at their club at the sign of the Cross in Cornhill, they began to tamper with him upon the most important points of the Christian faith, which he for some time zealously, and like a good Christian, obstinately defended. They promised him Paradise, and many other advantages hereafter; but he artfully insinuated, that he was more inclinable to listen to present gain. They took the hint, and promised him, that immediately upon his conversion to their persuasion he should become as rich as a Jew.

They made use likewise of several other arguments; to wit,

That the wisest man that ever was, and inasmuch the richest, beyond all peradventure was a Jew, videlicet, Solomon.

That David, the man after God's own heart, was a Jew also. And most of the children of Israel are suspected for holding the same doctrine.

This Mr. Curll at first strenuously denied; for indeed he thought them Roman Catholics, and so far was he from giving way to their temptations, that to convince them of his Christianity he called for a pork grisking.

They now promised, if he would poison his wife, and give up his grisking, that he should marry the rich Ben Meymon's only daughter. This made some impression on him.

They then talked to him in the Hebrew tongue, which he not understanding, it was observed, had very great weight with him.

They now, perceiving that his godliness was only gain, desisted from all other arguments, and attacked him on his weak side, namely that of avarice.

Upon which John Mendez offered him an eighth of an advantageous bargain for the apostles creed, which he readily and wickedly renounced.

He then sold the nine and thirty articles for a bull;[1] but

[1] Bulls and bears. He who sells that of which he is not possessed, is proverbially said to sell the skin before he has caught the bear. It

insisted hard upon black puddings, being a great lover thereof.

Joshua Pereira engaged to let him share with him in his bottomrye; upon this he was persuaded out of his Christian name; but he still adhered to black puddings.

Sir Gideon Lopez tempted him with forty pound subscription in Ram's bubble; for which he was content to give up the four evangelists, and he was now completed a perfect Jew, all but black pudding and circumcision; for both of which he would have been glad to have had a dispensation.

But on the 17th of March, Mr. Curll (unknown to his wife) came to the tavern aforesaid. At his entrance into the room he perceived a meagre man, with a sallow countenance, a black forky beard, and long vestment. In his right hand he held a large pair of shears, and in his left a red-hot searing-iron. At sight of this Mr. Curll's heart trembled within him, and fain would he retire; but he was prevented by six Jews, who laid hands upon him, and unbuttoning his breeches, threw him upon the table, a pale pitiful spectacle.

He now intreated them in the most moving tone of voice to dispense with that unmanly ceremonial, which if they would consent to, he faithfully promised, that he would eat a quarter of a paschal lamb with them the next Sunday following.

All these protestations availed him nothing; for they threatened him, that all contracts and bargains should be void unless he would submit to bear all the outward and visible signs of Judaism.

Our apostate hearing this, stretched himself upon his back,

was the practice of stockjobbers in the year 1720, to enter into contract for transferring S. S. stock at a future time for a certain price; but he who contracted to sell had frequently no stock to transfer, nor did he who bought intend to receive any in consequence of his bargain; the seller was therefore called a bear, in allusion to the proverb; and the buyer a bull, perhaps only as a similar distinction. The contract was merely a wager to be determined by the rise or fall of stock; if it rose, the seller paid the difference to the buyer, who proportioned the sum determined by the same computation to the seller.

spread his legs, and waited for the operation: but when he saw the high priest take up the cleft stick, he roared most unmercifully, and swore several Christian oaths, for which the Jews rebuked him.

The savour of the effluvia that issued from him, convinced the old Levite, and all his assistants, that he needed no present purgation; wherefore, without further anointing him, he proceeded in his office: when, by an unfortunate jerk upward of the impatient victim, he lost five times as much as ever Jew did before.

They, finding that he was too much circumcised, which, by the levitical law, is worse than not being circumcised at all, refused to stand to any of their contracts: wherefore they cast him forth from their synagogue; and he now remains a most piteous, woeful, and miserable sight at the sign of the Old Testament and Dial in Fleet-street;[1] his wife, poor woman, is at this hour lamenting over him, wringing her hands, and tearing her hair; for the barbarous Jews still keep and expose at Jonathan's and Garraway's, the memorial of her loss, and her husband's indignity.

PRAYER.

[To save the stamp.]

Keep us, we beseech thee, from the hands of such barbarous and cruel Jews, who albeit they abhor the blood of black puddings, yet thirst they vehemently after the blood of white ones. And that we may avoid such like calamities, may all good and well-disposed Christians be warned by this unhappy wretch's woeful example, to abominate the hainous sin of avarice, which, sooner or later, will draw them into the cruel clutches of Satan, Papists, Jews, and stockjobbers. Amen.

[1] *i.e.*, the Dial and Bible.

A KEY TO THE LOCK:

OR

A TREATISE,

PROVING BEYOND ALL CONTRADICTION THE DANGEROUS TENDENCY OF A LATE POEM, INTITLED, THE RAPE OF THE LOCK, TO GOVERNMENT AND RELIGION.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXIV.

SINCE this unhappy division of our nation into PARTIES, it is not to be imagined how many artifices have been made use of by writers to obscure the truth, and cover designs which may be detrimental to the public. In particular, it has been their custom of late to vent their political spleen in allegory and fable. If an honest believing nation is to be made a jest of, we have a story of John Bull and his wife; if a treasurer is to be glanced at, an ant with a white straw is introduced; if a treaty of commerce is to be ridiculed, it is immediately metamorphosed into a Tale of Count Tariff.

But if any of these malevolents have a small talent in rhyme, they principally delight to convey their malice in that pleasing way; as it were, gilding the pill, and concealing the poison under the sweetness of numbers.

It is the duty of every well designing subject to prevent, as far as he can, the ill consequences of such pernicious treatises; and I hold it mine to warn the public of a late poem, intitled,

The RAPE of the LOCK: which I shall demonstrate to be of this nature.

It is a common and just observation, that, when the meaning of anything is dubious, one can no way better judge of the true intent of it, than by considering who is the author, what is his character in general, and his disposition in particular.

Now, that the author of this poem is a reputed papist, is well known; and that a genius so capable of doing service to that cause may have been corrupted in the course of his education by jesuits or others, is justly very much to be suspected; notwithstanding that seeming coolness and moderation, which he had been (perhaps artfully) reproached with by those of his own persuasion. They are sensible, that this nation is secured by good and wholesome laws, to prevent all evil practices of the church of Rome; particularly the publication of books, that may in any sort propagate that doctrine: their authors are therefore obliged to couch their designs the deeper; and though I cannot aver the intention of this gentleman was directly to spread popish doctrines, yet it comes to the same point if he touch the government: for the court of Rome knows very well, that the church at this time is so firmly founded on the state, that the only way to shake the one is by attacking the other.

What confirms me in this opinion, is an accidental discovery I made of a very artful piece of management among his popish friends and abetters, to hide his whole design upon the government, by taking all the characters upon themselves.

Upon the day that this poem was published, it was my fortune to step into the Cocoa-tree, where a certain gentleman was railing very liberally at the author with a passion extremely well counterfeited, for having, as he said, reflected upon him in the character of Sir Plume. Upon his going out, I enquired who he was, and they told me he was a Roman Catholic Knight.

I was the same evening at Will's, and saw a circle round another gentleman, who was railing in like manner, and shewing his snuff-box and cane to prove he was satirized in the same character. I asked this gentleman's name, and was told he was a Roman Catholic Lord.

A day or two after I happened to be in company with the young Lady, to whom the poem is dedicated. She also took up the character of Belinda with much frankness and good humour, though the author has given us a hint in his dedication,[1] that he meant something further. This lady is also a Roman Catholic. At the same time others of the characters were claimed by some persons in the room; and all of them Roman Catholics.

But to proceed to the work itself:

In all things which are intricate, as allegories in their own nature are, and especially those that are industriously made so, it is not to be expected we should find the clue at first sight: but when once we have laid hold on that, we shall trace this our author through all the labyrinths, doublings, and turnings of this intricate composition.

First then, let it be observed, that in the most demonstrative sciences some postulata are to be granted, upon which the rest is naturally founded.

The only postulatum or concession which I desire to be made me, is, that by the Lock is meant

THE BARRIER TREATY.[2]

I. First then, I shall discover that Belinda represents Great Britain, or, which is the same thing, her late Majesty. This is plainly seen in his description of her:

On her white breast a sparkling cross she bore,

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[1] "The character of Belinda (as it is here managed) resembles you in nothing but beauty." Dedication to the Rape of the Lock.

[2] For a full account of the political transactions relating to this treaty, see The Conduct of the Allies; and Remarks on the Barrier-Treaty, vol. ii.

alluding to the ancient name of Albion, from her white cliffs, and to the cross which is the ensign of England.

II. The baron, who cuts off the Lock, or barrier-treaty, is the E. of Oxford.

III. Clarissa, who lent the scissars, my Lady Masham.

IV. Thalestris, who provokes Belinda to resent the loss of the Lock, or Treaty, the Duchess of Marlborough.

V. Sir Plume, who is moved by Thalestris to redemand it of Great Britain, Prince Eugene, who came hither for that purpose.

There are some other inferior characters, which we shall observe upon afterwards; but I shall first explain the foregoing.

The first part of the Baron's character is his being adventurous, or enterprising, which is the common epithet given to the Earl of Oxford by his enemies. The prize he aspires to is the treasury, in order to which he offers a sacrifice:

——— an altar built
Of twelve vast French romances neatly gilt.

Our author here takes occasion maliciously to insinuate this statesman's love to France; representing the books he chiefly studies to be vast French romances: these are the vast prospects from the friendship and alliance of France, which he satirically calls romances: hinting thereby, that these promises and protestations were no more to be relied on than those idle legends. Of these he is said to build an altar; to intimate that the foundation of his schemes and honours was fixed upon the French romances abovementioned.

A fan, a garter, half a pair of gloves.

One of the things he sacrifices is a fan, which, both for its gaudy show and perpetual fluttering, has been held the emblem of woman: this points at the change of the ladies of the bedchamber. The garter alludes to the honours he conferred on some of his friends; and we may, without straining the

sense, call the half pair of gloves a gauntlet, the token of those military employments, which he is said to have sacrificed to his designs. The prize, as I said before, means the treasury, which he makes his prayer soon to obtain, and long to possess :

> The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r,
> The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air.

In the first of these lines he gives him the treasury, and in the last suggests, that he should not long possess that honour.

That Thalestris is the Duchess of Marlborough, appears both by her nearness to Belinda, and by this author's malevolent suggestion that she is a lover of war :

> To arms, to arms, the bold Thalestris cries :

But more particularly by several passages in her speech to Belinda upon the cutting off the lock, or treaty. Among other things she says, Was it for this you bound your locks in paper durance? Was it for this so much paper has been spent to secure the barrier-treaty?

> Methinks, already I your tears survey ;
> Already hear the horrid things they say ;
> Already see you a degraded toast.

This describes the aspersions under which that good Princess suffered, and the repentance which must have followed the dissolution of that treaty ; and particularly levels at the refusal some people made to drink her Majesty's health.

Sir Plume (a proper name for a soldier) has all the circumstances that agree with Prince Eugene :

> Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
> And the nice conduct of a clouded cane,
> With earnest eyes ———

It is remarkable, this general is a great taker of snuff, as well as towns ; his conduct of the clouded cane gives him the honour which is so justly his due, of an exact conduct in battle, which is figured by his cane or truncheon, the

ensign of a general. His earnest eye, or the vivacity of his look, is so particularly remarkable in him, that this character could be mistaken for no other, had not the author purposely obscured it by the fictitious circumstances of a round unthinking face.

Having now explained the chief characters of his human persons (for there are some others that will hereafter fall in by the bye, in the sequel of this discourse), I shall next take in pieces his machinery, wherein the satire is wholly confined to ministers of state.

The Sylphs and Gnomes at first sight appeared to me to signify the two contending parties of this nation; for these being placed in the air, and those on the earth, I thought agreed very well with the common denomination, high and low. But as they are made to be the first movers and influencers of all that happens, it is plain they represent promiscuously the heads of parties; whom he makes to be the authors of all those changes in the state, which are generally imputed to the levity and instability of the British nation:

> This erring mortals levity may call:
> Oh blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.

But of this he has given us a plain demonstration; for, speaking of these spirits, he says in express terms,

> —— The chief the care of nations own,
> And guard with arms divine the British throne.

And here let it not seem odd, if, in this mysterious way of writing we find the same person, who has before been represented by the Baron, again described in the character of Ariel, it being a common way with authors, in this fabulous manner, to take such a liberty. As for instance, I have read in St. Evremont, that all the different characters in Petronius are but Nero in so many different appearances. And in the key to the curious romance of Barclay's Argenis, both Poliarchus and Archombrotus mean only the king of Navarre.

We observe in the very beginning of the poem, that Ariel is possessed of the ear of Belinda; therefore it is absolutely necessary, that this person must be the minister who was nearest the Queen. But whoever would be further convinced, that he meant the treasurer, may know him by his ensigns in the following line:

He rais'd his azure wand.

His sitting on the mast of a vessel shews his presiding over the South-sea trade. When Ariel assigns to his Sylphs all the posts about Belinda, what is more clearly described than the treasurer's disposing of all the places in the kingdom, and particularly about her Majesty? But let us hear the lines:

—— Ye spirits, to your charge repair,
The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign,
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine:
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite lock.

He has here particularized the ladies and women of the bed-chamber, the keeper of the cabinet, and her Majesty's dresser, and impudently given nick names to each. To put this matter beyond all dispute, the Sylphs are said to be wondrous fond of place, in the Canto following, where Ariel is perched uppermost, and all the rest take their places subordinately under him.

Here again I cannot but observe the excessive malignity of this author, who could not leave the character of Ariel without the same invidious stroke which he gave him in the character of the Baron before:

Amaz'd, confus'd, he saw his pow'r expir'd,
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.

Being another prophecy that he should resign his place, which it is probable all ministers do, with a sigh.

At the head of the Gnomes he sets Umbriel, a dusky melancholy sprite, who makes it his business to give Belinda the spleen: a vile and malicious suggestion against some grave and worthy minister. The vapours, phantoms, visions, and the

like, are the jealousies, fears, and cries of danger, that have so often affrighted and alarmed the nation. Those who are described in the house of spleen, under those several fantastical forms, are the same whom their ill-willers have so often called the whimsical.

The two foregoing spirits being the only considerable characters of the machinery, I shall but just mention the Sylph, that is wounded with the scissars at the loss of the lock, by whom is undoubtedly understood my Lord Townshend, who at that time received a wound in his character for making the barrier-treaty, and was cut out of his employment upon the dissolution of it: but that spirit reunites, and receives no harm; to signify that it came to nothing, and his Lordship had no real hurt by it.

But I must not conclude this head of the characters without observing, that our author has run through every stage of beings in search of topics for detraction. As he has characterized some persons under angels and men, so he has others under animals and things inanimate; he has even represented an eminent clergyman as a dog, and a noted writer as a tool. Let us examine the former:

> —— But Shock, who thought she slept too long,
> Leapt up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.
> 'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
> Thy eyes first open'd on a billet-doux.

By this Shock it is manifest he has most audaciously and profanely reflected on Dr. Sacheverel, who leapt up, that is, into the pulpit, and awakened Great Britain with his tongue, that is, with his sermon, which made so much noise, and for which he has been frequently termed by others of his enemies as well as by this author, a dog. Or perhaps, by his tongue may be more literally meant his speech at his trial, since immediately thereupon, our author says, her eyes opened on a billet-doux. Billet-doux being addresses to ladies from lovers, may be aptly interpreted those addresses of loving subjects to her Majesty, which ensued that trial.

The other instance is at the end of the third Canto:

> Steel did the labours of the gods destroy,
> And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of Troy,
> Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
> And hew triumphal arches to the ground.

Here he most impudently attributes the demolition of Dunkirk, not to the pleasure of her Majesty, or of her ministry, but to the frequent instigations of his friend Mr. Steel. A very artful pun to conceal his wicked lampoonry!

Having now considered the general intent and scope of the poem, and opened the characters, I shall next discover the malice which is covered under the episodes, and particular passages of it.

The game at ombre is a mystical representation of the late war, which is hinted by his making spades the trump; spade in Spanish signifying a sword, and being yet so painted in the cards of that nation, to which it is well known we owe the original of our cards. In this one place indeed he has unawares paid a compliment to the Queen and her success in the war; for Belinda gets the better of the two that play against her, viz., the kings of France and Spain.

I do not question but every particular card has its person and character assigned, which, no doubt, the author has told his friends in private; but I shall only instance in the description of the disgrace under which the Duke of Marlborough then suffered, which is so apparent in these verses:

> Ev'n mighty pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,
> And mow'd down armies in the fights of lu,
> Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
> Falls undistinguish'd ——

And that the author here had an eye to our modern transactions, is very plain, from an unguarded stroke towards the end of this game:

> And now, as oft in some distemper'd state,
> On one nice trick depends the gen'ral fate.

After the conclusion of the war, the public rejoicings and thanksgivings are ridiculed in the two following lines:

> The nymph, exulting, fills with shouts the sky,
> The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

Immediately upon which there follows a malicious insinuation, in the manner of a prophecy (which we have formerly observed this seditious writer delights in), that the peace should continue but a short time, and that the day should afterwards be cursed, which was then celebrated with so much joy:

> Sudden these honours shall be snatch'd away,
> And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

As the game at ombre is a satirical representation of the late war, so is the tea-table that ensues, of the council table, and its consultations after the peace. By this he would hint, that all the advantages we have gained by our late extended commerce are only coffee and tea, or things of no greater value. That he thought of the trade in this place, appears by the passage which represents the Sylphs particularly careful of the rich brocade; it having been a frequent complaint of our mercers, that French brocades were imported in great quantities. I will not say he means those presents of rich gold stuff suits, which were said to be made her Majesty by the king of France, though I cannot but suspect that he glances at it.

Here this author (as well as the scandalous John Dunton) represents the ministry in plain terms taking frequent cups,

> And frequent cups prolong the rich repast;

for it is manifest he meant something more than common coffee, by his calling it

> Coffee that makes the politician wise;

and by telling us, it was this coffee, that

> Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
> New stratagems——

I shall only further observe, that it was at this table the lock was cut off; for where, but at the council-board, should the barrier-treaty be dissolved?

The ensuing contentions of the parties, upon the loss of that treaty, are described in the squabbles following the Rape of the Lock; and this he rashly expresses without any disguise,

All side in parties——

and here you have a gentleman who sinks beside the chair: a plain allusion to a noble Lord, who lost his chair of president of the council.

I come next to the bodkin, so dreadful in the hand of Belinda; by which he intimates the British sceptre, so revered in the hand of our late august Princess. His own note upon this place tells us, he alludes to a sceptre; and the verses are so plain, they need no remark.

> The same (his antient personage to deck)
> Her great great grandsire wore about his neck
> In three seal rings, which after melted down,
> Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown;
> Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
> The bells she gingled, and the whistle blew;
> Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
> Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.

An open satire upon hereditary right! The three seal rings plainly allude to the three kingdoms.

These are the chief passages in the battle, by which, as hath before been said, he means the squabble of parties. Upon this occasion he could not end the description without testifying his malignant joy at those dissensions, from which he forms the prospect that both should be disappointed, and cries out with triumph, as if it were already accomplished,

> Behold how oft ambitious aims are crost,
> And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost.

The lock at length is turn'd into a star, or the old barrier-treaty into a new and glorious peace. This, no doubt, is what

the author, at the time he printed this poem, would have been thought to mean; in hopes by that compliment to escape the punishment for the rest of this piece. It puts me in mind of a fellow, who concluded a bitter lampoon upon the prince and court of his days, with these lines:

> God save the king, the commons, and the peers,
> And grant the author long may wear his ears.

Whatever this author may think of that peace, I imagine it the most extraordinary star that ever appeared in our hemisphere. A star, that is to bring us all the wealth and gold of the Indies; and from whose influence, not Mr. John Partridge alone (whose worthy labours this writer so ungenerously ridicules), but all true Britons may, with no less authority than he, prognosticate the fall of Lewis in the restraint of the exorbitant power of France, and the fate of Rome in the triumphant condition of the Church of England.

We have now considered this poem in its political view, wherein we have shown, that it hath two different walks of satire; the one in the story itself, which is a ridicule on the late transactions in general, the other in the machinery, which is a satire on the ministers of state in particular. I shall now shew that the same poem, taken in another light, has a tendency to popery, which is secretly insinuated thro' the whole.

In the first place, he has conveyed to us the doctrine of guardian angels and patron saints, in the machinery of his Sylphs, which being a piece of popish superstition that hath been exploded ever since the Reformation, he would revive under this disguise. Here are all the particulars which they believe of those beings, which I shall sum up in a few heads.

1st, The spirits are made to concern themselves with all human actions in general.

2dly, A distinct guardian spirit or patron is assigned to each person in particular:

> Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
> A watchful sprite ——

3dly, They are made directly to inspire dreams, visions, and revelations.

> Her guardian Sylph prolong'd her balmy rest,
> 'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed
> The morning dream——

4thly, They are made to be subordinate in different degrees, some presiding over others. So Ariel has his several under-officers at command,

> Superior by the head was Ariel plac'd.

5thly, They are employed in various offices, and each hath his office assigned him.

> Some in the fields of purest æther play,
> And bask and whiten in the blaze of day;
> Some guide the course, &c.

6thly, He hath given his spirits the charge of the several parts of dress; intimating thereby, that the saints preside over the several parts of human bodies. They have one saint to cure the tooth-ach, another the gripes, another the gout, and so of the rest.

> The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care,
> The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign, &c.

7thly, They are represented to know the thoughts of men:

> As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
> He watch'd th' ideas rising in her mind.

8thly, They are made protectors even to animal and irrational beings:

> Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

So St. Anthony presides over hogs, &c.

9thly, They are made patrons of whole kingdoms and provinces:

> Of these the chief, the care of nations own.

So St. George is imagined by the papists to defend England,

St. Patrick Ireland, St. James Spain, &c. Now, what is the consequence of this? By granting that they have this power, we must be brought back again to pray to them.

The toilette is an artful recommendation of the mass, and pompous ceremonies of the church of Rome. The unveiling of the altar, the silver vases upon it, being robed in white as the priests are upon the chief festivals, and the head uncovered, are manifest marks of this.

> A heav'nly image in the glass appears,
> To that she bends ——

plainly denotes image worship.

The goddess, who is decked with treasures, jewels, and the various offerings of the world, manifestly alludes to the Lady of Loretto. You have perfumes breathing from the incense-pot in the following line:

> And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.

The character of Belinda, as we take it in this third view, represents the popish religion, or the whore of Babylon; who is described in the state this malevolent author wishes for, coming forth in all her glory upon the Thames, and overspreading the whole nation with ceremonies:

> Not with more glories in th' ætherial plain
> The sun first rises o'er the purple main,
> Then issuing forth the rival of his beams
> Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.

She is dressed with a cross on her breast, the ensign of popery, the adoration of which is plainly recommended in the following lines:

> On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore:
> Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.

Next he represents her as the universal church, according to the boasts of the papists:

> And like the sun she shines on all alike.

After which he tells us,

> If to her share some female errors fall,
> Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

Though it should be granted some errors fall to her share, look on the pompous figure she makes throughout the world, and they are not worth regarding. In the sacrifice following you have these two lines:

> For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd
> Propitious heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd.

In the first of them he plainly hints at their rising to matins; in the second, by adoring every power, the invocation of saints.

Belinda's visits are described with numerous wax-lights, which are always used in the ceremonial part of the Romish worship:

> —— Visits shall be paid on solemn days,
> When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze.

The lunar sphere he mentions, opens to us their purgatory, which is seen in the following lines:

> Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there.

It is a popish doctrine, that scarce any person quits this world, but he must touch at purgatory in his way to heaven; and it is here also represented as the treasury of the Romish church. Nor is it much to be wondered at, that the moon should be purgatory, when a learned divine hath in a late treatise proved the sun to be hell.[1]

I shall now, before I conclude, desire the reader to compare this key with those upon any other pieces, which are supposed to have been secret satires upon the state, either ancient or modern: in particular with the keys to Petronius Arbiter, Lucian's true History, Barclay's Argenis, and Rabelais's Garagantua; and I doubt not he will do me the justice to

[1] The Rev. Dr. Swinden.

acknowledge, that the explanations here laid down, are reduced as naturally, and with as little violence, both from the general scope and bent of the work, and from the several particulars: furthermore, that they are every way as consistent and undeniable, every way as candid, as any modern interpretation of either party on the conduct and writings of the other. And I appeal to the most eminent and able state decypherers themselves, if, according to their art, any thing can be more fully proved, or more safely sworn to?

To sum up my whole charge against this author in a few words: he has ridiculed both the present ministry and the last; abused great statesmen and great generals; nay the treaties of whole nations have not escaped him, nor has the royal dignity itself been omitted in the progress of his satire; and all this he has done just at the meeting of a new parliament. I hope a proper authority may be made use of to bring him to condign punishment. In the mean while I doubt not, if the persons most concerned would but order Mr. Bernard Lintot, the printer and publisher of this dangerous piece, to be taken into custody and examined, many farther discoveries might be made, both of this poet's and abettor's secret designs, which are doubtless of the utmost importance to the government.

GUARDIANS.

No. 4. MARCH 16, 1713.

THOUGH most things which are wrong in their own nature are at once confessed and absolved in that single word, the Custom, yet there are some, which as they have a dangerous tendency, a thinking man will the less excuse on that very account. Among these I cannot but reckon the common practice of *Dedications*, which is of so much the worse consequence as 'tis generally used by people of politeness, and whom a learned education for the most part ought to have inspired with nobler and juster sentiments. This prostitution of praise is not only a deceit upon the gross of mankind, who take their notion of characters from the learned; but also the better sort must by this means lose some part at least of that desire of fame which is the incentive to generous actions, when they find it promiscuously bestowed on the meritorious and undeserving. Nay, the author himself, let him be supposed to have ever so true a value for the patron, can find no terms to express it, but what have been already used, and rendered suspected by flatterers. Even truth itself in a Dedication is like an honest man in a disguise or vizor-masque, and will appear a cheat by being drest so like one. Though the merit of the person is beyond dispute, I see no reason that, because one man is eminent, therefore another has a right to be impertinent, and throw praises in his face. 'Tis just the reverse of the practice of the ancient Romans, when a person was advanced to triumph

for his services: they hired people to rail at him in that circumstance, to make him as humble as they could; and we have fellows to flatter him, and make him as proud as they can. Supposing the writer not to be mercenary, yet the great man is no more in reason obliged to thank him for his picture in a Dedication, than to thank the painter for that on a sign-post; except it be a less injury to touch the most sacred part of him, his character, than to make free with his countenance only. I should think nothing justified me in this point, but the patron's permission beforehand, that I should draw him as like as I could; whereas most authors proceed in this affair just as a dawber I have heard of, who, not being able to draw portraits after the life, was used to paint faces at random, and look out afterwards for people whom he might persuade to be like them. To express my notion of the thing in a word: to say more to a man than one thinks, with a prospect of interest, is dishonest; and without it, foolish. And whoever has had success in such an undertaking, must of necessity at once think himself in his heart a knave for having done it, and his patron a fool for having believed it.

I have sometimes been entertained with considering Dedications in no very common light. By observing what qualities our writers think it will be most pleasing to others to compliment them with, one may form some judgment which are most so to themselves; and, in consequence, what sort of people they are. Without this view one can read very few Dedications, but will give us cause to wonder, either how such things came to be said at all, or how they were said to such persons. I have known an hero complimented upon the decent majesty and state he assumed after a victory; and a nobleman of a different character applauded for his condescension to inferiors. This would have seemed very strange to me but that I happened to know the authors. He who made the first compliment was a lofty gentleman, whose air and gait discovered when he had published a new book; and the other tippled

every night with the fellows who laboured at the press while his own writings were working off. 'Tis observable of the female poets and ladies dedicatory, that there (as elsewhere) they far exceed us in any strain or rant. As beauty is the thing that sex are piqu'd upon, they speak of it generally in a more elevated style than is used by the men. They adore in the same manner as they would be adored. So when the authoress of a famous modern romance begs a young nobleman's permission to pay him her *kneeling adorations*, I am far from censuring the expression, as some critics would do, as deficient in grammar or sense; but I reflect, that adorations paid in that posture are what a lady might expect herself, and my wonder immediately ceases. These, when they flatter most, do but as they would be done unto; for as none are so much concerned at being injured by calumnies, as they who are readiest to cast them upon their neighbours, so, 'tis certain none are so guilty of flattery to others as those who most ardently desire it themselves.

What led me into these thoughts was a Dedication I happened upon this morning. The reader must understand that I treat the least instances or remains of ingenuity with respect, in what places soever found, or under whatever circumstances of disadvantage. From this love to letters I have been so happy in my searches after knowledge, that I have found unvalued repositories of learning in the lining of bandboxes. I look upon these pasteboard edifices, adorned with the fragments of the ingenious, with the same veneration as antiquaries upon ruined buildings, whose walls preserve divers inscriptions and names, which are nowhere else to be found in the world. This morning, when one of Lady Lizard's daughters was looking over some hoods and ribbands, brought by her tirewoman, with great care and diligence, I employed no less in examining the box which contained them; it was lined with certain scenes of a tragedy, written (as appeared by a part of the title there extant) by one of the fair sex. What was most

legible was the Dedication; which, by reason of the largeness of the characters, was least defaced by those Gothic ornaments of flourishes and foliage, wherewith the compilers of these sort of structures do often industriously obscure the works of the learned. As much of it as I could read with any ease, I shall communicate to the reader, as follows:— . . . "Though it is a kind of profanation to approach your Grace with so poor an offering, yet when I reflect how acceptable a sacrifice of first fruits was to Heaven, in the earliest and purest ages of religion, that they were honoured with solemn feasts, and consecrated to altars by a Divine command; . . . Upon that consideration, as an argument of particular zeal, I dedicate . . . 'Tis impossible to behold you without adoring; yet dazzled and aw'd by the glory that surrounds you, men feel a sacred power, that refines their flames, and renders them pure as those we ought to offer to the Deity. . . . The shrine is worthy the divinity that inhabits it. In your Grace we see what woman was before she fell, how nearly allied to the purity and perfection of angels. And we adore and bless the glorious work!"

Undoubtedly these, and other periods of this most pious Dedication, could not but convince the Duchess of what the eloquent authoress assures her at the end—that she was her servant with most ardent devotion. I think this a pattern of a new sort of style, not yet taken notice of by the critics, which is above the sublime, and may be called the celestial; that is, when the most sacred praises appropriated to the honour of the deity, are applied to a mortal of good quality. As I am naturally emulous, I cannot but endeavour, in imitation of this lady, to be the inventor, or, at least, the first producer of a new kind of Dedication, very different from hers and most others, since it has not a word but what the author religiously thinks in it. It may serve for almost any book either prose or verse, that has, is, or shall be published; and might run in this manner:—

THE AUTHOR TO HIMSELF.

Most Honoured Sir,

These labours, upon many considerations, so properly belong to none as to you: first, that it was your most earnest desire alone that could prevail upon me to make them public; then, as I am secure (from that constant indulgence you have ever shown to all which is mine) that no man will so readily take them into protection, or so zealously defend them. Moreover, there's none can so soon discover the beauties; and there are some parts, which 'tis possible few besides yourself are capable of understanding. Sir, the honour, affection, and value I have for you are beyond expression; as great, I am sure, or greater, than any man else can bear you. As for any defects which others may pretend to discover in you, I do faithfully declare I was never able to perceive them; and doubt not but those persons are actuated purely by a spirit of malice or envy, the inseparable attendants on shining merit and parts, such as I have always esteemed yours to be. It may perhaps be looked upon as a kind of violence to modesty, to say this to you in public; but you may believe me, 'tis no more than I have a thousand times thought of you in private. Might I follow the impulse of my soul, there is no subject I could launch into with more pleasure than your panegyric; but since something is due to modesty, let me conclude by telling you, that there's nothing I so much desire as to know you more thoroughly than I have yet the happiness of doing. I may then hope to be capable to do you some real service; but, 'till then, can only assure you, that I shall continue to be, as I am more than any man alive,

Dearest Sir,

Your affectionate friend, and

The greatest of your admirers.

No. 11. TUESDAY, MARCH 24.

Huc propiùs me,
Dum doceo insanire omnes, vos ordine adite.
Hor. Sat. iii. lib. ii. v. 80.

TO THE GUARDIAN.

"SIR,—As you profess to encourage all those who any way contribute to the public good, I flatter myself I may claim your countenance and protection. I am by profession a mad doctor, but of a peculiar kind, not of those whose aim it is to remove frenzies, but one who make it my business to confer an agreeable madness on my fellow-creatures, for their mutual delight and benefit. Since it is agreed by the philosophers, that happiness and misery consist chiefly in the imagination, nothing is more necessary to mankind in general than this pleasing delirium, which renders every one satisfied with himself, and persuades him that all others are equally so.

"I have for several years, both at home and abroad, made this science my particular study, which I may venture to say I have improved in almost all the courts of Europe; and have reduced it into so safe and easy a method, as to practise it on both sexes, of what disposition, age, or quality soever, with success. What enables me to perform this great work is the use of my *obsequium catholicon*, or the *grand elixir*, to support the spirits of human nature. This remedy is of the most grateful flavour in the world, and agrees with all tastes whatever. 'Tis delicate to the senses, delightful in the operation, may be taken at all hours without confinement, and is as properly given at a ball or play-house as in a private chamber, It restores and vivifies the most dejected minds, corrects and extracts all that is painful in the knowledge of a man's self. One dose of it will instantly disperse itself through the whole

animal system, dissipate the first motions of distrust so as never to return, and so exhilarate the brain and rarify the gloom of reflection, as to give the patients a new flow of spirits, a vivacity of behaviour, and a pleasing dependence upon their own capacities.

"Let a person be never so far gone, I advise him not to despair, even though he has been troubled many years with restless reflections, which by long neglect have hardened into settled consideration. Those that have been stung with satire may here find a certain antidote, which infallibly disperses all the remains of poison that has been left in the understanding by bad cures. It fortifies the heart against the rancour of pamphlets, the inveteracy of epigrams, and the mortification of lampoons; as has been often experienced by several persons of both sexes, during the seasons of *Tunbridge*, and the *Bath*.

"I could, as further instances of my success, produce certificates and testimonials from the favourites and ghostly Fathers of the most eminent Princes of Europe; but shall content myself with the mention of a few cures, which I have performed by this my *Grand Universal Restorative*, during the practice of one month only since I came to this city.

"*Cures in the Month of February*, 1713.

"George Spondee, Esq., poet, and inmate of the parish of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, fell into violent fits of the spleen upon a thin third night. He had been frighted into a vertigo by the sound of cat-calls on the first day; and the frequent hissings on the second made him unable to endure the bare pronunciation of the letter S. I searched into the causes of his distemper; and by the prescription of a dose of my *obsequium*, prepared *secundum artem*, recovered him to his natural state of madness. I cast in at proper intervals the words, *ill taste of the town*, *envy of critics*, *bad performance of the actors*, and the like. He is so perfectly cured, that he has promised to bring another play upon the stage next winter.

"A lady of professed virtue of the parish of St. James's, Westminster, who hath desired her name may be concealed, having taken offence at a phrase of double meaning in conversation, undiscovered by any other in the company, suddenly fell into a cold fit of modesty. Upon a right application of praise of her virtue, I threw the lady into an agreeable waking dream, settled the fermentation of her blood into a warm charity, so as to make her look with patience on the very gentleman that offended.

"Hilaria, of the parish of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, a coquette of long practice, was by the reprimand of an old maiden reduced to look grave in company, and deny herself the play of the fan. In short, she was brought to such melancholy circumstances, that she would sometimes unawares fall into devotion at church. I advis'd her to take a few *innocent freedoms with occasional kisses*, prescribed her the *exercise of the eyes*, and immediately raised her to her former state of life. She on a sudden recovered her dimples, furled her fan, threw round her glances, and for these two Sundays last past has not once been seen in an attentive posture. This the churchwardens are ready to attest upon oath.

"Andrew Terror, of the Middle Temple, Mohock, was almost induced by an aged Bencher of the same house to leave off bright conversation, and pore over 'Coke upon Littleton.' He was so ill that his hat began to flap, and he was seen one day in the last Term at Westminster Hall. This patient had quite lost his spirit of contradiction; I, by the distillation of a few of my vivifying drops in his ear, drew him from his lethargy, and restored him to his usual vivacious misunderstanding. He is at present very easy in his condition.

"I will not dwell upon the recital of the innumerable cures I have performed within twenty days last past: but rather proceed to exhort all persons of whatever age, complexion, or quality, to take as soon as possible of this my intellectual oil, which applied at the ear seizes all the senses

with a most agreeable transport, and discovers its effects, not only to the satisfaction of the patient, but all who converse with, attend upon, or any way relate to him or her that receives the kindly infection. It is often administered by chamber-maids, valets, or any the most ignorant domestic; it being one peculiar excellence of this my oil, that 'tis most prevalent, the more unskilful the person is, or appears, who applies it. It is absolutely necessary for ladies to take a dose of it just before they take coach to go a visiting.

"But I offend the public, as Horace said, when I trespass on any of your time. Give me leave, then, Mr. Ironside, to make you a present of a drachm or two of my oil; though I have cause to fear my prescriptions will not have the effect upon you I could wish. Therefore I do not endeavour to bribe you in my favour by the present of my oil, but wholly depend upon your public spirit and generosity, which, I hope, will recommend to the world the useful endeavours of,

Sir, your most obedient, most faithful,
most devoted, most humble servant and admirer,
GNATHO.

*** Beware of counterfeits, for such are abroad.

"N.B. I teach the arcana of my art at reasonable rates to gentlemen of the Universities, who desire to be qualified for writing dedications; and to young lovers and fortune-hunters, to be paid at the day of marriage. I instruct persons of bright capacities to flatter others, and those of the meanest to flatter themselves.

"I was the first inventor of pocket looking-glasses."

No. 40. MONDAY, APRIL 27, 1713.

BEING A CONTINUATION OF SOME FORMER PAPERS ON THE SUBJECT OF PASTORALS.

Compulerantque greges Corydon et Thyrsis in unum :
Ex illo Corydon, Corydon est tempore nobis.

1. I DESIGNED to have troubled the reader with no further discourses of Pastoral; but being informed that I am taxed of partiality in not mentioning an author whose Eclogues are published in the same volume with Mr. Philips's, I shall employ this paper in observations upon him, written in the free spirit of criticism, and without any apprehension of offending that gentleman, whose character it is, that he takes the greatest care of his works before they are published, and has the least concern for them afterwards.

2. I have laid it down as the first rule of Pastoral, that its ideas should be taken from the manners of the Golden Age, and the moral formed upon the representation of innocence; 'tis therefore plain that any deviations from that design degrade a poem from being truly pastoral. In this view it will appear, that Virgil can only have two of his Eclogues allowed to be such: his first and ninth must be rejected, because they describe the ravages of armies, and oppressions of the innocent; Corydon's criminal passion for Alexis throws out the second; the calumny and railing in the third are not proper to that state of concord; the eighth represents unlawful ways of procuring love by inchantments, and introduces a shepherd whom an inviting precipice tempts to self-murder. As to the fourth, sixth, and tenth, they are given up by Heinsius,[1] Salmasius, Rapin, and the critics in general.

[1] See Rapin de Carm., par. iii.

They likewise observe that but eleven of all the Idyllia of Theocritus are to be admitted as Pastorals: and even out of that number the greater part will be excluded for one or other of the reasons above mentioned. So that when I remarked in a former paper, that Virgil's Eclogues, taken altogether, are rather select poems than Pastorals, I might have said the same thing with no less truth of Theocritus. The reason of this I take to be yet unobserved by the critics, viz., they never meant them all for pastorals.

Now it is plain Philips hath done this, and in that particular excelled both Theocritus and Virgil.

3. As simplicity is the distinguishing characteristic of Pastoral, Virgil hath been thought guilty of too courtly a style; his language is perfectly pure, and he often forgets he is among peasants. I have frequently wondered, that since he was so conversant in the writings of Ennius, he had not imitated the rusticity of the Doric as well by the help of the old obsolete Roman language, as Philips hath by the antiquated English. For example, might he not have said *quoi* instead of *cui; quoijum* for *cujum; volt* for *vult*, &c.; as well as our modern hath *welladay* for *alas, whileome* for *of old, make mock* for *deride*, and *witless younglings* for *simple lambs*, &c., by which means he had attained as much of the air of Theocritus as Philips hath of Spenser?

4. Mr. Pope hath fallen into the same error with Virgil. His clowns do not converse in all the simplicity proper to the country. His names are borrowed from Theocritus and Virgil, which are improper to the scene of his Pastorals. He introduces Daphnis, Alexis, and Thyrsis on British plains, as Virgil had done before him on the Mantuan; whereas Philips, who hath the strictest regard to propriety, makes choice of names peculiar to the country, and more agreeable to a reader of delicacy, such as Hobbinol, Lobbin, Cuddy, and Colin Clout.

5. So easy as Pastoral writing may seem (in the simplicity

we have described it), yet it requires great reading, both of the ancients and moderns, to be a master of it. Philips hath given us manifest proofs of his knowledge of books. It must be confessed his competitor hath imitated *some single thoughts* of the ancients well enough (if we consider he had not the happiness of an University education), but he hath dispersed them here and there, without that order and method which Mr. Philips observes, whose *whole* third Pastoral is an instance how well he hath studied the fifth of Virgil, and how judiciously reduced Virgil's thoughts to the standard of Pastoral; as his contention of Colin Clout and the Nightingale shows with what exactness he hath imitated every line in Strada.

6. When I remarked it as a principal fault, to introduce fruits and flowers of a foreign growth in descriptions where the scene lies in our own country, I did not design that observation should extend also to animals, or the sensitive life; for Mr. Philips hath with great judgment described wolves in England in his first Pastoral. Nor would I have a poet slavishly confine himself (as Mr. Pope hath done) to one particular season of the year, one certain time of the day, and one unbroken scene in each eclogue. 'Tis plain Spencer neglected this pedantry, who in his Pastoral of November mentions the mournful song of the nightingale,

> Sad Philomel her song in tears doth steep.

And Mr. Philips, by a poetical creation, hath raised up finer beds of flowers than the most industrious gardener; his roses, endives, lilies, kingcups, and daffodils, blow all in the same season.

7. But the better to discover the merits of our two contemporary Pastoral writers, I shall endeavour to draw a parallel of them, by setting several of their particular thoughts in the same light, whereby it will be obvious how much Philips

hath the advantage. With what simplicity he introduces two shepherds, singing alternately!

Hobb. Come, Rosalind, O come, for without thee
What pleasure can the country have for me?
Come, Rosalind, O come; my brinded kine,
My snowy sheep, my farm and all, is thine.

Lanq. Come, Rosalind, O come; here shady bowers,
Here are cool fountains, and here springing flowers.
Come, Rosalind; here ever let us stay,
And sweetly waste our live-long time away.

Our other Pastoral writer, in expressing the same thought, deviates into downright poetry:—

Streph. In Spring the fields, in Autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
But Delia always; forced from Delia's sight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

Daph. Sylvia's like Autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day;
Ev'n Spring displeases, when she shines not here,
But blest with her, 'tis Spring throughout the year.

In the first of these authors, two shepherds thus innocently describe the behaviour of their mistresses:—

Hobb. As Marian bath'd, by chance I passed by,
She blush'd, and at me cast a side-long eye:
Then swift beneath the crystal wave she try'd
Her beauteous form, but all in vain, to hide.

Lanq. As I cool to me bath'd one sultry day,
Fond Lydia lurking in the sedges lay.
The wanton laugh'd, and seem'd in haste to fly;
Yet often stopp'd, and often turn'd her eye.

The other modern (who it must be confessed hath a knack of versifying) hath it as follows:—

Streph. Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then, hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
But feigns a laugh, to see me search around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

Daph. The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green,
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

There is nothing the writers of this kind of poetry are fonder of than descriptions of pastoral presents. Philips says thus of a sheep-hook:—

Of season'd elm; where studs of brass appear,
To speak the giver's name, the month and year;
The hook of polish'd steel, the handle turn'd,
And richly by the graver's skill adorn'd.

The other of a bowl embossed with figures:—

where wanton ivy twines,
And swelling clusters bend the curling vines;
Four figures rising from the work appear,
The various seasons of the rolling year;
And, what is that which binds the radiant sky,
Where twelve bright signs in beauteous order lie?

The simplicity of the swain in this place, who forgets the name of the zodiac, is no ill imitation of Virgil; but how much more plainly and unaffectedly would Philips have dressed this thought in his Doric?—

And what that hight, which girds the welkin sheen,
Where twelve gay signs in meet array are seen?

If the reader would indulge his curiosity any further in the comparison of particulars, he may read the first Pastoral of Philips with the second of his contemporary, and the fourth and sixth of the former with the fourth and first of the latter; where several parallel places will occur to every one.

Having now shown some parts in which these two writers may be compared, it is a justice I owe to Mr. Philips to discover those in which no man can compare with him. First, that beautiful rusticity, of which I shall only produce two instances out of a hundred not yet quoted:—

O woful day! O day of woe! quoth he,
And woful I, who live the day to see!

The simplicity of diction, the melancholy flowing of the numbers, the solemnity of the sound, and the easy turn of the words in this dirge (to make use of our author's expression), are extremely elegant.

In another of his Pastorals, a shepherd utters a dirge not much inferior to the former, in the following lines:—

> Ah me the while! ah me! the luckless day,
> Ah luckless lad! the rather might I say;
> Ah silly I! more silly than my sheep,
> Which on the flow'ry plains I once did keep.

How he still charms the ear with these artful repetitions of the epithets! and how significant is the last verse! I defy the most common reader to repeat them without feeling some motions of compassion.

In the next place I shall rank his proverbs, in which I formerly observed he excells. For example:—

> A rolling stone is ever bare of moss;
> And, to their cost, green years old proverbs cross.
>
> —He that late lies down, as late will rise,
> And, sluggard-like, till noon-day snoring lies.
>
> —Against ill-luck all cunning foresight fails;
> Whether we sleep or wake, it naught avails.
>
> —Nor fear, from upright sentence, wrong.

Lastly, his elegant dialect, which alone might prove him the eldest born of Spenser, and our only true Arcadian. I should think it proper for the several writers of Pastoral to confine themselves to their several counties. Spenser seems to have been of this opinion; for he hath laid the scene of one of his Pastorals in Wales, where with all the simplicity natural to that part of our island, one shepherd bids the other good morrow, in an unusual and elegant manner:—

> Diggon Davy, I bid hur God-day:
> Or Diggon hur is, or I mis-say.

Diggon answers:—

> Hur was hur, while it was day-light;
> But now hur is a most wretched wight, &c.

But the most beautiful example of this kind that I ever met with, is in a very valuable piece which I chanced to find among some old manuscripts, entituled, 'A Pastoral Ballad,' which, I think, for its nature and simplicity, may (notwithstanding the modesty of the title) be allowed a perfect Pastoral. It is composed in the Somersetshire dialect, and the names such as are proper to the country people. It may be observed, as a further beauty of this Pastoral, the words Nymph, Dryad, Naiad, Fawn, Cupid, or Satyr, are not once mentioned throughout the whole. I shall make no apology for inserting some few lines of this excellent piece. Cicily breaks thus into the subject, as she is going a milking:—

Cicily. Rager, go vetch tha kee,[1] or else tha zun
Will quite be go, bevore c'have half a don.

Roger. Thou shouldst not ax ma tweece, but I've a bee
To dreve our bull to bull tha parson's kee.

It is to be observed, that this whole dialogue is formed upon the passion of *Jealousy;* and his mentioning the parson's kine naturally revives the jealousy of the shepherdess Cicily, which she expresses as follows:—

Cicily. Ah Rager, Rager, ches was zore avraid,
When in yon vield you kiss'd the parson's maid;
Is this the love that once to me you zed,
When from the wake thou brought'st me ginger-bread?

Roger. Cicily, thou charg'st me valse,—I'll zwear to thee,
Tha parson's maid is still a maid for me.

In which answer of his are expressed at once that spirit of religion, and that innocence of the Golden Age so necessary to be observed by all writers of Pastoral.

At the conclusion of this piece, the author reconciles the lovers, and ends the Eclogue the most simply in the world:—

So Rager parted vor to vetch tha kee,
And vor her bucket in went Cicily.

I am loth to show my fondness for antiquity so far as to prefer

[1] That is, the kine or cows.

this ancient British author to our present English writers of Pastoral; but I cannot avoid making this obvious remark, that Philips hath hit into the same road with this old West Country bard of ours.

After all that hath been said, I hope none can think it any injustice to Mr. Pope that I forebore to mention him as a Pastoral writer; since, upon the whole, he is of the same class with Moschus and Bion, whom we have excluded that rank; and of whose Eclogues, as well as some of Virgil's, it may be said, that (according to the description we have given of this sort of poetry) they are by no means Pastorals, but something better.

No. 61. MAY 21, 1713.

Primoque a cæde ferarum
Incaluisse putem maculatum sanguine ferrum.—OVID.

I CANNOT think it extravagant to imagine, that mankind are no less, in proportion, accountable for the ill use of their dominion over creatures of the lower rank of beings, than for the exercise of tyranny over their own species. The more entirely the inferior creation is submitted to our power, the more answerable we should seem for our mismanagement of it; and the rather, as the very condition of nature renders these creatures incapable of receiving any recompense in another life for their ill-treatment in this.

'Tis observable of those noxious animals, which have qualities most powerful to injure us, that they naturally avoid mankind, and never hurt us unless provoked, or necessitated by hunger. Man, on the other hand, seeks out and pursues even the most inoffensive animals, on purpose to persecute and destroy them.

Montaigne thinks it some reflection upon human nature itself, that few people take delight in seeing beasts caress or play together, but almost every one is pleased to see them lacerate and worry one another. I am sorry this temper is become almost a distinguishing character of our own nation, from the observation which is made by foreigners of our beloved pastimes, bear-baiting, cock-fighting, and the like. We should find it hard to vindicate the destroying of anything that has life, merely out of wantonness; yet in this principle our children are bred up, and one of the first pleasures we allow them is the licence of inflicting pain upon poor animals: almost as soon as we are sensible what life is ourselves, we make it our sport to take it from other creatures. I cannot but believe

a very good use might be made of the fancy which children have for birds and insects. Mr. Locke takes notice of a mother who permitted them to her children, but rewarded or punished them as they treated them well or ill. This was no other than entering them betimes into a daily exercise of humanity, and improving their very diversion to a virtue.

I fancy, too, some advantage might be taken of the common notion, that 'tis ominous or unlucky to destroy some sorts of birds, as swallows and martins. This opinion might possibly arise from the confidence these birds seem to put in us by building under our roofs, so that it is a kind of violation of the laws of hospitality to murder them. As for robin-red-breasts in particular, 'tis not improbable they owe their security to the old ballad of 'The Children in the Wood.' However it be, I don't know, I say, why this prejudice, well improved and carried as far as it would go, might not be made to conduce to the preservation of many innocent creatures, which are now exposed to all the wantonness of an ignorant barbarity.

There are other animals that have the misfortune, for no manner of reason, to be treated as common enemies wherever found. The conceit that a cat has nine lives has cost at least nine lives in ten of the whole race of them: scarce a boy in the streets but has in this point outdone Hercules himself, who was famous for killing a monster that had but three lives. Whether the unaccountable animosity against this useful domestic may be any cause of the general persecution of owls (who are a sort of feathered cats), or whether it be only an unreasonable pique the moderns have taken to a serious countenance, I shall not determine. Though I am inclined to believe the former, since I observe the sole reason alleged for the destruction of frogs is because they are like toads. Yet amidst all the misfortunes of these unfriended creatures, 'tis some happiness that we have not yet taken a fancy to eat them; for should our countrymen refine

upon the French never so little, 'tis not to be conceived to what unheard-of torments owls, cats, and frogs may be yet reserved.

When we grow up to men, we have another succession of sanguinary sports; in particular, hunting. I dare not attack a diversion which has such authority and custom to support it; but must have leave to be of opinion, that the agitation of that exercise, with the example and number of the chasers, not a little contribute to resist those checks which compassion would naturally suggest in behalf of the animal pursued. Nor shall I say with Monsieur Fleury, that this sport is a remain of the Gothic barbarity; but I must animadvert upon a certain custom yet in use with us, and barbarous enough to be derived from the Goths, or even the Scythians: I mean that savage compliment our huntsmen pass upon ladies of quality who are present at the death of a stag, when they put the knife in their hands to cut the throat of a helpless, trembling, and weeping creature.

Questuque cruentus,
Atque Imploranti similis.—

But if our sports are destructive, our gluttony is more so, and in a more inhuman manner. Lobsters roasted alive, pigs whipp'd to death, fowls sewed up, are testimonies of our outrageous luxury. Those who (as Seneca expresses it) divide their lives betwixt an anxious conscience and a nauseated stomach, have a just reward of their gluttony in the diseases it brings with it; for human savages, like other wild beasts, find snares and poison in the provisions of life, and are allured by their appetite to their destruction. I know nothing more shocking, or horrid, than the prospect of one of their kitchens covered with blood, and filled with the cries of creatures expiring in tortures. It gives one an image of a giant's den in a romance bestraw'd with the scatter'd heads and mangled limbs of those who were slain by his cruelty.

The excellent Plutarch (who has more strokes of good-

nature in his writings than I remember in any author) cites a saying of Cato to this effect:—"That 'tis no easy task to preach to the belly which has no ears. Yet if," says he, "we are ashamed to be so out of fashion as not to offend, let us at least offend with some discretion and measure. If we kill an animal for our provision, let us do it with the meltings of compassion, and without tormenting it. Let us consider, that 'tis in its own nature cruelty to put a living creature to death; we at least destroy a soul that has sense and perception." In the life of Cato the Censor, he takes occasion, from the severe disposition of that man, to discourse in this manner:—"It ought to be esteemed a happiness to mankind, that our humanity has a wider sphere to exert itself in than bare justice. It is no more than the obligation of our very birth to practise equity to our own kind; but humanity may be extended through the whole order of creatures, even to the meanest; such actions of charity are the overflowings of a mild good nature on all below us. It is certainly the part of a well-natured man to take care of his horses and dogs, not only in expectation of their labour while they are foals and whelps, but even when their old age has made them incapable of service."

History tells us of a wise and polite nation that rejected a person of the first quality, who stood for a judiciary office, only because he had been observed in his youth to take pleasure in tearing and murdering of birds. And of another, that expelled a man out of the Senate for dashing a bird against the ground which had taken shelter in his bosom. Every one knows how remarkable the Turks are for their humanity in this kind. I remember an Arabian author, who has written a treatise to show how far a man, supposed to have subsisted in a desert island, without any instruction, or so much as the sight of any other man, may, by the pure light of nature, attain the knowledge of philosophy and virtue. One of the first things he makes him observe is, that universal

benevolence of Nature in the protection and preservation of its creatures. In imitation of which, the first act of virtue he thinks his self-taught philosopher would of course fall into is, to relieve and assist all the animals about him in their wants and distresses.

Ovid has some very tender and pathetic lines applicable to this occasion:—

Quid meruistis, oves, placidum pecus, inque tegendos
Natum homines, pleno quæ fertis in ubere nectar?
Mollia quæ nobis vestras velamina lanas
Præbetis; vitaque magis quam morte juvatis.
Quid meruere boves, animal sine fraude dolisque,
Innocuum, simplex, natum tolerare labores?
Immemor est demum, nec frugum munere dignus,
Qui potuit, curvi dempto modo pondere aratri,
Ruricolam mactare suum . . . .
Quam male consuevit, quam se parat ille cruori
Impius humano, vituli qui guttura cultro
Rumpit, et immotas præbet mugitibus aures!
Aut qui vagitus similes puerilibus hœdum
Edentem jugulare potest! . . . .

Perhaps that voice or cry so nearly resembling the human, with which Providence has endued so many different animals, might purposely be given them to move our pity, and prevent those cruelties we are too apt to inflict on our fellow-creatures.

There is a passage in the book of Jonas, when God declares his unwillingness to destroy Nineveh, where, methinks, that compassion of the Creator, which extends to the meanest rank of his creatures, is expressed with wonderful tenderness—"Should I not spare Nineveh the great city, wherein are more than six thousand persons—And also much cattle?" And we have in Deuteronomy a precept of great good nature of this sort with a blessing in form annexed to it in those words:—"If thou shalt find a bird's nest in the way, thou shalt not take the dam with the young: But thou shalt in any wise let the dam go, that it may be well with thee, and that thou may'st prolong thy days."

To conclude, there is certainly a degree of gratitude owing to those animals that serve us; as for such as are mortal or noxious, we have a right to destroy them; and for those that are neither of advantage or prejudice to us, the common enjoyment of life is what I cannot think we ought to deprive them of.

This whole matter, with regard to each of these considerations, is set in a very agreeable light in one of the Persian fables of Pilpay, with which I shall end this paper.

A traveller passing through a thicket, and seeing a few sparks of fire, which some passengers had kindled as they went that way before, made up to it. On a sudden the sparks caught hold of a bush, in the midst of which lay an adder, and set it in flames. The adder intreated the traveller's assistance, who, tying a bag to the end of his staff, reached it, and drew him out: he then bid him go where he pleased, but never more be hurtful to men, since he owed his life to a man's compassion. The adder, however, prepared to sting him, and when he expostulated how unjust it was to retaliate good with evil, I shall do no more (said the adder) than what you men practise every day, whose custom it is to requite benefits with ingratitude. If you can deny this truth, let us refer it to the first we meet. The man consented, and seeing a tree, put the question to it, in what manner a good turn was to be recompensed? If you mean according to the usage of men (reply'd the tree), By its contrary. I have been standing here these hundred years to protect them from the scorching sun, and in requital they have cut down my branches, and are going to saw my body into planks. Upon this the adder insulting the man, he appealed to a second evidence, which was granted, and immediately they met a cow. The same demand was made, and much the same answer given, that among men it was certainly so. I know it (said the cow) by woful experience; for I have served a man this long time with milk, butter, and cheese, and brought him besides a calf every

year; but now I am old he turns me into this pasture, with design to sell me to a butcher, who will shortly make an end of me. The traveller upon this stood confounded, but desired of courtesy one trial more, to be finally judged by the next beast they should meet. This happened to be the fox, who, upon hearing the story in all its circumstances, could not be persuaded it was possible for the adder to get into so narrow a bag. The adder to convince him went in again; the fox told the man he had now his enemy in his power, and with that he fastened the bag, and crushed him to pieces.

No. 91. JUNE 25, 1713.

. . . . inest sua gratia parvis.—VIRG.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

"SIR,—I remember a saying of yours concerning persons in low circumstances of stature, that their littleness would hardly be taken notice of, if they did not manifest a consciousness of it themselves in all their behaviour. Indeed, the observation that no man is ridiculous for being what he is, but only for the affectation of being something more, is equally true in regard to the mind and the body.

"I question not but it will be pleasing to you to hear, that a set of us have formed a society, who are sworn to dare to be short, and boldly bear out the dignity of littleness under the noses of those enormous engrossers of manhood, those hyperbolical monsters of the species, the tall fellows that overlook us.

"The day of our institution was the 10th of December, being the shortest of the year, on which we are to hold an annual feast over a dish of shrimps.

"The place we have chosen for this meeting is in the little Piazza, not without an eye to the neighbourhood of Mr. Powel's Opera, for the performers of which we have, as becomes us, a brotherly affection.

"At our first resort hither, an old woman brought her son to the Club Room, desiring he might be educated in this school, because she saw here were finer boys than ordinary. However, this accident no way discouraged our designs. We began with sending invitations to those of a stature not exceeding five foot, to repair to our assembly; but the greater part returned excuses, or pretended they were not qualified.

"One said, he was indeed but five foot at present, but represented that he should soon exceed that proportion, his periwig-maker and shoe-maker having lately promised him three inches more betwixt them.

"Another alleged, he was so unfortunate as to have one leg shorter than the other, and whoever had determined his stature to five foot had taken him at a disadvantage; for when he was mounted on the other leg, he was at least five foot two inches and a half.

"There were some who questioned the exactness of our measures, and others instead of complying, returned us informations of people yet shorter than themselves. In a word, almost every one recommended some neighbour or acquaintance, whom he was willing we should look upon to be less than he. We were not a little ashamed, that those who are past the years of growth, and whose beards pronounce them men, should be guilty of as many unfair tricks, in this point, as the most aspiring children when they are measured.

"We therefore proceeded to fit up the Club Room, and provide conveniences for our accommodation. In the first place, we caused a total removal of all the chairs, stools, and tables which had served the gross of mankind for many years.

"The disadvantages we had undergone while we made use of these were unspeakable. The President's whole body was sunk in the elbow-chair, and when his arms were spread over it he appeared (to the great lessening of his dignity) like a child in a go-cart. It was also so wide in the seat, as to give a wag occasion of saying, that, notwithstanding the President sate in it, there was a *sede vacante*.

"The table was so high, that one who came by chance to the door, seeing our chins just above the pewter dishes, took us for a circle of men that sate ready to be shaved, and sent in half-a-dozen barbers.

"Another time, one of the Club spoke in a ludicrous

manner of the President, imagining he had been absent, when he was only eclipsed by a flask of Florence, which stood on the table in a parallel line before his face.

"We therefore new furnished the room in all respects proportionably to us; and had the door made lower, so as to admit no man of above five foot high without brushing his foretop, which whoever does is utterly unqualified to sit among us.

"*Some of the Statutes of the Club are as follow:*—

"I. If it be proved upon any member, though never so duly qualified, that he strives as much as possible to get above his size, by stretching, cocking, or the like; or that he hath stood on tiptoe in a crowd, with design to be taken for as tall a man as the rest; or hath privily conveyed any large book, cricket, or other device under him to exalt him on his seat: every such offender shall be sentenced to walk in pumps for a whole month.

"II. If any member shall take advantage from the fulness or length of his wig, or any part of his dress, or the immoderate extent of his hat, or otherwise, to seem larger or higher than he is, it is ordered, he shall wear red heels to his shoes, and a red feather in his hat; which may apparently mark and set bounds to the extremities of his small dimension, that all people may readily find him out between his hat and his shoes.

"III. If any member shall purchase a horse for his own riding above fourteen hands and a half in height, that horse shall forthwith be sold, a Scotch Galloway bought in its stead for him, and the overplus of the money shall treat the Club.

"IV. If any member, in direct contradiction to the fundamental laws of the Society, shall wear the heels of his shoes exceeding one inch and a half, it shall be interpreted as an open renunciation of littleness, and the criminal shall instantly be expelled. Note.—The form to be used in expelling a

member shall be in these words:—'Go from among us, and be tall if you can!'

"It is the unanimous opinion of our whole Society, that since the race of mankind is granted to have decreased in stature, from the beginning to this present, it is the intent of Nature itself that men should be little; and we believe that all human kind shall at last grow down to perfection, that is to say, be reduced to *our own measure.*"

No. 92. JUNE 26, 1713.

Homunculi quanti sunt, cum recogito !—PLAUT.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

" You are now acquainted with the nature and design of our institution; the character of the members, and the topics of our conversation, are what remain for the subject of this epistle.

" The most eminent persons of our assembly are a little poet, a little lover, a little politician, and a little hero. The first of these, Dick Distick by name, we have elected President: not only as he is the shortest of us all, but because he has entertained so just a sense of his stature, as to go generally in black, that he may appear yet less. Nay, to that perfection is he arrived, that he stoops as he walks. The figure of the man is odd enough; he is a lively little creature, with long arms and legs: a spider is no ill emblem of him; he has been taken at a distance for a small windmill. But indeed what principally moved us in his favour was his talent in poetry, for he hath promised to undertake a long work in short verse to celebrate the heroes of our size. He has entertained so great a respect for Statius, on the score of that line,

Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus,

that he once designed to translate the whole Thebaid for the sake of little Tydeus.

" Tom Tiptoe, a dapper black fellow, is the most gallant lover of the age. He is particularly nice in his habiliments; and to the end justice may be done him that way, constantly employs the same artist who makes attire for the neighb'ring princes and ladies of quality at Mr. Powel's. The vivacity of his temper inclines him sometimes to boast of the

favours of the fair. He was t'other night excusing his absence from the Club on account of an assignation with a lady (and, as he had the vanity to tell us, a tall one too) who had consented to the full accomplishment of his desires that evening; but one of the company, who was his confident, assured us she was a woman of humour, and made the agreement on this condition, that his toe should be tied to hers.

" Our politician is a person of real gravity and professed wisdom. Gravity in a man of his size, compared with that of one of ordinary bulk, appears like the gravity of a cat compared with that of a lion. This gentleman is accustomed to talk to himself, and was once overheard to compare his own person to a little cabinet, wherein are locked up all the secrets of state, and refined schemes of princes. His face is pale and meagre, which proceeds from much watching and studying for the welfare of Europe, which is also thought to have stinted his growth; for he hath destroyed his own constitution with taking care of that of the nation. He is what Mons. Balzac calls, a great distiller of the maxims of Tacitus; when he speaks, it is slowly, and word by word, as one that is loth to enrich you too fast with his observations; like a limbeck that gives you, drop by drop, an extract of the little that is in it.

" The last I shall mention is Tim. Tuck, the hero. He is particularly remarkable for the length of his sword, which intersects his person in a cross line, and makes him appear not unlike a fly that the boys have run a pin through and set a walking. He once challenged a tall fellow for giving him a blow on the pate with his elbow, as he passed along the street. But what he especially values himself upon is, that in all the campaigns he has made, he never once duck'd at the whizz of a cannon ball. Tim. was full as large at fourteen years old as he is now. This we are tender of mentioning, your little heroes being generally choleric.

" These are the gentlemen that most enliven our conversa-

tion. The discourse generally turns upon such accidents, whether fortunate or unfortunate, as are daily occasioned by our size; these we faithfully communicate, either as matter of mirth or of consolation to each other. The President had lately an unlucky fall, being unable to keep his legs on a stormy day; whereupon he informed us it was no new disaster, but the same a certain ancient poet had been subject to; who is recorded to have been so light that he was obliged to poize himself against the wind, with lead on one side, and his own works on the other. The lover confest the other night that he had been cured of love to a tall woman, by reading over the legend of Ragotine in Scarron, with his tea, three mornings successively. Our hero rarely acquaints us with any of his unsuccessful adventures: and as for the politician, he declares himself an utter enemy to all kind of burlesque, so will never discompose the austerity of his aspect by laughing at our adventures, much less discover any of his own in this ludicrous light. Whatever he tells of any accidents that befal him is by way of complaint, nor is he ever laugh'd at but in his *absence*.

"We are likewise particularly careful to communicate in the Club all such passages of history, or characters of illustrious personages, as any way reflect honour on little men. Tim. Tuck having but just reading enough for a military man, perpetually entertains us with the same stories, of little David that conquered the mighty Goliath, and little Luxembourg that made Louis XIV. a grand Monarque, never forgetting little Alexander the Great. Dick Distick celebrates the exceeding humanity of Augustus, who called Horace *lepidissimum homunciolum;* and is wonderfully pleased with Voiture and Scarron, for having so well described their diminutive forms to posterity. He is peremptorily of opinion, against a great reader and all his adherents, that Æsop was not a jot properer or handsomer than he is represented by the common pictures. But the soldier believes with the learned person

above-mentioned; for he thinks none but an impudent tall author could be guilty of such an unmannerly piece of satire on little warriors, as his 'Battle of the Mouse and the Frog.' The politician is very proud of a certain King of Egypt, called Bocchor, who, as Diodorus assures us, was a person of a very low stature, but far exceeded all that went before him in discretion and politics.

"As I am Secretary to the Club, 'tis my business, whenever we meet, to take minutes of the transactions; this has enabled me to send you the foregoing particulars, as I may hereafter other memoirs. We have spies appointed in every quarter of the town, to give us information of the misbehaviour of such refractory persons as refuse to be subject to our statutes. Whatsoever aspiring practices any of these our people shall be guilty of in their amours, single combats, or any indirect means to manhood, we shall certainly be acquainted with, and publish to the world, for their punishment and reformation. For the President has granted me the sole propriety of exposing and showing to the town all such intractable dwarfs, whose circumstances exempt them from being carried about in boxes; reserving only to himself, as the right of a poet, those smart characters that will shine in epigrams. Venerable Nestor, I salute you in the name of the Club,

"Bob Short, *Secretary.*"

No. 173. SEPTEMBER 29, 1713.

Nec sera comantem
Narcissum, aut flexi tacuissem vimen Acanthi,
Pallentesque hederas, et amantes littora myrtos.—VIRG.

I LATELY took a particular friend of mine to my house in the country, not without some apprehension, that it could afford little entertainment to a man of his polite taste, particularly in architecture and gardening, who had so long been conversant with all that is beautiful and great in either. But it was a pleasant surprise to me to hear him often declare he had found in my little retirement that beauty which he always thought wanting in the most celebrated seats (or, if you will, villas) of the nation. This he described to me in those verses with which Martial begins one of his epigrams:—

Baiana nostri villa, Besse, Faustini,
Non otiosis ordinata myrtetis,
Viduaque platano, tonsilique buxeto,
Ingrata lati spatia detinet campi;
Sed rure vero, barbaroque lætatur.

There is certainly something in the amiable simplicity of unadorned Nature that spreads over the mind a more noble sort of tranquillity, and a loftier sensation of pleasure, than can be raised from the nicer scenes of art.

This was the taste of the ancients in their gardens, as we may discover from the descriptions extant of them. The two most celebrated wits of the world have each of them left us a particular picture of a garden, wherein those great masters being wholly unconfined, and painting at pleasure, may be thought to have given a full idea of what they esteemed most excellent in this way. These (one may observe) consist entirely of the useful part of horticulture, fruit trees, herbs, water, &c. The pieces I am speaking of are Virgil's account

of the garden of the old Corycian, and Homer's of that of Alcinous in the seventh Odyssey, to which I refer the reader.

Sir William Temple has remarked, that this garden of Homer contains all the justest rules and provisions which can go toward composing the best gardens. Its extent was four acres, which, in those times of simplicity, was looked upon as a large one, even for a prince. It was inclosed all round for defence; and for conveniency joined close to the gates of the Palace.

He mentions next the trees, which were standards, and suffered to grow to their full height. The fine description of the fruits that never failed, and the eternal zephyrs, is only a more noble and poetical way of expressing the continual succession of one fruit after another throughout the year.

The vineyard seems to have been a plantation distinct from the garden; as also the beds of greens mentioned afterwards at the extremity of the inclosure, in the usual place of our kitchen gardens.

The two fountains are disposed very remarkably. They rose within the inclosure, and were brought in by conduits or ducts; one of them to water all parts of the gardens, and the other underneath the Palace into the town, for the service of the public.

How contrary to this simplicity is the modern practice of gardening! We seem to make it our study to recede from Nature, not only in the various tonsure of greens into the most regular and formal shapes, but even in monstrous attempts beyond the reach of the art itself: we run into sculpture, and are yet better pleased to have our trees in the most awkward figures of men and animals, than in the most regular of their own.

Hinc et nexilibus videas e frondibus hortos,
Implexos late muros, et moenia circum
Porrigere, et latas e ramis surgere turres;
Deflexam et myrtum in puppes, atque aerea rostra:
In buxisque undare fretum, atque e rore rudentes.
Parte alia frondere suis tentoria castris;
Scutaque, spiculaque, et jaculantia citria vallos.

I believe it is no wrong observation, that persons of genius, and those who are most capable of art, are always most fond of Nature; as such are chiefly sensible that all art consists in the imitation and study of Nature. On the contrary, people of the common level of understanding are principally delighted with the little niceties and fantastical operations of art, and constantly think that finest which is least natural. A citizen is no sooner proprietor of a couple of yews, but he entertains thoughts of erecting them into giants, like those of Guildhall. I know an eminent cook, who beautified his country seat with a coronation dinner in greens, where you see the Champion flourishing on horseback at one end of the table, and the Queen in perpetual youth at the other.

For the benefit of all my loving countrymen of this curious taste, I shall here publish a catalogue of greens to be disposed of by an eminent town gardener, who has lately applied to me upon this head. He represents, that for the advancement of a politer sort of ornament in the villas and gardens adjacent to this great city, and in order to distinguish those places from the mere barbarous countries of gross nature, the world stands much in need of a virtuoso gardener, who has a turn to sculpture, and is thereby capable of improving upon the ancients, in the imagery of evergreens. I proceed to his catalogue:—

Adam and Eve in Yew; Adam a little shattered by the fall of the Tree of Knowledge in the great storm; Eve and the Serpent very flourishing.

Noah's ark in Holly, the ribs a little damaged for want of water.

The Tower of Babel, not yet finished.

St. George in Box; his arm scarce long enough, but will be in a condition to stick the Dragon by next April.

A green Dragon of the same, with a tail of Ground Ivy for the present.

N.B. These two not to be sold separately.

Edward the Black Prince in Cypress.

A Laurestine Bear in blossom, with a Juniper Hunter in berries.

A pair of Giants, stunted, to be sold cheap.

A Queen Elizabeth in Phyllirea, a little inclining to the green sickness, but of full growth.

Another Queen Elizabeth in Myrtle, which was very forward, but miscarried by being too near a Savine.

An old Maid of Honour in Wormwood.
A topping Ben Jonson in Laurel.
Divers eminent modern Poets in Bays, somewhat blighted, to be disposed of a pennyworth.
A quick-set Hog shot up into a Porcupine, by being forgot a week in rainy weather.
A Lavender Pig, with Sage growing in his belly.
A pair of Maidenheads in Firr, in great forwardness.

He also cutteth family pieces of men, women, and children, so that any gentleman may have his lady's effigies in myrtle, or his own in hornbeam.

Thy wife shall be as the fruitful vine, and thy children as olive branches round thy table.

PREFACE TO THE WORKS OF SHAKESPEAR.

It is not my design to enter into a criticism upon this author, though to do it effectually and not superficially would be the best occasion that any just writer could take, to form the judgment and taste of our nation. For of all English poets Shakespear must be confessed to be the fairest and fullest subject for criticism, and to afford the most numerous, as well as most conspicuous instances, both of beauties and faults of all sorts. But this far exceeds the bounds of a preface, the business of which is only to give an account of the fate of his works, and the disadvantages under which they have been transmitted to us. We shall hereby extenuate many faults which are his, and clear him from the imputation of many which are not: a design, which though it can be no guide to future critics to do him justice in one way, will at least be sufficient to prevent their doing him an injustice in the other.

I cannot, however, but mention some of his principal and characteristic excellencies, for which (notwithstanding his defects) he is justly and universally elevated above all other dramatic writers. Not that this is the proper place of praising him, but because I would not omit any occasion of doing it.

If ever any author deserved the name of an *Original*, it was Shakespear. Homer himself drew not his art so imme-

diately from the fountains of Nature; it proceeded through Egyptian strainers and channels, and came to him not without some tincture of the learning, or some cast of the models, of those before him. The poetry of Shakespear was inspiration indeed; he is not so much an imitator as an instrument of Nature; and it is not so just to say that he speaks from her as that she speaks through him.

His *characters* are so much Nature herself, that 'tis a sort of injury to call them by so distant a name as copies of her. Those of other poets have a constant resemblance, which shows that they received them from one another, and were but multipliers of the same image; each picture, like a mock rainbow, is but the reflection of a reflection. But every single character in Shakespear is as much an individual as those in life itself; it is as impossible to find any two alike; and such as from their relation or affinity in any respect appear most to be twins, will upon comparison be found remarkably distinct. To this life and variety of character we must add the wonderful preservation of it, which is such throughout his Plays, that, had all the speeches been printed without the very names of the persons, I believe one might have applied them with certainty to every speaker.

The *power* over our *passions* was never possess'd in a more eminent degree, or displayed in so different instances. Yet all along there is seen no labour, no pains to raise them; no preparation to guide our guess to the effect, or be perceiv'd to lead toward it; but the heart swells, and the tears burst out, just at the proper places. We are surprised the moment we weep; and yet upon reflection find the passion so just, that we should be surprised if we had not wept, and wept at that very moment.

How astonishing is it, again, that the passions directly opposite to these, laughter and spleen, are no less at his command! that he is not more a master of the *great* than of the *ridiculous* in human nature; of our noblest tendernesses,

than of our vainest foibles; of our strongest emotions, than of our idlest sensations!

Nor does he only excel in the passions: in the coolness of reflection and reasoning he is full as admirable. His *sentiments* are not only in general the most pertinent and judicious upon every subject; but by a talent very peculiar, something between penetration and felicity, he hits upon that particular point on which the bent of each argument turns, or the force of each motive depends. This is perfectly amazing, from a man of no education or experience in those great and public scenes of life which are usually the subject of his thoughts: so that he seems to have known the world by intuition, to have looked through human nature at one glance, and to be the only author that gives ground for a very new opinion, That the philosopher, and even the man of the world, may be *born*, as well as the poet.

It must be owned that with all these great excellencies, he has almost as great defects; and that as he has certainly written better, so he has perhaps written worse, than any other. But I think I can in some measure account for these defects, from several causes and accidents; without which it is hard to imagine that so large and so enlightened a mind could ever have been susceptible of them. That all these contingencies should unite to his disadvantage seems to me almost as singularly unlucky, as that so many various (nay contrary) talents should meet in one man, was happy and extraordinary.

It must be allowed that stage poetry, of all other, is more particularly levelled to please the *populace*, and its success more immdiately depending upon the *common suffrage*. One cannot therefore wonder if Shakespear, having at his first appearance no other aim in his writings than to procure a subsistence, directed his endeavours solely to hit the taste and humour that then prevailed. The audience was generally composed of the meaner sort of people; and therefore the

images of life were to be drawn from those of their own rank: accordingly we find, that not our author's only, but almost all the old comedies, have their scene among *tradesmen* and *mechanics:* and even their historical plays strictly follow the common *old stories* or *vulgar traditions* of that kind of people. In Tragedy, nothing was so sure to *surprise* and cause *admiration* as the most strange, unexpected, and consequently most unnatural, events and incidents: the most exaggerated thoughts; the most verbose and bombast expression; the most pompous rhymes, and thundering versification. In Comedy, nothing was so sure to *please* as mean buffoonery, vile ribaldry, and unmannerly jests of fools and clowns. Yet even in these our author's wit buoys up, and is born above his subject; his genius in those low parts is like some prince of a romance in the disguise of a shepherd or peasant: a certain greatness and spirit now and then break out, which manifest his higher extraction and qualities.

It may be added, that not only the common audience had no notion of the rules of writing, but few even of the better sort piqued themselves upon any great degree of knowledge or nicety that way; 'till Ben Jonson, getting possession of the stage, brought critical learning into vogue. And that this was not done without difficulty, may appear from those frequent lessons (and, indeed, almost declamations) which he was forced to prefix to his first plays, and put into the mouth of his actors, the *Grex, Chorus*, &c., to remove the prejudices, and inform the judgment of his hearers. 'Till then, our authors had no thoughts of writing on the model of the ancients: their Tragedies were only histories in dialogue; and their Comedies followed the thread of any novel as they found it, no less implicitly than if it had been true history.

To judge therefore of Shakespear by Aristotle's rules, is like trying a man by the laws of one country, who acted under those of another. He writ to the *people*, and writ at first without patronage from the better sort, and therefore without

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aims of pleasing them; without assistance or advice from the learned, as without the advantage of education or acquaintance among them: without that knowledge of the best models, the ancients, to inspire him with an emulation of them: in a word, without any views of reputation, and of what poets are pleased to call immortality: some or all of which have encouraged the vanity, or animated the ambition, of other writers.

Yet it must be observed, that when his performances had merited the protection of his prince, and when the encouragement of the court had succeeded to that of the town, the works of his riper years are manifestly raised above those of his former. The dates of his plays sufficiently evidence that his productions improved, in proportion to the respect he had for his auditors. And I make no doubt this observation would be found true in every instance, were but editions extant from which we might learn the exact time when every piece was composed, and whether writ for the town or the court.

Another cause (and no less strong than the former) may be deduced from our author being a *player*, and forming himself first upon the judgments of that body of men whereof he was a member. They have ever had a standard to themselves, upon other principles than those of Aristotle. As they live by the majority, they know no rule but that of pleasing the present humour, and complying with the wit in fashion; a consideration which brings all their judgment to a short point. Players are just such judges of what is *right*, as tailors are of what is *graceful*. And in this view it will be but fair to allow, that most of our author's faults are less to be ascribed to his wrong judgment as a poet, than to his right judgment as a player.

By these men it was thought a praise to Shakespear that he scarce ever *blotted a line*. This they industriously propagated, as appears from what we are told by Ben Jonson in his

'Discoveries,' and from the preface of Heminges and Condell to the first folio edition. But in reality (however it has prevailed) there never was a more groundless report, or to the contrary of which there are more undeniable evidences—as the comedy of the 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' which he entirely new writ; the 'History of Henry VI.,' which was first published under the title of the 'Contention of York and Lancaster;' and that of 'Henry V.,' extremely improved; that of 'Hamlet,' enlarged to almost as much again as at first, and many others. I believe the common opinion of his want of learning proceeded from no better ground. This, too, might be thought a praise by some, and to this his errors have as injudiciously been ascribed by others. For 'tis certain, were it true, it could concern but a small part of them; the most are such as are not properly defects, but superfœtations; and arise not from want of learning or reading, but from want of thinking or judging: or rather (to be more just to our author) from a compliance to those wants in others. As to a wrong choice of the subject, a wrong conduct of the incidents, false thoughts, forced expressions, &c., if these are not to be ascribed to the aforesaid accidental reasons, they must be charged upon the poet himself, and there is no help for it. But I think the two disadvantages which I have mentioned (to be obliged to please the lowest of people, and to keep the worst of company), if the consideration be extended as far as it reasonably may, will appear sufficient to mislead and depress the greatest genius upon earth. Nay, the more modesty with which such a one is endued, the more he is in danger of submitting and conforming to others, against his own better judgment.

But as to his *want of learning*, it may be necessary to say something more. There is certainly a vast difference between *learning* and *languages*. How far he was ignorant of the latter I cannot determine; but 'tis plain he had much reading at least, if they will not call it learning. Nor is it any great

matter, if a man has knowledge, whether he has it from one language or from another. Nothing is more evident than that he had a taste of natural philosophy, mechanics, ancient and modern history, poetical learning, and mythology. We find him very knowing in the customs, rites, and manners of antiquity. In 'Coriolanus' and 'Julius Cæsar,' not only the spirit, but manners, of the Romans are exactly drawn; and still a nicer distinction is shown between the manners of the Romans in the time of the former, and of the latter. His reading in the ancient historians is no less conspicuous, in many references to particular passages; and the speeches copied from Plutarch in 'Coriolanus' may, I think, as well be made an instance of his learning, as those copied from Cicero in 'Catiline,' of Ben Jonson's. The manners of other nations in general, the Egyptians, Venetians, French, &c., are drawn with equal propriety. Whatever object of nature, or branch of science, he either speaks of or describes, it is always with competent, if not extensive knowledge: his descriptions are still exact; all his metaphors appropriated, and remarkably drawn from the true nature and inherent qualities of each subject. When he treats of ethic or politic, we may constantly observe a wonderful justness of distinction, as well as extent of comprehension. No one is more a master of the poetical story, or has more frequent allusions to the various parts of it. Mr. Waller (who has been celebrated for this last particular) has not shown more learning this way than Shakespear. We have translations from Ovid published in his name, among those poems which pass for his, and for some of which we have undoubted authority (being published by himself, and dedicated to his noble patron, the Earl of Southampton). He appears also to have been conversant in Plautus, from whom he has taken the plot of one of his plays; he follows the Greek authors, and particularly Dares Phrygius, in another (although I will not pretend to say in what language he read them). The modern Italian writers of

novels he was manifestly acquainted with; and we may conclude him to be no less conversant with the ancients of his own country, from the use he has made of Chaucer in 'Troilus and Cressida,' and in the 'Two Noble Kinsmen,' if that play be his, as there goes a tradition it was (and indeed it has little resemblance of Fletcher, and more of our author than some of those which have been received as genuine).

I am inclined to think this opinion proceeded originally from the zeal of the partizans of our author and Ben Jonson, as they endeavoured to exalt the one at the expense of the other. It is ever the nature of parties to be in extremes; and nothing is so probable as that because Ben Jonson had much the more learning, it was said on the one hand that Shakespear had none at all; and because Shakespear had much the most wit and fancy, it was retorted on the other, that Jonson wanted both. Because Shakespear borrowed nothing, it was said that Ben Jonson borrowed everything. Because Jonson did not write extempore, he was reproached with being a year about every piece; and because Shakespear wrote with ease and rapidity, they cried, he never once made a blot. Nay, the spirit of opposition ran so high, that whatever those of the one side objected to the other, was taken at the rebound, and turned into praises; as injudiciously as their antagonists before had made them objections.

Poets are always afraid of envy; but sure they have as much reason to be afraid of admiration. They are the Scylla and Charybdis of authors; those who escape one, often fall by the other. *Pessimum genus inimicorum laudantes,* says Tacitus: and Virgil desires to wear a charm against those who praise a poet without rule or reason.

> Si ultra placitum laudârit, baccare frontem
> Cingito, ne vati noceat.

But however this contention might be carried on by the partisans on either side, I cannot help thinking these two great poets were good friends, and lived on amicable terms, and in

offices of society with each other. It is an acknowledged fact, that Ben Jonson was introduced upon the stage, and his first works encouraged, by Shakespear. And after his death, that author writes *To the memory of his beloved Mr.* William Shakespear, which shows as if the friendship had continued through life. I cannot for my own part find anything *invidious* or *sparing* in those verses, but wonder Mr. Dryden was of that opinion. He exalts him not only above all his contemporaries, but above Chaucer and Spenser, whom he will not allow to be great enough to be ranked with him; and challenges the names of Sophocles, Euripides, and Æschylus, nay, all Greece and Rome at once, to equal him; and (which is very particular) expressly vindicates him from the imputation of wanting *art*, not enduring that all his excellencies should be attributed to *nature*. It is remarkable too, that the praise he gives him in his 'Discoveries' seems to proceed from a *personal kindness;* he tells us that he lov'd the man, as well as honoured his memory; celebrates the honesty, openness, and frankness of his temper; and only distinguishes, as he reasonably ought, between the real merit of the author, and the silly and derogatory applauses of the players. Ben Jonson might indeed be sparing in his commendations (though certainly he is not so in this instance), partly from his own nature, and partly from judgment. For men of judgment think they do any man more service in praising him justly than lavishly. I say, I would fain believe they were friends, though the violence and ill-breeding of their followers and flatterers were enough to give rise to the contrary report. I would hope that it may be with *parties*, both in wit and state, as with those monsters described by the poets; and that their heads at least may have something human, though their *bodies* and *tails* are wild beasts and serpents.

As I believe that what I have mentioned gave rise to the opinion of Shakespear's want of learning; so what has continued it down to us may have been the many blunders and

illiteracies of the first publishers of his works. In these editions their ignorance shines in almost every page; nothing is more common than *Actus tertia. Exit omnes. Enter three witches solus.* Their French is as bad as their Latin, both in construction and spelling. Their very Welsh is false. Nothing is more likely than that those palpable blunders of Hector's quoting Aristotle, with others of that gross kind, sprung from the same root: it not being at all credible that these could be the errors of any man who had the least tincture of a school, or the least conversation with such as had. Ben Jonson (whom they will not think partial to him) allows him at least to have had *some* Latin; which is utterly inconsistent with mistakes like these. Nay, the constant blunders in proper names of persons and places are such as must have proceeded from a man who had not so much as read any history, in any language: so could not be Shakespear's.

I shall now lay before the reader some of those almost innumerable errors, which have risen from one source, the ignorance of the players, both as his actors and as his editors. When the nature and kinds of these are enumerated and considered, I dare to say that not Shakespear only, but Aristotle or Cicero, had their works undergone the same fate, might have appeared to want sense as well as learning.

It is not certain that any one of his plays was published by himself. During the time of his employment in the Theatre, several of his pieces were printed separately in quarto. What makes me think that most of these were not published by him, is the excessive carelessness of the press; every page is so scandalously false spelled, and almost all the learned or unusual words so intolerably mangled, that it's plain there either was no corrector to the press at all, or one totally illiterate. If any were supervised by himself, I should fancy the two parts of 'Henry IV.' and 'Midsummer Night's Dream' might have been so: because I find no other printed

with any e[redacted] and (contrary to the rest) there is very little variation in all the subsequent editions of them. There are extant two prefaces, to the first quarto edition of 'Troilus and Cressida' in 1609, and to that of 'Othello'; by which it appears, that the first was published without his knowledge or consent, and even before it was acted, so late as seven or eight years before he died; and that the latter was not printed till after his death. The whole number of genuine plays which we have been able to find printed in his lifetime, amounts but to eleven. And of some of these, we meet with two or more editions by different printers, each of which has whole heaps of trash different from the other: which I should fancy was occasioned by their being taken from different copies, belonging to different Play-houses.

The folio edition (in which all the plays we now receive as his were first collected) was published by two Players, Heminges and Condell, in 1623, seven years after his decease. They declare, that all the other editions were stolen and surreptitious, and affirm theirs to be purged from the errors of the former. This is true as to the literal errors, and no other; for in all respects else it is far worse than the quartos.

First, because the additions of trifling and bombast passages are in this edition far more numerous. For whatever had been added, since those quartos by the actors, or had stolen from their mouths into the written parts, were from thence conveyed into the printed text, and all stand charged upon the author. He himself complained of this usage in 'Hamlet,' where he wishes that *those who play the Clowns would speak no more than is set down for them* (Act iii. sc. iv.). But as a proof that he could not escape it, in the old editions of 'Romeo and Juliet' there is no hint of a great number of the mean conceits and ribaldries now to be found there. In others, the low scenes of Mobs, Plebeians, and Clowns are vastly shorter than at present: and I have seen one in particular (which seems to

have belonged to the play-house, by having the parts divided with lines, and the actors' names in the margin) where several of those very passages were added in a written hand, which are since to be found in the folio.

In the next place, a number of beautiful passages which are extant in the first single editions, are omitted in this: as it seems, without any other reason than their willingness to shorten some scenes: these men (as it was said of Procrustes) either lopping, or stretching an author, to make him just fit for their stage.

This edition is said to be printed from the *original copies*. I believe they meant those which had lain ever since the author's days in the play-house, and had from time to time been cut, or added to, arbitrarily. It appears that this edition, as well as the quartos, was printed (at least partly) from no better copies than the *prompter's book*, or *piecemeal parts* written out for the use of the actors: for in some places their very names[1] are through carelessness set down instead of the *personæ dramatis:* and in others the notes of direction to the *property-men* for their *moveables*, and to the *players* for their *entries*, are inserted into the text, through the ignorance of the transcribers.

The Plays not having been before so much as distinguished by *acts* and *scenes*, they are in this edition divided according as they played them; often where there is no pause in the action, or where they thought fit to make a breach in it, for the sake of music, masques, or monsters.

Sometimes the scenes are transposed and shuffled backward and forward; a thing which could no otherwise happen, but by their being taken from separate and piecemeal written parts.

Many verses are omitted entirely, and others transposed;

[1] 'Much Ado about Nothing,' Act ii. Enter Prince Leonato, Claudio, and *Jack Wilson*, instead of Balthasar. And in Act iv., *Cowley* and *Kemp*, constantly through a whole scene. Edit. fol. of 1623 and 1632.

from whence invincible obscurities have arisen, past the guess of any commentator to clear up, but just where the accidental glimpse of an old edition enlightens us.

Some characters were confounded and mix'd, or two put into one, for want of a competent number of actors. Thus in the quarto edition of 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' Act v., Shakespear introduces a kind of Master of the revels called Philostrate; all whose part is given to another character (that of Egeus) in the subsequent editions. So also in 'Hamlet' and 'King Lear.' This too makes it probable, that the prompter's books were what they called the original copies.

From liberties of this kind, many speeches also were put into the mouths of wrong persons, where the author now seems chargeable with making them speak out of character: or sometimes perhaps for no better reason than that a governing player, to have the mouthing of some favourite speech himself, would snatch it from the unworthy lips of an underling.

Prose from verse they did not know, and they accordingly printed one for the other throughout the volume.

Having been forced to say so much of the players, I think I ought in justice to remark, that the judgment, as well as condition, of that class of people was then far inferior to what it is in our days. As then the best playhouses were inns and taverns (the Globe, the Hope, the Red Bull, the Fortune, &c.), so the top of the profession were then mere players, not gentlemen of the stage. They were led into the buttery by the steward, not placed at the lord's table, or lady's toilette; and consequently were entirely deprived of those advantages they now enjoy, in the familiar conversation of our nobility, and an intimacy (not to say dearness) with people of the first condition.

From what has been said, there can be no question but had Shakespear published his works himself (especially in his latter time, and after his retreat from the stage), we should not only be certain which are genuine, but should find in those

that are, the errors lessened by some thousands. If I may judge from all the distinguishing marks of his style, and his manner of thinking and writing, I make no doubt to declare that those wretched plays, 'Pericles,' 'Locrine,' 'Sir John Oldcastle,' 'Yorkshire Tragedy,' 'Lord Cromwell,' 'The Puritan,' and 'London Prodigal,' cannot be admitted as his. And I should conjecture of some of the others (particularly 'Love's Labour's Lost,' 'The Winter's Tale,' and 'Titus Andronicus') that only some characters, single scenes, or perhaps a few particular passages, were of his hand. It is very probable what occasioned some plays to be supposed Shakespear's was only this—that they were pieces produced by unknown authors, or fitted up for the theatre while it was under his administration: and no owner claiming them, they were adjudged to him, as they give strays to the lord of the manor: a mistake which (one may also observe) it was not for the interest of the house to remove. Yet the players themselves, Heminges and Condell, afterwards did Shakespear the justice to reject those eight plays in their edition; though they were then printed in his name, in everybody's hands, and acted with some applause (as we learn from what Ben Jonson says of 'Pericles' in his Ode on the 'New Inn'). That 'Titus Andronicus' is one of this class I am the rather induced to believe, by finding the same author openly express his contempt of it in the 'Induction to Bartholomew Fair,' in the year 1614, when Shakespear was yet living. And there is no better authority for these latter sort, than for the former, which were equally published in his lifetime.

If we give in to this opinion, how many low and vicious parts and passages might no longer reflect upon this great genius, but appear unworthily charged upon him? And even in those which are really his, how many faults may have been unjustly laid to his account from arbitrary additions, expunctions, transpositions of scenes and lines, confusion of characters and persons, wrong application of speeches, corruptions of

innumerable passages by the ignorance, and wrong corrections of them again by the impertinence of his first editors? From one or other of these considerations, I am verily persuaded, that the greatest and the grossest part of what are thought his errors would vanish, and leave his character in a light very different from that disadvantageous one, in which it now appears to us.

This is the state in which Shakespear's writings lie at present; for, since the above-mentioned folio edition, all the rest have implicitly followed it, without having recourse to any of the former, or ever making the comparison between them. It is impossible to repair the injuries already done him; too much time has elapsed, and the materials are too few. In what I have done I have rather given a proof of my willingness and desire, than of my ability, to do him justice. I have discharged the dull duty of an Editor, to my best judgment, with more labour than I expect thanks, with a religious abhorrence of all innovation, and without any indulgence to my private sense or conjecture. The method taken in this edition will show itself. The various readings are fairly put in the margin, so that every one may compare them: and those I have preferred into the text are constantly *ex fide codicum*, upon authority. The alterations or additions which Shakespear himself made, are taken notice of as they occur. Some suspected passages which are excessively bad (and which seem interpolations by being so inserted that one can entirely omit them without any chasm, or deficience in the context) are degraded to the bottom of the page; with an asterisk referring to the places of their insertion. The scenes are marked so distinctly that every removal of place is specify'd; which is more necessary in this author than any other, since he shifts them more frequently: and sometimes without attending to this particular, the reader would have met with obscurities. The more obsolete or unusual words are explained. Some of the most shining passages are distinguished by commas in the

margin: and where the beauty lay not in particulars but in the whole, a star is prefixed to the scene. This seems to me a shorter and less ostentatious method of performing the better half of criticism (namely the pointing out an author's excellencies), than to fill a whole paper with citations of fine passages, with *general applauses*, or *empty exclamations* at the tail of them. There is also subjoined a catalogue of those first editions by which the greater part of the various readings and of the corrected passages are authorised (most of which are such as carry their own evidence along with them). These editions now hold the place of originals, and are the only materials left to repair the deficiencies or restore the corrupted sense of the author: I can only wish that a greater number of them (if a greater were ever published) may yet be found, by a search more successful than mine, for the better accomplishment of this end.

I will conclude by saying of Shakespear, that with all his faults, and with all the irregularity of his *drama*, one may look upon his works, in comparison of those that are more finished and regular, as upon an ancient majestic piece of Gothic architecture, compared with a neat modern building: the latter is more elegant and glaring, but the former is more strong and more solemn. It must be allowed, that in one of these there are materials enough to make many of the other. It has much the greater variety, and much the nobler apartments; though we are often conducted to them by dark, odd, and uncouth passages. Nor does the whole fail to strike us with greater reverence, though many of the parts are childish, ill-placed, and unequal to its grandeur.

THOUGHTS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

PARTY is the madness of many, for the gain of a few.

There never was any party, faction, sect, or cabal, whatsoever, in which the most ignorant were not the most violent: for a bee is not a busier animal than a blockhead. However, instruments are necessary to politicians; and perhaps it may be with states as with clocks, which must have some dead weight hanging at them, to help and regulate the motion of the finer and more useful parts.

To endeavour to work upon the vulgar with fine sense, is like attempting to hew blocks with a razor.

Fine sense and exalted sense are not half so useful as common sense. There are forty men of wit for one man of sense; and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loss for want of readier change.

Learning is like mercury, one of the most powerful and excellent things in the world in skilful hands; in unskilful, the most mischievous.

The nicest constitutions of government are often like the main pieces of clock-work, which depending on so many motions, are therefore more subject to be out of order.

Every man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding.

Modesty, if it were to be recommended for nothing else, this were enough, that the pretending to little leaves a man at ease; whereas boasting requires a perpetual labour to appear what he is not: if we have none, it best hides our want of it. For as blushing will sometimes make a whore pass for a virtuous woman, so modesty may make a fool seem a man of sense.

It is not so much the being exempt from faults, as the having overcome them, that is an advantage to us; it being with the follies of the mind as with the weeds of a field, which, if destroyed and consumed upon the place of their birth, enrich and improve it more than if none had ever sprung there.

To pardon those absurdities in ourselves which we cannot suffer in others, is neither better nor worse than to be more willing to be fools ourselves than to have others so.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

The best way to prove the clearness of our mind, is by shewing its faults; as when a stream discovers the dirt at the bottom, it convinces us of the transparency and purity of the water.

Our passions are like convulsion-fits, which, though they make us stronger for the time, leave us the weaker ever after.

To be angry is to revenge the fault of others upon ourselves.

A brave man thinks no one his superior who does him an injury; for he has it then in his power to make himself superior to the other by forgiving it.

To relieve the oppressed is the most glorious act a man is capable of; it is in some measure doing the business of God and Providence.

I as little fear that God will damn a man that has charity, as I hope that the priests can save one who has not.

Superstition is the spleen of the soul.

Atheists put on a false courage and alacrity in the midst of their darkness and apprehensions, like children who, when they fear to go in the dark, will sing for fear.

An atheist is but a mad ridiculous derider of piety; but a hypocrite makes a sober jest of God and religion; he finds it easier to be upon his knees than to rise to a good action: like an impudent debtor, who goes every day to talk familiarly to his creditor, without ever paying what he owes.

What Tully says of war may be applied to disputing, it should be always so managed, as to remember that the only end of it is peace; but generally true disputants are like true sportsmen, their whole delight is in the pursuit; and a disputant no more cares for the truth than the sportsman for the hare.

The Scripture in time of disputes is like an open town in time of war, which serves indifferently the occasions of both parties; each makes use of it for the present turn, and then resigns it to the next comer to do the same.

Such as are still observing upon others, are like those who are always abroad at other men's houses, reforming everything there, while their own runs to ruin.

When men grow virtuous in their old age, they only make a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings.

Some old men by continually praising the time of their youth, would almost persuade us that there were no fools in those days; but unluckily they are left themselves for examples.

When we are young, we are slavishly employed in procuring something whereby we may live comfortably when we grow old; and when we are old, we perceive it is too late to live as we proposed.

The world is a thing we must of necessity either laugh at or be angry at; if we laugh at it, they say we are proud; if we are angry at it, they say we are ill-natured.

People are scandalised if one laughs at what they call a serious thing. Suppose I were to have my head cut off to-morrow, and all the world were talking of it to-day, yet why might I not laugh to think, what a bustle is here about my head?

The greatest advantage I know of being thought a wit by the world is, that it gives one the greater freedom of playing the fool.

We ought in humanity no more to despise a man for the misfortunes of the mind than for those of the body, when they are such as he cannot help. Were this thoroughly considered, we should no more laugh at one for having his brains crack'd than for having his head broke.

A man of wit is not incapable of business, but above it. A sprightly generous horse is able to carry a packsaddle as well as an ass; but he is too good to be put to the drudgery.

Wherever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.

Flowers of rhetoric in sermons and serious discourses are like the blue and red flowers in corn, pleasing to those who come only for amusement, but prejudicial to him who would reap the profit from it.

When two people compliment each other with the choice of any thing, each of them generally gets that which he likes least.

He who tells a lye, is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one.

Giving advice is many times only the privilege of saying a foolish thing one's self, under pretence of hindering another from doing one.

'Tis with followers at Court as with followers on the road, who first bespatter those that go before, and then tread on their heels.

False happiness is like false money, it passes for a time as well as the true, and serves some ordinary occasions; but when it is brought to the touch, we find the lightness and allay, and feel the loss.

Dastardly men are like sorry horses, who have but just spirit and mettle enough to be mischievous.

Some people will never learn any thing, for this reason, because they understand every thing too soon.

A person who is too nice an observer of the business of the crowd, like one who is too curious in observing the labour of the bees, will often be stung for his curiosity.

A man of business may talk of philosophy; a man who has none may practise it.

There are some solitary wretches who seem to have left the rest of mankind, only as Eve left Adam, to meet the devil in private.

The vanity of human life is like a river, constantly passing away, and yet constantly coming on.

I seldom see a noble building, or any great piece of magnificence and pomp; but I think how little is all this to satisfy the ambition, or to fill the idea of an immortal soul!

'Tis a certain truth, that a man is never so easy, or so little imposed upon, as among people of the best sense: it costs far more trouble to be admitted or continued in ill company than in good; as the former have less understanding to be employed, so they have more vanity to be pleased; and to keep a fool constantly in good humour with himself, and with others, is no very easy task.

The difference between what is commonly called ordinary company and good company, is only hearing the same things said in a little room, or in a large saloon, at small tables or at great tables, before two candles or twenty sconces.

Two women seldom grow intimate but at the expense of a third person; they make friendships as kings of old made leagues, who sacrificed some poor animal betwixt them, and commenced strict allies; so the ladies, after they have pull'd some character to pieces, are from henceforth inviolable friends.

It is with narrow-soul'd people as with narrow-neck'd bottles; the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.

Many men have been capable of doing a wise thing, more a cunning thing, but very few a generous thing.

Since 'tis reasonable to doubt most things, we should most of all doubt that reason of ours which would demonstrate all things.

To buy books as some do who make no use of them, only because they were published by an eminent printer, is much as if a man should buy cloaths that did not fit him, only because they were made by some famous taylor.

'Tis as offensive to speak wit in a fool's company, as it would be ill manners to whisper in it; he is displeased at both for the same reason, because he is ignorant of what is said.

A good-natur'd man has the whole world to be happy out of; whatever good befals his species, a well-deserving person promoted, a modest man advanced, an indigent one relieved, all this he looks upon but as a remoter blessing of Providence on himself; which then seems to make him amends for the narrowness of his own fortune, when it does the same thing it would have done had it been in his power; for what a luxurious man in poverty would want for horses and footmen, a good-natur'd man wants for his friend or the poor.

False critics rail at false wits, as quacks and impostors are still cautioning us to beware of counterfeits, and decry other cheats only to make more way for their own.

Old men, for the most part, are like old chronicles, that give you dull, but true accounts of times past, and are worth knowing only on that score.

There should be, methinks, as little merit in loving a woman for her beauty, as in loving a man for his prosperity; both being equally subject to change.

Wit in conversation is only a readiness of thought and a facility of expression, or (in the midwives phrase) a quick conception, and an easy de[illegible].

We should manage our thoughts in composing a poem, as shepherds do their flowers in making a garland; first select the choicest, and then dispose them in the most proper places, where they give a lustre to each other: like the feathers in Indian crowns, which are so managed that every one reflects a part of its colour and gloss on the next.

As handsome children are more a dishonour to a deformed father than ugly ones, because unlike himself; so good thoughts, owned by a plagiary, bring him more shame than his own ill ones: when a poor thief appears in rich garments, we immediately know they are none of his own.

If he who does an injury be his own judge in his own cause, and does wrong without reason, by being the first aggressor; then surely it is no wonder the injured should think the same way, and right himself by revenge; that is, be both judge and party too, since the other was so who first wronged him.

Human brutes, like other beasts, find snares and poison in the provisions of life, and are allured by their appetites to their destruction.

The most positive men are the most credulous; since they most believe themselves, and advise most with their falsest flatterer and worst enemy, their own self-love.

Get your enemies to read your works, in order to mend them, for your friend is so much your second-self, that he will judge too like you.

Women use lovers as they do cards; they play with them a while, and when they have got all they can by them, throw them away, call for new ones, and then perhaps lose by the new ones all they got by the old ones.

Honour in a woman's mouth, like the oath in the mouth of

a cheating gamester, is ever still most used as their truth is most questioned.

Your true jilt uses men like chess-men, she never dwells so long on any single man as to overlook another who may prove more advantageous; nor gives one another's place, until she has seen it is for her interest; but if one is more useful to her than others, brings him in over the heads of all others.

Women, as they are like riddles in being unintelligible, so generally resemble them in this, that they please us no longer when once we know them.

A man who admires a fine woman, has yet no more reason to wish himself her husband than one who admired the Hesperian fruit, would have had to wish himself the dragon that kept it.

He who marries a wife because he cannot always live chastely, is much like one who finding a few humours in his body, resolves to wear a perpetual blister.

Married people, for being so closely united, are but the apter to part; as knots the harder they are pulled, break the sooner.

A family is but too often a commonwealth of malignants: what we call the charities and ties of affinity, prove but so many separate and clashing interests: the son wishes the death of the father; the younger brother that of the elder; the elder repines at the sister's portions: when any of them marry there are new divisions, and new animosities: it is but natural and reasonable to expect all this, and yet we fancy no comfort but in a family.

Authors in France seldom speak ill of each other, but when

they have a personal pique; authors in England seldom speak well of each other, but when they have a personal friendship.

There is nothing wanting to make all rational and disinterested people in the world of one religion, but that they should talk together every day.

Men are grateful, in the same degree that they are resentful.

The longer we live, the more we shall be convinced, that it is reasonable to love God, and despise men, as far as we know either.

It is impossible that an ill-natured man can have a public-spirit; for how should he love ten thousand men, who never loved one? T. K.

That character in conversation which commonly passes for agreeable, is made up of civility and falsehood.

A short and certain way to obtain the character of a reasonable and wise man, is, whenever any one tells you his opinion, to comply with it.

What is generally accepted as virtue in women, is very different from what is thought so in men: a very good woman would make but a paltry man.

Some people are commended for a giddy kind of good humour, which is as much a virtue as drunkenness.

Those people only will constantly trouble you with doing little offices for them, who least deserve you should do them any.

Whoever has flattered his friend successfully, must at once think himself a knave, and his friend a fool.

We may see the small value God has for riches, by the people he gives them to. D. A.

Who are next to knaves? those that converse with them.

We are sometimes apt to wonder, to see those people proud who have done the meanest things: whereas a consciousness of having done poor things, and a shame of hearing it, often make the composition we call pride.

An excuse is worse and more terrible than a lye: for an excuse is a lye guarded.

Praise is like ambergrease; a little whiff of it, and by snatches, is very agreeable; but when a man holds a whole lump of it to your nose, it is a stink, and strikes you down.

The general cry is against ingratitude, but sure the complaint is misplaced, it should be against vanity: none but direct villains are capable of wilful ingratitude; but almost every body is capable of thinking he hath done more than another deserves, while the other thinks he hath received less than he deserves.

I never knew any man in my life who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a Christian.

Several explanations of casuists, by multiplying sins may be called amendments to the ten commandments.

It is observable that the ladies frequent tragedies more than comedies; the reason may be, that in tragedy their sex is deified and adored, in comedy exposed and ridiculed.

The character of covetousness is what a man generally acquires more through some niggardliness, or ill grace, in little and inconsiderable things, than in expences of any consequence: a very few pounds a year would ease that man of the scandal of avarice.

Some men's wit is like a dark lanthorn, which serves their own turn, and guides them their own way; but is never known (according to the scripture phrase) either to shine forth before men, or to glorify their Father who is in heaven.

It often happens that those are the best people, whose characters have been most injured by slanderers: as we usually find that to be the sweetest fruit which the birds have been pecking at.

The people all running to the capital city, is like a confluence of all the animal spirits to the heart, a symptom that the constitution is in danger.

A king may be a tool, a thing of straw; but if he serves to frighten our enemies, and secure our property, it's well enough: a scarecrow is a thing of straw, but it protects the corn.

A man coming to the water-side, is surrounded by all the crew; every one is officious, every one making applications; every one offering his services, the whole bustle of the place seems to be only for him: the same man going from the water-side, no noise made about him, no creature takes notice of him, all let him pass with utter neglect! the picture of a Minister when he comes into power, and when he goes out.

END OF VOL. V.

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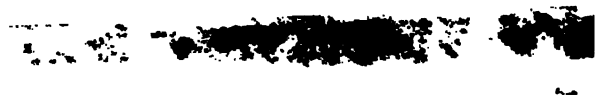

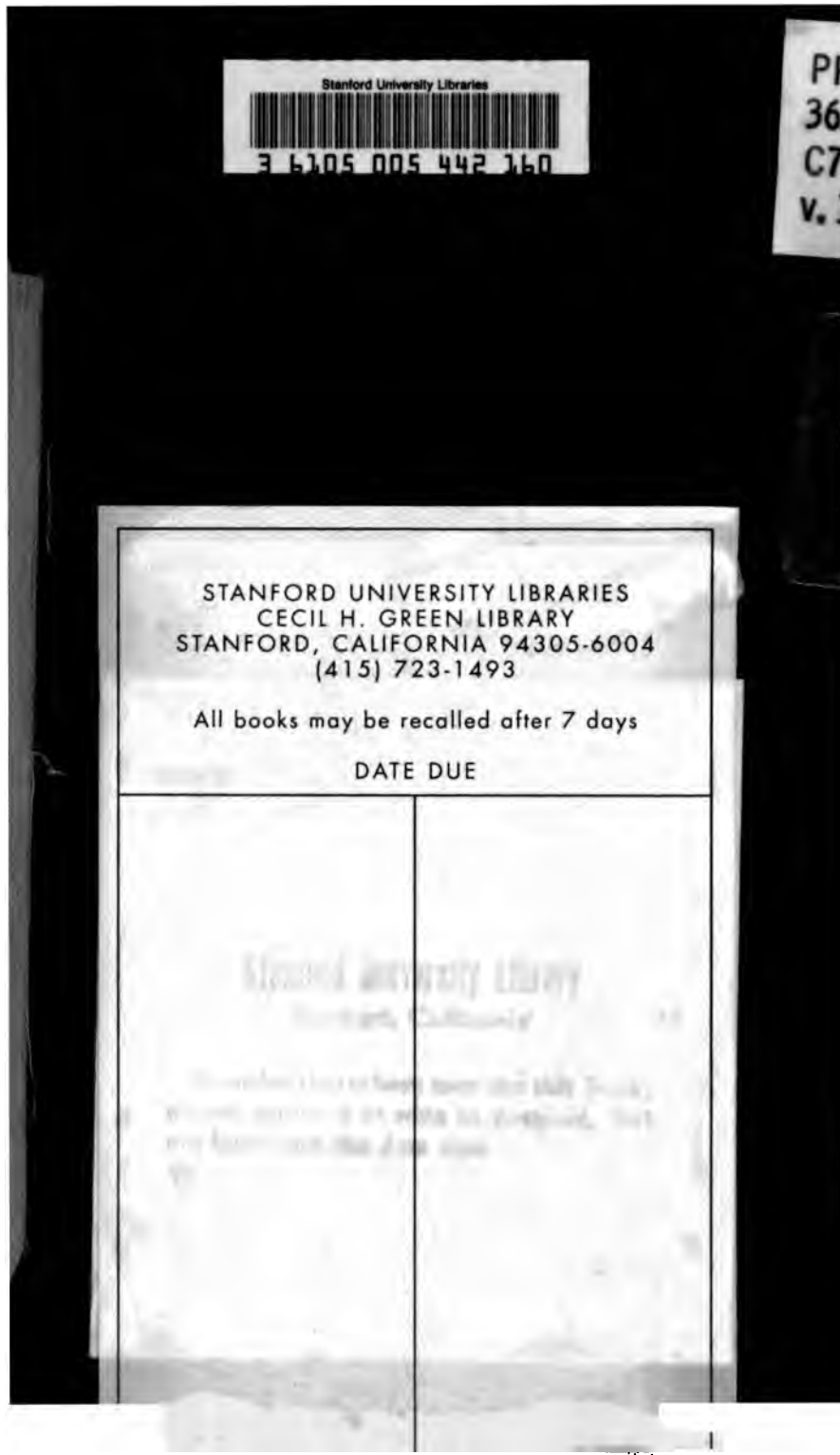
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